



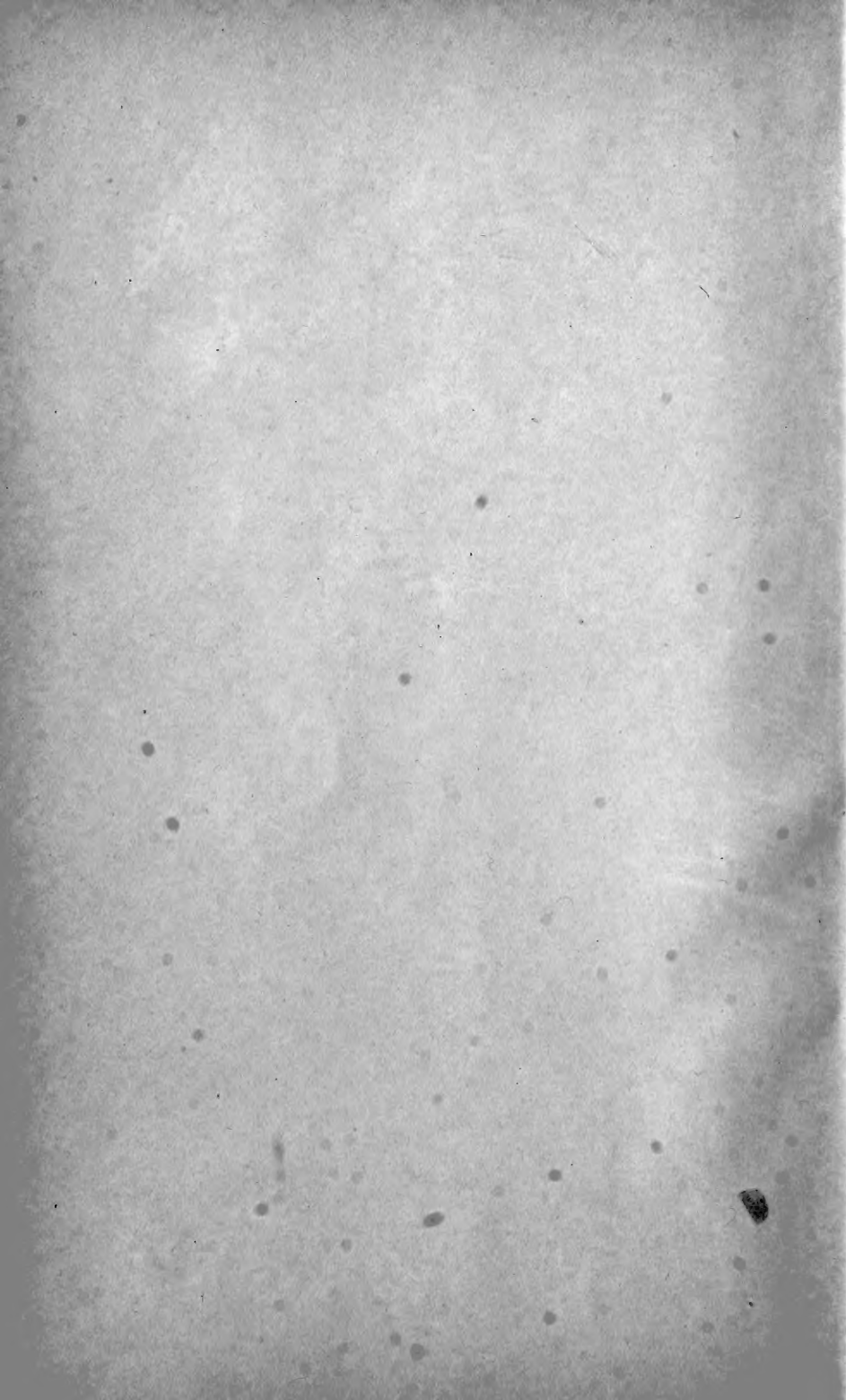
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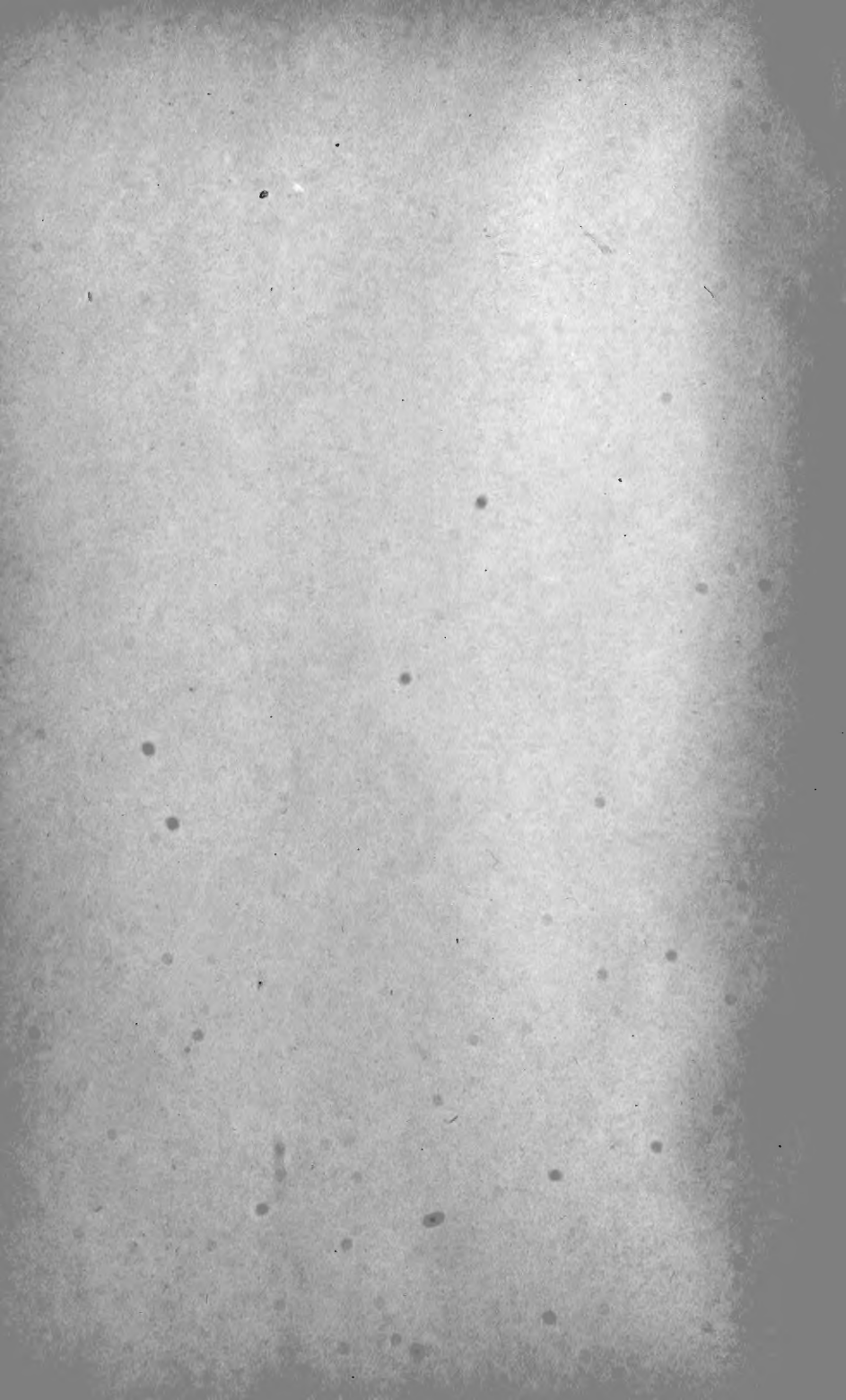
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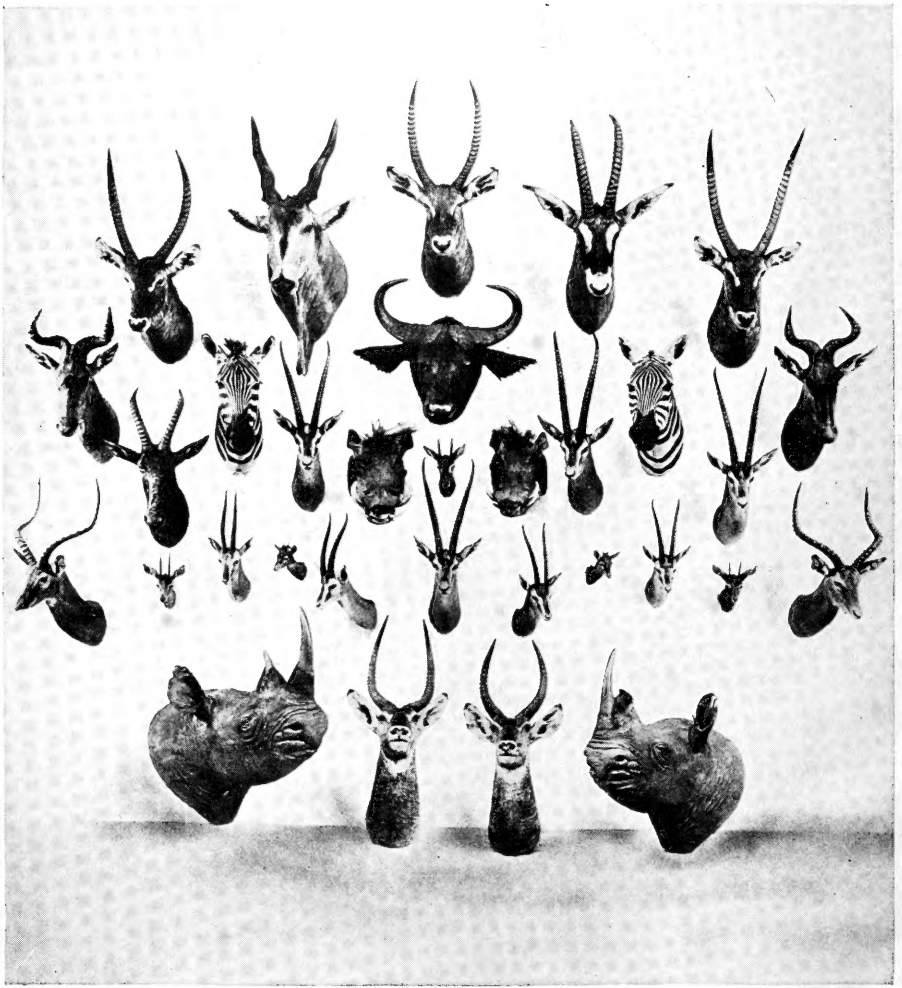






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MOUNTED HEADS OF SPECIMENS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR



MOUNTED HEADS OF SPECIMENS SHOT BY THE AUTHOR



HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

BY
PERCY C. MADEIRA

WITH A FOREWORD BY
FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS
AND
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



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Nov. 27, 1917.

DEDICATED TO
A GIRL
AND TWO BOYS
WHO STAYED AT HOME
AND FOR WHOM THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN



FOREWORD

It was about a year ago that I received a visit from Mr. Percy C. Madeira of Philadelphia and heard from his own lips an account of his hunting experiences in British East Africa, from which country, he and his wife who had accompanied him throughout his travels, had only recently returned. Mr. Madeira has now sent me for perusal the written account of his East African hunting expedition with a request that I would try and find time to read it, and that if I found it interesting I would write a few sentences by way of a "Foreword." All that I can say is that I have found Mr. Madeira's notes of his journey through the most richly stocked game country to be found in the world to-day, of very great interest. I have myself only just returned from a hunting trip in East Africa, during which I travelled over a portion of the same ground over which Mr. Madeira hunted and had for a companion Mr. Williams, who also accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Madeira on their hunting expedition two years ago, so that I can vouch for the accuracy of Mr. Madeira's descriptions of that part of the country and the abundance of game he met with. Mr. Madeira's narrative is a plain, unvarnished tale, modestly yet interestingly told, and I trust that it will have a wide circulation, and it should certainly prove of great interest to all American sportsmen who contemplate a trip to the wonder-

FOREWORD

ful hunting grounds of East Africa, where I am sure they will meet with every assistance at the hands of the British authorities and settlers in that country and find a happy hunting ground stocked with an abundance and variety of game beyond their highest hopes. I cannot conclude these few words of appreciative comment on Mr. Madeira's book without recording my admiration for his wife, a lady whose personal acquaintance I have not yet made, but of whom I have heard a great deal. I think the grit and powers of endurance shown by Mrs. Madeira when lost and wandering for so long a time without food or water in the rough, broken country between the Tana and Thika Rivers, little short of marvellous.

FREDERICK COURTENAY SELOUS

WORPLESDON, SURREY, ENGLAND
September 29, 1909

PREFACE

BIG game hunting in British East Africa is undoubtedly unequalled in any part of the world, and for the sportsman who is fond of a rifle it is a paradise. There is more game to be secured, much greater variety, and, in the way of excitement, far more danger than in any other country for the man who hunts as a "lone gun," for he does not know from one instant to another what the next bush, shadow, or tree may hide. The innocent-looking rock lying in the grass twenty or thirty yards from you may become a pugnacious rhinoceros; the silently stalking buffalo that has watched your approach, unseen by you, may suddenly charge out from the shadow of a tree; a lion may start up from the cover of a bunch of grass or a bush just ahead of you—all of which render it a matter of keyed-up attention that is not, I imagine, approached in any other country.

The sensation and glamour which one commences to feel as soon as Africa is reached sweeps over one on the first visit, and impresses itself very strongly. Whether ever overcome, I do not know. Nearly every one who has hunted there plans to return. Whether it is the East, as Kipling describes it, with its mystery, its excitement and dangers; the queer and barbarous

PREFACE

savages that carry one's thoughts always back into the primitive past; the blinding blaze of the sun, or the monotonous brown of the entire landscape, I cannot tell; but they bring a fascination that is indescribable.

To the hunter pure and simple, the man who loves to shoot and kill and who would make a good bag, undoubtedly Africa, with all its charms, luxuries, and possibilities of success, is unparalleled. Around the camp-fires we had many discussions as to which is the most attractive of all the different countries which we knew.

When one is sitting in Africa, it is difficult to explain the beauty, silence, and charm of the North Canadian woods, with the hardships and disappointments which the hunter encounters in this latter country. Day after day, and week after week, he works just as hard to secure a single specimen of moose, caribou, bear, sheep, or goat, as for a dozen different ones in Africa; and the physical labor gone through is almost unparalleled and would not be possible in the latter country, owing to climatic conditions. Yet it is a question whether the pleasure of getting this one moose or one sheep that has been tracked and watched for day after day, is not a greater satisfaction than the quick and sure return that a fraction of the amount of work in Africa will bring one.

To the man who really loves the outdoor life, the enjoyment is not of necessity in the number of animals he kills, for I really think that the fun of the hunt is over

PREFACE

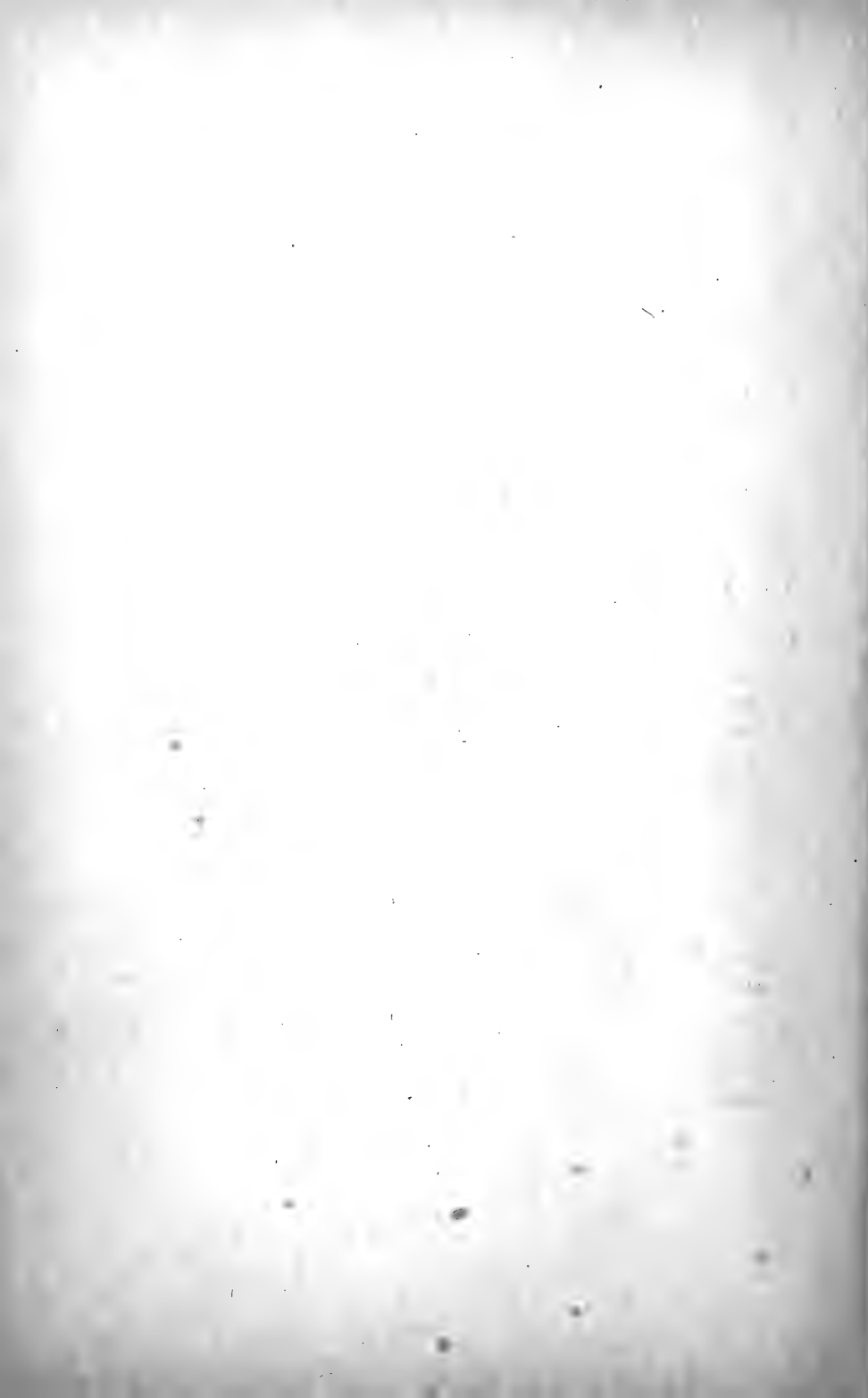
the minute the rifle comes up to the shoulder and the bead is on the animal. I do not believe any man likes to see animals die. I am sure I do not. The charm lies in the fascination and excitement of the chase, with the killing alone to be regretted.

To him who loves nature and the wild, free life of the camp, each different country has its attraction, and it would be impossible to describe one as greater than the other. The wild, rugged mountains, with their sheep and goats, and the free air of the peaks, are missing in Africa, just as is the smell of the balsam, the whispering of the spruce and the fir, the crunching of snow-shoes, and the tap of the paddle on the edge of the canoe, which one finds in the North Canadian woods. Yet the excitement and danger, the glare and mystery, of Africa are things unknown to the hunters of the mountains and woods of the western continent.

So each has its charm, each its own particular place in the heart of the man who loves the wilds, and whether the hunt brings success and a fine trophy, or whether it does not, the pleasure and the freedom are still there, and I believe its attractions stay until the end. When once this fever of the wild gets into a man's blood, I believe it is never lost, and, whether the call is from the cold and snows of the mountains, the dense forests of the North, the plains of Africa, or the jungles of India, it is always the same, and undying.

P. C. M.

November, 1909



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The author takes this opportunity of expressing his great thanks and appreciation to Mr. F. C. Selous for the very kind "Foreword" which he has written to this story, and for the trouble which he took in going over the proofs.

To Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Society, for his kind interest and advice in some matters connected with the descriptions of the fauna, which have been invaluable.

To Rowland Ward, Limited, for information in regard to measurements of some of the animals obtained from "Record Heads."

To Mr. E. Hubert Litchfield for a photograph of an eland and wart-hog.

To Messrs. Newland, Tarleton & Company for photographs of "Vasco da Gama Street, Mombasa," "Kilindini Harbor" and the "Uganda Railroad," his own negatives of which views were failures. (With the exception of these photographs, all the illustrations were taken with the author's own cameras.)

MAPS

(In Pocket at End of Volume)

General Map of British East Africa.

Map of Route of the Safari.

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HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

CHAPTER I

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNT

THE preparations for an African hunt seem rather complicated to those unfamiliar with such an undertaking, but in reality so much of this hunting is done by Europeans, that matters have become systematized, and to-day all arrangements can be made with little or no difficulty.

When, in the spring of 1907, I saw the possibility of making this hunting trip—a long-desired wish—I wrote to Rowland Ward, the naturalist-taxidermist, in London, inquiring where the best bag of African game had been secured that year. Being advised that it was from British East Africa, I made further inquiries from friends who had been there, and, following their advice, wrote to the Army & Navy Stores, in London, asking them to submit an estimate for the outfit for a three-months' trip for myself and wife. The outfit was to include everything that we should require, except our clothes, guns, ammunition, and heavy supplies, such as flour, sugar, salt, potatoes, etc., which could be procured in Africa. In reply, I received a list that covered every

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

necessity that could be anticipated on such a trip. The entire outfit was to be put up in boxes or packages, and the price quoted included delivery at Nairobi.

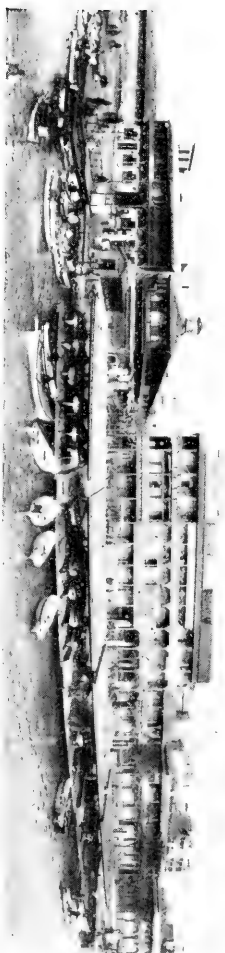
The outfit was packed in twenty-five packages or boxes, and I have carefully prepared a list of the numerous articles they contained.*

At the same time that I wrote to the Stores, I also communicated with Newland, Tarleton & Company, safari outfitters at Nairobi, and a month before I sailed I sent three cablegrams which started all the equipment moving, so that upon my arrival at Nairobi I was ready to leave within forty-eight hours.

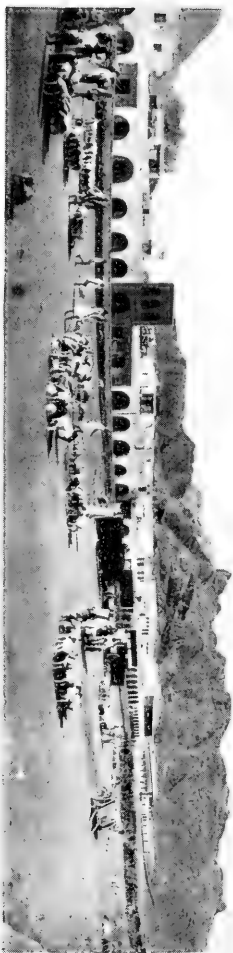
For weapons, I took from America an 8- and a 9-millimeter Mannlicher and a 12-bore, double-barrelled shotgun; and in London procured a double-barrelled .450 cordite express, and an 8-millimeter Mannlicher as an extra gun. The ammunition consisted of 250 cartridges for the .450, of which 125 had solid steel and 125 had soft-nose bullets; 500 soft-nose bullets for each of the 8- and 9-millimeter Mannlichers, and 500 No. 6 shotgun cartridges, all in brass shells, to prevent swelling from dampness. This supply I found more than I needed, and I disposed of the surplus in Nairobi when I left.

I tried very hard to get Mrs. Madeira to shoot either birds or some of the small antelope, and for that purpose had taken a shotgun and a light rifle. She, how-

* See Appendix.



THE LANDING-PLACE AT PORT SAID



THE MARKET-PLACE AT ADEN



ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNT

ever, resolutely declined, saying that she hated to see animals killed, except the dangerous ones, and throughout the entire trip she neither fired a shot nor carried a weapon of any kind, not even a small revolver. She made the entire journey armed with nothing but a riding whip, and as she almost invariably accompanied us on our hunting expeditions, hardly ever remaining in camp, she saw all the animals we encountered, and was in at the death of at least one of each variety, except the buffalo. Her experience the night she was lost gave her all the acquaintance with these that was desirable. She had no fear of any of them, and accompanied us in every one of our stalks until the last short distance, when she would sit quietly and watch the proceedings. Her experience in this way was most unique and interesting.

At the present time outfitting firms in Africa will arrange to supply sportsmen with camp equipment, porters, food, etc., for one hundred pounds per month per man, the outfit comprising everything needful except ammunition, clothes, riding animals, and luxuries, such as champagne, etc.

Our safari was directed by a Somali headman, with a native head porter under him. The wages of the headman were seventy-five rupees per month, a rupee being about thirty-three cents in American currency. We started with two gun-bearers, a Somali at seventy-five and a second gun-bearer—a Swahili—at forty rupees per month; two tent boys, or personal attendants, one

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

for Mrs. Madeira and one for me, at fifty rupees; a Somali cook at fifty rupees; and two syces for our riding animals at twenty rupees. All the Somalis spoke English more or less, some of them quite well.

The wages of a good Swahili porter, who carries sixty pounds, are ten rupees per month, while men of inferior tribes, such as the Kikuyu, who are not so strong and can carry but forty pounds, receive but four rupees. To these wages is added their food, which in the case of a Somali consists of rice, tea, sugar, and "ghee," the latter a sort of butter of which he is very fond, while the Swahili and other tribes receive as rations native beans or flour, whichever may be available in the country through which you are passing. The ordinary ration, or "posho," is two pounds of rice daily for a Somali, and one and a half pounds of flour for a Swahili, all of which is measured out in a "kibaba," or cup, holding about this quantity. This "posho" is usually issued every other day or so, under the direction of the headman, assisted by the askaris to keep order. We had three of these latter, their duties being practically those of policemen and soldiers of the caravan. On the march one is usually at the front, one at the middle, and one at the rear of the safari, their duty here being to help the porters lift the loads on their heads, to take care of stragglers, and to see that none of the men desert. The askaris are armed with rifles of ancient model and are supposed to protect the porters from attacks by wild beasts or other enemies, but I cannot



DISEMBARKING AT MOMBASA



AN ADEN WATER CART



ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNT

believe that either as marksmen or in any other way they would be dangerous to anything or any one outside the caravan. Personally, I should rather be in front of their guns than behind them. In camp they keep order and administer to unruly porters any punishment that may be necessary; and also keep watch at night and tend the fires, taking turn-about from dark until daylight. They are usually Swahilis or Sudanese, and often have seen service in the King's African Rifles. As they are supposedly more intelligent than the porters, they receive a few rupees per month higher wages.

When we left Nairobi our safari consisted of about forty porters, which number was gradually increased as we proceeded on our march, until at the end it numbered seventy-five, and these had boys, or "totos," as they are called, under them as sub-porters to the number of about twenty-five. These little "totos" arouse one's sympathy keenly. They are usually boys that loaf about Nairobi or Mombasa without any kith, kin, or anyone to look after them or take an interest in their welfare. When they are offered the opportunity to go on a safari, where they are certain of being fed, they are glad to accept, in spite of the hardships and small pay—about one rupee a month. They are about the size of white boys of the age of ten or twelve, and each is supposed to wait upon from three to five porters, carrying their odds and ends on the march and cooking their food. They are often dreadfully imposed upon by their employers, and are, in fact, practically slaves.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Our porters represented a variety of tribes, Swahili, Kikuyu, Wakamba, Uganda, Masai, etc., and the representatives of each tribe had their own particular tent and their own mess, so that they kept much to themselves. It is well to have a variety of tribes represented in one's safari, for it tends to prevent desertion. One tribe keeps watch upon the other, for each desertion adds to the load of the remaining porters; therefore, they constantly act as police upon each other. We had very few desertions on our expedition.

Our outfit, which was shipped from London, was taken charge of by Messrs. Newland, Tarleton & Company from the time it was taken off the ship until it arrived at their storehouse at Nairobi.

When we started the safari on the first march all the packages were in the original form in which they left London, complete in every detail. The outfit was spread out in a long line, and the porters were then marshalled in single file, each being allotted to his load. The most careful and intelligent were entrusted with the more valuable packages, such as our personal equipment, guns, etc. Each stood alongside his package until the headman blew a whistle, when, with great shouts and much laughter and merriment, each put his load on top of his head, and the whole safari started off at a pace that was almost a run. Gradually they settled down in single file to a good, fast walk.

I should say here that over fair country the caravan usually travelled at from two and three-quarters to



MOHABA HARBOR



ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNT

three miles an hour. We kept an account of the time required to go from one point to another, and though of course progress was dependent upon the condition of the road a fairly accurate estimate of the distances travelled can thus be computed. The various points we came to, the dates of arrival, and the time required to get there, will all be found in the Appendix.

Mrs. Madeira and I each had a riding mule which we used when on the march and sometimes in hunting. They are small animals, but strong and sturdy, and are easier to take care of in the way of feeding than ponies. They are also more immune from the tsetse fly, which in some districts prevents the use of horses. The latter, however, are preferable to mules in lion hunting. Had we been mounted on ponies, we should probably have secured six or seven lions that escaped us, for with mules we were unable to ride them down as we could have done had we been better mounted.

The price of live stock varies considerably in this part of Africa, mules costing from four hundred to five hundred rupees each, and ponies from six hundred to nine hundred. Both mules and ponies are brought down from Abyssinia, and although quite small, they have wonderful endurance.

Our clothing consisted of khaki for daytime, with warmer clothes for night, when sitting around the camp, for after the sun disappears a great chill settles down, making winter clothing and a good fire most essential.

During the daytime we wore pith helmets, although

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

sometimes in the early morning and in the late afternoon, when the sun was not at its maximum, a double terai felt hat was substituted. The latter is far more comfortable than a helmet, and some men wear them altogether, but the helmet is generally considered safer.

As an additional precaution, we wore sun-pads, heavy quilted strips, which covered the spine from the collar to a little below the shoulders, for we were advised that the effect of the sun upon this point was just as deadly as upon the head. I do not know what maximum the thermometer might have reached in the sun, for I was afraid to leave it exposed when it rose above 150° , as beyond that point there was danger of breaking. In the shade the thermometer would usually be from 85° to 100° , but there was always a breeze blowing, and the dryness of the air cooled one off quite rapidly as soon as one got out of the sun.

It was always cold in the morning when we started out before daylight, and we were usually shivering for a few minutes, prior to the sun's appearance. Day does not dawn in equatorial Africa; it bursts! It is dark one minute and full sunlight the next, and the reverse occurs in the evening, for the sun goes down and night comes on as if a curtain had suddenly been pulled down over the west, and the chill of night begins instantly.

I was surprised to find that bathing in the middle of the day in some of the delightful rivers that we saw was absolutely tabooed by all authorities on African travel, and our baths were taken late in the evening, and



KILINDINI HARBOR



ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HUNT

always with hot and not cold water. We were warned about this by everybody, and followed the custom with remarkable success, so far as our health was concerned.

All drinking water was filtered and boiled, regardless of how clear and attractive the stream looked, or how unattractive the puddle from which we were sometimes forced to secure the very dreadful fluid that we drank. This precaution, no doubt, had much to do with the fact that during the entire time we were in Africa neither Mrs. Madeira nor I had to take quinine or any other kind of medicine, and we were free from any touch of fever until we were on the Indian Ocean, on our way home, when we both suffered from quite an acute attack.

CHAPTER II

MOMBASA, THE UGANDA RAILROAD AND NAIROBI

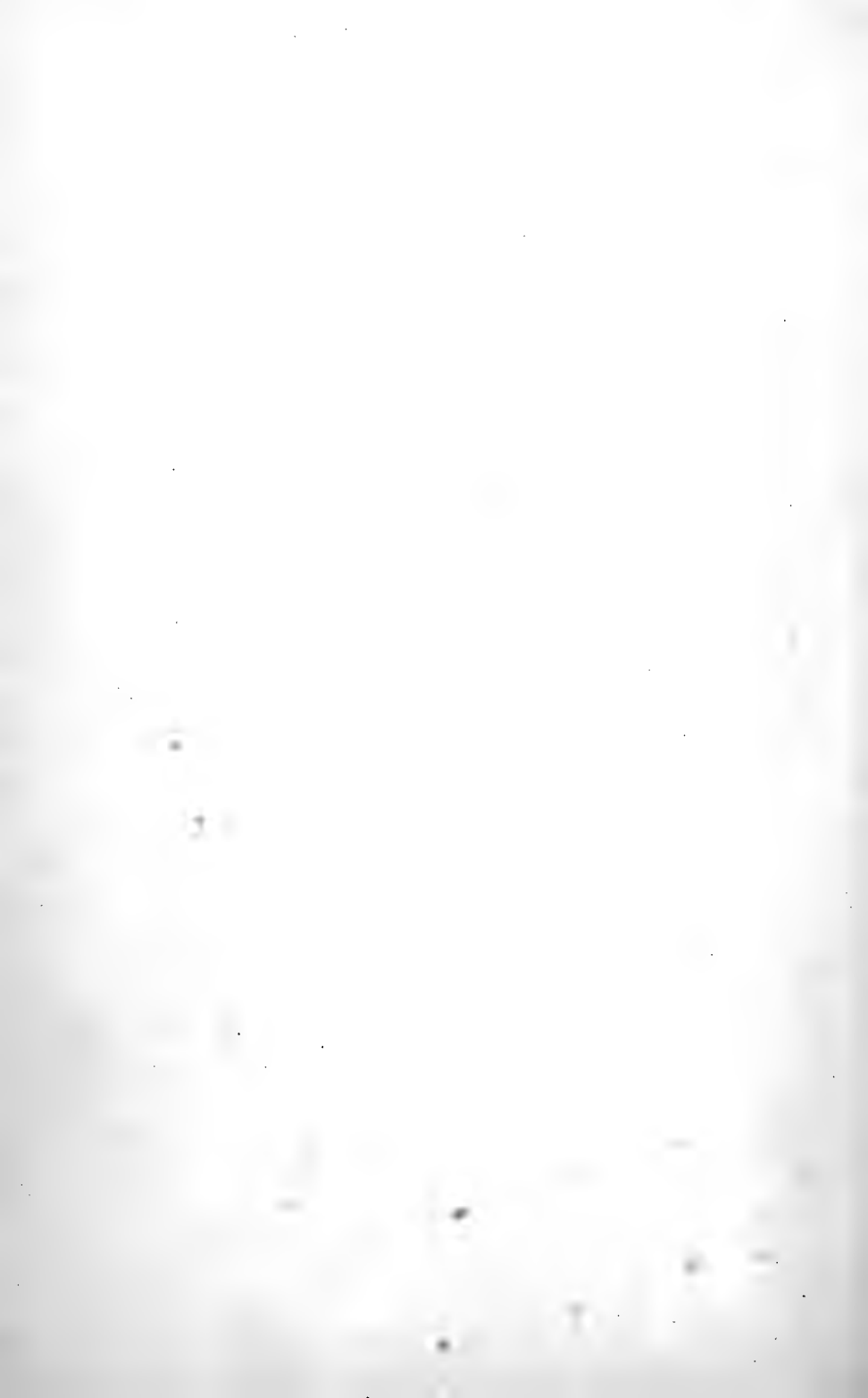
WE left Naples on the steamship *Burgomeister*, of the German East Africa Line, on Monday, November 18, 1907, late in the afternoon, and arrived at Port Said on the 22d. We spent several hours at this interesting town, then late at night entered the canal, when the ship put out its great search-light, which they all carry. During the night we were constantly passing vessels, and each time one of the ships tied up to the shore. Speed in going through the canal is limited to four miles an hour, and about twenty-four hours after leaving Port Said we reached Suez, and had our first taste of tropical heat.

We spent four days on the Red Sea, getting a view of Mount Ararat, and finally reached Aden, one of the most unattractive places, and certainly the hottest, on earth. It is devoid of vegetation, for there is practically no rainfall except once a year, and when this occurs the water is collected and stored by great dams in rocky gorges back of the town. From these reservoirs it is supplied to the public in barrels, hauled by donkeys, camels, and big, Indian humped oxen, as well as in goatskins carried on the backs of men.

We here encountered representatives of almost all the Oriental races, as well as great numbers of Somalis,



A. MOMHASA GARRY



MOMBASA, THE UGANDA R. R. AND NAIROBI

most of the latter presenting "chits," or letters with alleged recommendations from former employers, mostly British officers. Some of them had been engaged beforehand as gun-bearers by fellow passengers.

We approached the island on which Mombasa is situated at sunrise on December 4, and encountered a most beautiful view. Our ship was too large to go into the Mombasa Harbor proper, so we entered that of Kilindini, which is the deep-water port and lies at the back of the island. As we drew near, one of the first things which attracted our attention was an old fort built some three hundred years ago, and which had been the scene of conflict from that time until the British took possession of it, by treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar, about ten years ago. The fort is still in good condition, and is used as a prison. One sees adjacent to it modern English country buildings and bungalows, and old Portuguese and Arabian houses, the gleaming colors of the latter standing out in high relief against the dark, tropical vegetation of palms and banana trees, and all the feathery vegetation that renders this harbor so beautiful.

As we got closer the colors of the flowers commenced to be noticed in brilliant splashes. We saw huge trees covered with blossoms like the azaleas that one sees for sale in the florist's shop at Easter. The effect of these enormous trees in full-bloom is magnificent. The bougainvillea vine grows here profusely, and is covered with purple flowers like clematis, but instead of the vine

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

being of the ordinary size, such as we see at home, it here attains gigantic proportions, with the flowers covering it so that you barely see the leaves. With its luxuriant, flowering trees and vines, Mombasa is one of the most beautiful tropical harbors in the world.

Our anchor was dropped close to a civilized-looking wharf and a custom-house of corrugated iron in the Kilindini Harbor, and we disembarked from the ship and were rowed ashore by half-naked, sturdy-looking Swahilis, in boats that had about six oars each, and a wild, excited lot of boatmen they were. The baggage was brought ashore in the same way, and the custom-house inspection was very light and gave no trouble.

The heat here was terrific, and it was so damp and sticky that we got away from the water as quickly as possible. After a short walk along the shore, we climbed up a pathway between some wonderful flowers, and at the top of the ascent we found a toy-railroad, with tracks about two feet wide and 12 lb. rails, which constituted the Mombasa trolley, or garry tracks. The car consists of a small platform about five feet square, on which is erected a seat, covered by an awning. The motive power is supplied by two natives, who run at the back of the car and push it along. It is reminiscent of the hand-car one sees on our railroads at home. Whenever there is a down-grade, the human motors hop on the back and coast with the car, and the speed with which they get you over the ground by this means



THE OLD FORT ON THE MAIN STREET OF BOMBAY



MOMBASA, THE UGANDA R. R. AND NAIROBI

of propulsion is remarkable. These little tracks run to all the principal houses and stores in town, and everybody of importance owns his own private garry, and has his garry boys decorated with his colors in fancy turbans and sashes over their white gowns.

There is a broad highway running from the dock at Kilindini into the main town at Mombasa, and here we got our first glimpse of the real African men and women. The latter were all dressed in highly colored checked or striped sheeting arrangements, which they managed in some way or other to drape securely around them, so that only their arms, the upper part of their necks, and the legs from the knees down were exposed. Many of them were covered with native jewelry, mostly brass, steel and copper wire, and some few of them carried plain, ordinary umbrellas.

The men were strong and sturdy-looking and belonged to the Swahili race. It is surprising to see the enormous loads they can carry, and the amount of work they can accomplish in unloading the huge packages and boxes that are brought by the lighters from the Kilindini Harbor around to the Mombasa custom-house. All unloading and transportation is done by these Swahili workmen, the tsetse fly preventing the use of horses. When at work they wear nothing but a small bit of cloth tied around the loins, and their perspiring bodies shine like ebony as they move the heavy packages and boxes which they carry on their heads.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Immediately upon arriving at Mombasa we went to one of the two so-called hotels, both of which are so bad that, whichever you select, you are sure that you have chosen the worse. The inspection of our rooms was most discouraging; they were so dirty and uninviting. After having our baggage taken to the rooms, we took a garry and proceeded to call upon the District Commissioner, Mr. Hinde, to whom we presented a letter of introduction. Upon telling him that we also had a letter to the Governor General, Sir James Hayes Sadler, from the Colonial Secretary in London, he advised our losing no time in presenting it, as there were a great many influential passengers on the ship, therefore he thought we had better be among the first to call and pay our respects. This we did at once, and after a very pleasant reception, we were delighted by receiving an invitation to stay at the Government House, and it took us but little time to accept the same and have our baggage moved over.

We had a most enjoyable visit for the two days that we remained here. There were guests at each meal, and we met a number of prominent officials and attractive people. The wilderness is so close to civilization here that while sitting at dinner, we could hear the hyenas in the distance.

Our time in Mombasa was spent in getting our goods finally through the custom-house inspection, preparatory to departure for Nairobi, and considerable running around was necessary. The heat and power of

VASCO DA GAMA STREET IN MOMBASA





MRS. MADEIRA IN A MOMBASA RICKSHAW

MOMBASA, THE UGANDA R. R. AND NAIROBI

the sun here gave us our first experience of what we had been led to expect in Africa. While the thermometer was only about 90° in the shade, the humidity was terrific. It was like one of our dreadfully hot July days at home, when everybody is in a continual state of dampness, and you can get neither air nor relief from the heat unless you sit perfectly still, by which means in Africa one can be comparatively comfortable.

Mombasa used to be the slave port for eastern Africa, the poor wretches being brought down from Uganda and even farther away. Many a sad story could be told about the pitiful traffic which centred here, and which, fortunately, has now been done away with. Mombasa's trade is now largely devoted to the export of ivory, hides, copra, and other native products, and is growing rapidly, as the railroad has opened up the interior of the country to a development that bids fair before long to make it a paying investment, and the port one of even greater importance than it is at the present time.

While here, the Governor General introduced us to the Lieutenant Governor, F. J. Jackson, one of the most loved men in the Protectorate. Twenty-five years' residence has qualified him as one of the most widely-known naturalists on African fauna, and his knowledge of all the animals and their habitat is most thorough. He gave us a very kind reception, and took the trouble to discuss our trip with us and advise where it should be made. A letter from Mr. Hornaday, of the New

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

York Zoölogical Society, and others which I presented, obtained from Mr. Jackson, who has charge of this detail, permission to shoot an extra buffalo and giraffe for the National Collection of Heads and Horns in New York. He also planned for us the beginning of our shooting trip in the Embo District, which I was informed had not for some years been shot over by white men, having been "closed territory" as a game preserve, and the first permit that was issued was to us.

On December 6, at noon, we took the train for Nairobi, although my ammunition had not arrived, and it evidently was not on the *Burgomeister*, in spite of the cabled assurances which I had received en route, at Aden and Port Said, from a prominent gun-maker on Bond Street in London, who had guaranteed to have it on board my boat.

The train which transported us was drawn by a Baldwin locomotive, made in Philadelphia, and the cars were similar to those used in India, divided off into passenger compartments of first, second, and third class, with wide windows and heavy, latticed shades extending down the side to keep out all rain except a horizontal one. The glass of the windows was clouded either a pale brown or smoke-color, in order to protect the eyes from the glare from which one would suffer in crossing the brilliantly lighted plains. Nothing is supplied for the passengers' comfort on these cars, and one has to take one's own bedding and food supplies.

As soon as we left Mombasa and had crossed the



EN ROUTE FROM MOMBASA TO NAIROBI ON A BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE



MOMBASA, THE UGANDA R. R. AND NAIROBI

bay on the causeway, over which the railroad runs, the train ascended quite a steep grade, and we passed through various stages of vegetation, commencing with the most extremely tropical, and then gradually through banana, palm, and mimosa trees, etc., until we reached an altitude of about three or four thousand feet, when everything was changed.

As we gradually ascended the hills lying on the coast, we passed various villages of natives. These consisted of huts which looked like hayricks, six to eight feet high, with a small opening in one side for a doorway. Surrounding them occasionally would be seen cocoanut and banana trees, but apparently no attempt was made to cultivate the land, at least, so far as was visible from the car window. The station houses were of corrugated iron, and looked as if they had been dropped here and there beside the track for no particular reason, for there appeared to be no traffic that would require stations at the points where they were located. Whenever we stopped, however, natives appeared from somewhere and thronged around the car, gazing curiously at the passengers and chattering like magpies with the blacks who were travelling third-class on the train, of which there were a great number. Judging from the noise of the conversation, the return of one of their friends from an expedition to the coast occasioned the wildest excitement.

The railroad, I believe, partly follows the old caravan route that led to Victoria Nyanza, and Mr. Jackson,

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Mr. Hobley, Mr. Tompkins, and a number of Government officials whom we met, and who had been residents there for years, had many a time travelled that long and trying journey on foot, when it used to take nearly three months to get to Uganda. While travelling on the Uganda Railroad is not an unmixed luxury, in comparison with former journeys it must seem wonderful to both the natives and the Europeans.

We encountered the old route of the caravan farther up in the country near Victoria Nyanza, and it brought back thoughts of the poor black wretches who had travelled it in chains in years gone by. It is probable that the same route has been used from time immemorial.

During the night our train reached an altitude of from five to six thousand feet, and it became quite cold. Two blankets were not too much covering.

When daylight came the following morning we looked out of the windows and saw the realization of the stories that are told about the abundance of game in this part of Africa. From dawn until we arrived at Nairobi that noon we were never out of sight of herds of animals. In fact, there were continuous herds on both sides of the railroad, covering the plains as far as the eye could reach. We saw a rhino, some giraffe, thousands of zebra, Coke's hartebeest, Grant's gazelle, Thomson's gazelle, wildebeest, and here and there a steinbuck, or duiker. There were also large numbers of ostriches. These animals were not



THE UGANDA RAILROAD



THE MAIN STREET IN NAIROBI

MOMBASA, THE UGANDA R. R. AND NAIROBI

far from the railroad,—in fact, many of them were within less than one hundred yards—and they would merely move off a short distance as the train went by, and then stand and resume their feeding. I learned that the passengers on the train preceding ours had seen four lions—not an unusual sight here. The whole trip is a marvelous one, through the greatest zoölogical garden that can be imagined.

The territory on either side of the railroad, for a half mile to the north and as far south as the German border, is held as a game preserve, or refuge, and the vast herds of animals seem to realize their immunity and safety from pursuit there. This preserve was made to prevent shooting from the train, which in the early days of the railroad was a reprehensible and cruel pastime, as the wounded animals could not be put out of their misery, and those that were killed were not recovered, but left on the plains for hyenas and vultures, which serve as the graveyards of Africa for both animals and natives.

All day long we were travelling through a thick cloud of red dust that penetrated clothes and even the pores of the skin. When we reached our destination we were as red as American Indians.

We were met at the station by members of the firm of Newland, Tarleton & Company, and went directly to the Hotel Norfolk. During the afternoon we were called upon by our personal servants in a body. They were Ali Aden, headman; Ali Mirra, my first gun-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

bearer; Baccari, second gun-bearer; Dheria Ahmud, Mrs. Madeira's tent boy; Mohammed Mohamet, my tent boy; Warfu Yusuf, cook; and two syces. All of them were Somalis except Baccari, who was a Swahili.

The few days between our arrival and the 10th were occupied in attending to odds and ends. I borrowed a rifle and some ammunition, and endeavored to get some ammunition for my own guns, but, much to my regret, I was unsuccessful, and did not receive it until sometime in January. We met a number of the residents, and dined out in the evening, meeting most attractive people, and getting a great deal of information and advice about the conduct of our safari and where to hunt.

Nairobi is far from being a beautiful town, as most of the buildings are of corrugated iron. On the hills surrounding it, however, where the residence portion is, handsome houses and bungalows have been constructed, and the life there must be most attractive, at least, from what we saw of it. They have a race-course, cricket and football fields, a tennis club with beautiful courts, and fair golf links, all of which are, of course, constantly used by the residents. The Englishman carries his sports wherever he goes, and even in the most distant forts we reached in our travels, if there were two white men there they always had a tennis court.



RICKSHAW RIDING AT NAIROBI



CHAPTER III

THE ATHI PLAINS AND MR. MCMILLAN'S FARM

ON December 10, after a few pleasant days in Nairobi, in which we completed our arrangements for the trip and spent some hours riding around in rickshaws, we left at noon by train for Stony Athi River. On our arrival at the station, but an hour and a half after leaving Nairobi, we were met by the headman and our personal servants, having sent the safari by road the day before. We found the camp all made, about three hundred yards from the station, and everything prepared for us. The camp consisted of our green canvas Willesden tent, with a heavy fly over it and an extension at the back in the shape of a bow-window, made of canvas, which formed the bathroom. The entire floor of the tent was covered by a sheet of canvas, in order to keep out bugs and dampness. The furniture consisted of two folding-beds (which were supplied with cork mattresses, sheets, pillow-cases, and good, heavy Jaeger blankets), two collapsible tables, a collapsible wash-stand and bath-tub, two chairs, and a couple of camp stools.

Our clothes were in tin boxes which were damp proof and insect proof, and which weighed when loaded from fifty to sixty pounds. These boxes came through the entire trip without mishap, preventing all trouble

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

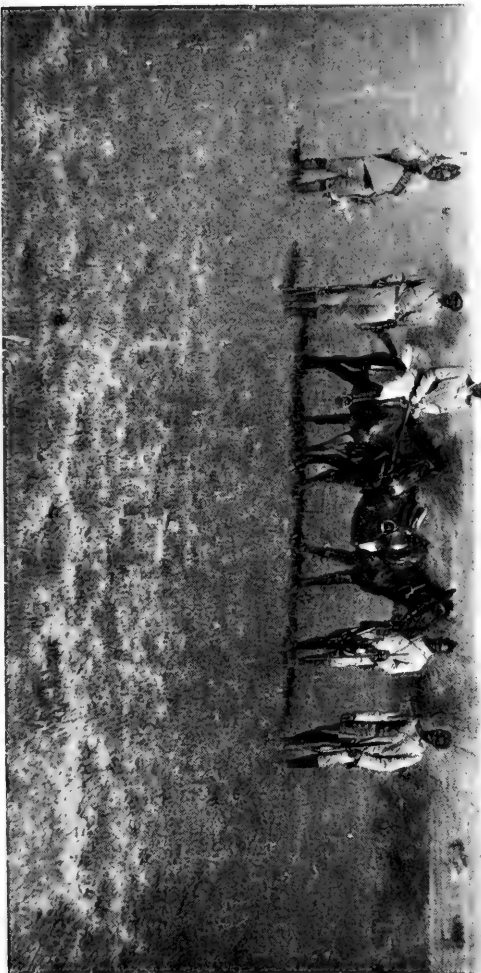
with ants and dampness, and keeping our clothes always in good condition.

The porters had six small tents which were arranged in a semicircle, facing our tent, and the Somalis had a tent on one side not far from ours. We were thoroughly comfortable in our movable house, which we occupied for the next hundred days, and never saw the railroad again until the end of the trip.

The Stony Athi River, like a narrow ribbon, fringed with bushes and trees, trailed away like a thin snake, far to the north. On either side it was bounded by vast plains unbroken in any direction, except to the east where far away on the horizon appeared some low-lying hills. With the exception of the green along the line of the river, everything was brown, monotonous and without character. What grass there was looked so thin and hay-like in its color, that it seemed difficult to realize that this was the favorite grazing place of the vast herds of animals frequenting this section. The low waving blue line that broke the horizon to the East was so far away and the irregularities were so small, that I could not estimate the distance.

Had the day been clear, away to the north the snow-capped peak of Mt. Kenia might have been seen, as some days we did see it, rising to the height of 18,000 feet.

The Equator passes directly through this mountain which, in spite of the terrific heat occasioned by the direct rays of the sun, is covered with a huge cap of



MRS. MADEIRA AND GUN BEARERS ON THE PLAINS



COKE'S HARTEBEST ON THE PLAINS

ATHI PLAINS—MR. McMILLAN'S FARM

perpetual snow which, melting, feeds the rivers and so renders the surrounding country habitable. Without the snow to support them, the evaporation is so great that, except in the rainy season, the rivers would dry up and leave the whole region waterless.

The only brilliant green visible was furnished by some rushes that grew in a swampy bit of ground near the railroad tracks, and the vividness of this patch of color contrasted greatly with the pallid green of the trees, and the dull, uniform brown of all the rest of the landscape. On these bare plains, from out a brilliant blue sky, blazed the tropical sun, its rays so strong that you could feel them on your hands as if the latter were being held towards a fire, and the glare and vibration of heat made one unconsciously protect the eyes as much as possible by pulling the visor of the helmet far over them.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, I started out with my gun-bearers for my first day's hunt, and we saw all over the plains innumerable bands of Coke's hartebeest, zebra, Grant's gazelle, and Thomson's gazelle. I proceeded to stalk a hartebeest, and found it was extremely wide-awake and difficult to approach, especially as the Athi Plains at this time were devoid of covering and the grass was not more than one or two inches high. I found it considerable labor to crawl for a long distance on my hands and knees, but finally succeeded in getting a shot, and hit the hartebeest, but, unfortunately, not fatally. I was astonished, as ever

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

afterwards in Africa, at the tremendous vitality all the animals have. I must have pursued this badly wounded creature for two hours before I finally got him. Late in the afternoon I killed a zebra, which at the first shot dashed off about twenty yards, turned a complete somersault, and fell stone dead.

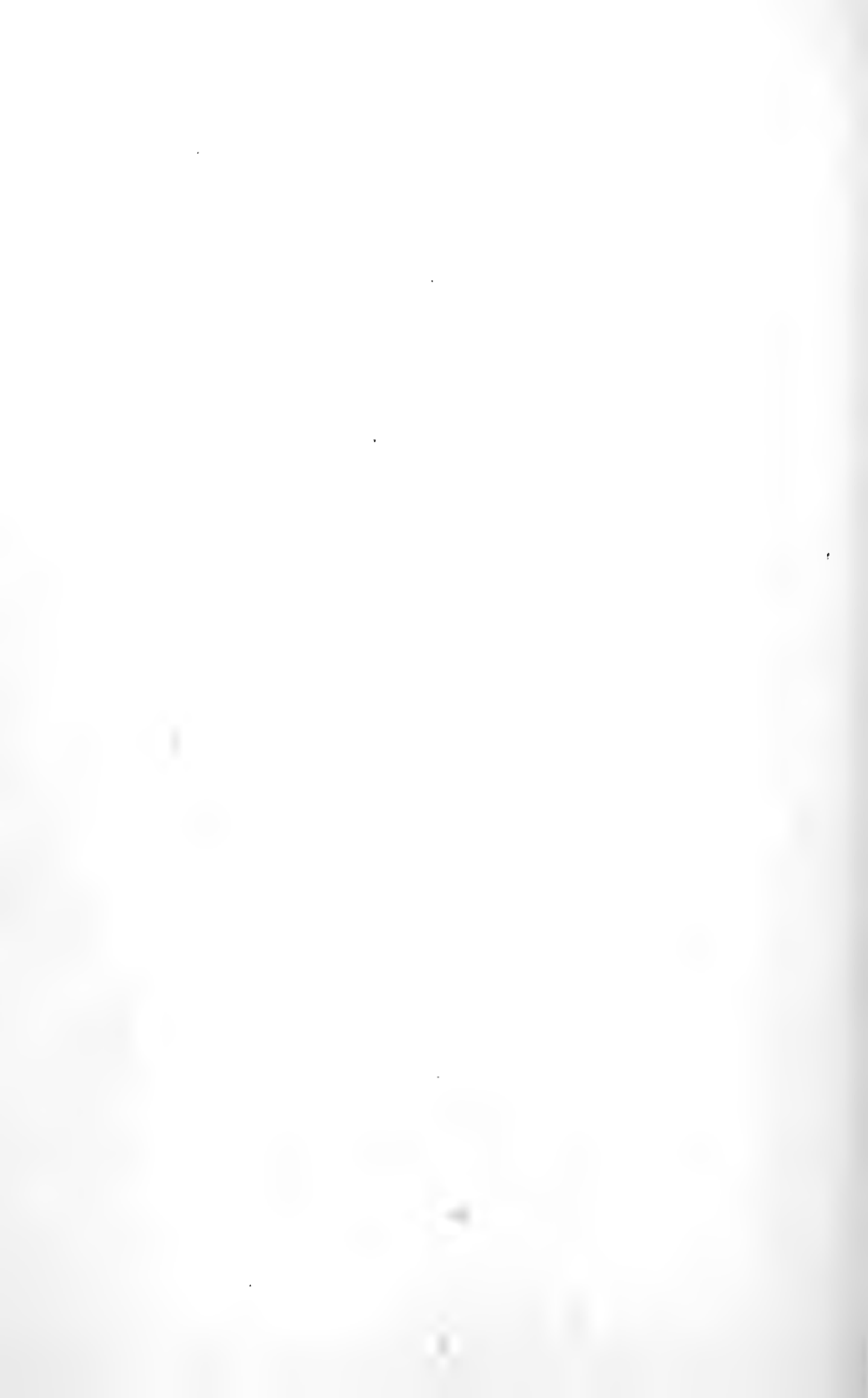
The herds of animals on the Athi Plains, as indeed elsewhere, usually consisted of from five to twenty-five, sometimes more, and occasionally only a solitary animal. The Coke's hartebeest, which is here in thousands, is a queer, ungainly looking creature, with a curious, long face. The color is a bright reddish fawn all over, with the tail long and a black tuft of hair at the end. They stand about forty-eight inches high at the shoulder, and weigh in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. They are very low at the hind quarters and high at the withers, so that the slope is almost straight from the top of the head to the tail. They run with straight, stiff-legged bounds, and get over the ground at an astonishing rate of speed. With all their ungainly ways, they are difficult to stalk, being extremely wary, and having sight that seems to detect the slightest movement on the plains, no matter how far off. They often apparently do sentry duty for zebras, wildebeests, and gazelles, for these seem confident of safety when a hartebeest is feeding with them. There are numerous varieties of hartebeests all over Africa, of which, however, we encountered only three, the Coke's, which exists here, south of the Tana; and



COKE'S HARTEBEEST
(*Bubalis cokei*)



WILDBEEST OR WHITE-BEARDED BRINDLED GNU
(*Connochaetes taurinus albifrons*)



ATHI PLAINS—MR. McMILLAN'S FARM

Jackson's and the Neumann's, which we encountered after we had crossed that river and gotten farther to the west and north.

The next few days we spent on the Athi Plains, securing specimens of hartebeest, zebra, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, and, incidentally, a small silver jackal. All these animals—except the jackal—were in constant evidence wherever one looked, but were extremely wary and difficult to approach, for no matter in which direction you hunted there seemed always a band on the other side watching you and ready to give the alarm. It was hard work and long-range shooting, but I managed to secure specimens of the above varieties.

The little Tommies (Thomson's gazelle), which are very much like the Grant's, except in size, were often at a distance difficult to distinguish from the latter larger variety, but if close enough could generally be told by the constant twitching of their tails. The persistency of this nervous twitching is remarkable, for I never saw one of them whose tail was still for a second, and I do not recall that the Grant has this peculiarity. The markings of both animals are very similar. The Thomson has a black nose patch and a wide band on the flank, while the prevailing color is a deep sandy reddish, and all the markings are well developed and very sharp. There is a narrow band of black bordering the white on the sides of the rump, and knee tufts are developed. The horns are quite long for the size of the

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

animal, which stands about twenty-five inches at the shoulder, and weighs about fifty-five pounds.

The Grant's gazelle stands about thirty-four inches high, with markings similar to the Thomson, except that the dark band on the side is not so deep in color and so distinct. There is more white, and a paler color towards the rump, than in the Thomson. The horns are extremely long proportionately, vary in shape considerably and the Grant's are in head and horns the handsomest and most imposing of all the African gazelles. The hair on parts of the body has a peculiar wavy, rumpled look. It weighs about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty pounds. There are several varieties of the Grant, and the habitat of this and the Thomson is very wide, extending almost throughout the country, although we encountered none between the Tana River and Fort Hall.

The zebra on the Athi Plains is Chapman's zebra, a sub-species of the Burchell, and is different from that which we encountered in Laikipia. Those on the Athi Plains are not so brilliant in black and white, the stripes on the face are broader, and they have a wider stripe down the centre of the backbone than the larger variety which we encountered later on near the Guaso Nyiro.

While travelling on the Athi Plains we were driven nearly crazy by ticks, which covered every blade of grass and made life a burden until we applied a preparation of cosmoline and a drug which I had procured



GRANT'S GAZELLE
(*Gazella granti*)



ATHI PLAINS—MR. McMILLAN'S FARM

at Nairobi, by means of which we subsequently avoided any discomfort.

It was always quite cool at night on the Athi Plains, and not, relatively, very uncomfortable in the daytime, although here, as all through Africa, the power of the sun is beyond description. We heard lions almost every night, and the thrill of excitement on hearing for the first time a wild lion roaming near you is memorable. The altitude of our camp here was about six thousand feet.

The Somalis and the natives always speak of an animal that is making a noise as "shouting," and it is amusing to hear them say a lion, a bird, a leopard, or a rhinoceros is "shouting." Thus we heard lions "shouting" nightly.

We had no particular excitement on the plains except once when, after shooting a hartebeest and approaching him, a cow rhino hove in sight on the crest of a little rise a couple of hundred yards away, evidently aroused by the sound of my rifle shot, and looking for trouble. I cannot describe the feeling upon first seeing the curious brute in wild life, and I am quite willing to confess my heart came very close to my mouth, and I could hardly believe that a little .450 bullet would have any effect upon its gigantic body. The radiation of heat from the ground magnified its size as it ran forward and backward on the skyline with its funny little tail straight up in the air, rigid as a flag-pole, and its queer, misshapen head bending in

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

every direction in the effort to locate by sight and smell the cause of the disturbance. We had both of us gone quite close to the hartebeest when it fell, and I was photographing it when there was a shout from the porters of "Faru! Faru!" ("Rhino"), and then a helter-skelter flying of every one of the black boys and entire absence of interest on their part in the hartebeest. As there was no cover or bush in sight on these bare plains, we withdrew to a safe distance, being quite anxious to avoid an encounter here. The rhino was not worth killing, but was quite big enough and evidently ugly enough to make things unpleasant, and we therefore waited until she had disappeared over the ridge, when we recovered the dead hartebeest.

We made several camps along the Stony Athi, hunting especially for lions, but saw none, though these plains are celebrated for them. We heard of four that had been seen by some fellow-sportsmen not far from where we were, but although we took up the search we could not find them. In the hills bounding the plains there are several districts where there are large caves occupied by lions, one of these dens being especially famous. There is a broken mass of rock honeycombed underneath with caves and passageways, some of which come out to the surface on the top of the hill, while others extend to the back of the hill, and the place is usually occupied by several lions. It is a creepy sort of place, and gives you the exact mental picture that you have of a lion's den. The entrances are closed with



SAFARI LEAVING ATHI PLAINS FOR MR. MCNILLAN'S JETA FARM



ON THE ATHI PLAINS



ATHI PLAINS—MR. McMILLAN'S FARM

brush and small scrub, and from the top once in a while you find a place where you can look down into a dark hole or cavern fifteen or twenty feet below. While I, personally, did not hear any lions in the caves, friends of mine have seen them and shot them there, and we saw innumerable bones and other evidences of their occupancy. The method of hunting is to watch on the edge of the rocks for the lion either when he is going out in the afternoon or coming home in the morning. A short time before I got there, however, a very persistent hunt had been made for the beasts, and I think that they must have been driven off at that time.

We reached Mr. McMillan's famous Juja Farm on Sunday morning, the 15th of December, and his very delightful hospitality detained us there until the 21st. This farm is one of the most remarkable places imaginable. Every luxury that Europe and America could devise is there: a fine, comfortable bungalow supplied with ice-plant, electric lights, and everything else that one could think of. Within a half-mile of the house wild animals in droves wander all over the unfenced plain. It is one of the best places to get wildebeest and Chanler's reedbuck, and there are also leopards, lions, hippos, crocodiles, hartebeests, Grant's and Thomson's gazelles, wart-hogs, etc., and these, as I have said, within a few miles of the house, some of them, in fact, within a few hundred yards. Here we got our mail which had been forwarded to us from Nairobi. We met a number of people who were staying at the house,

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

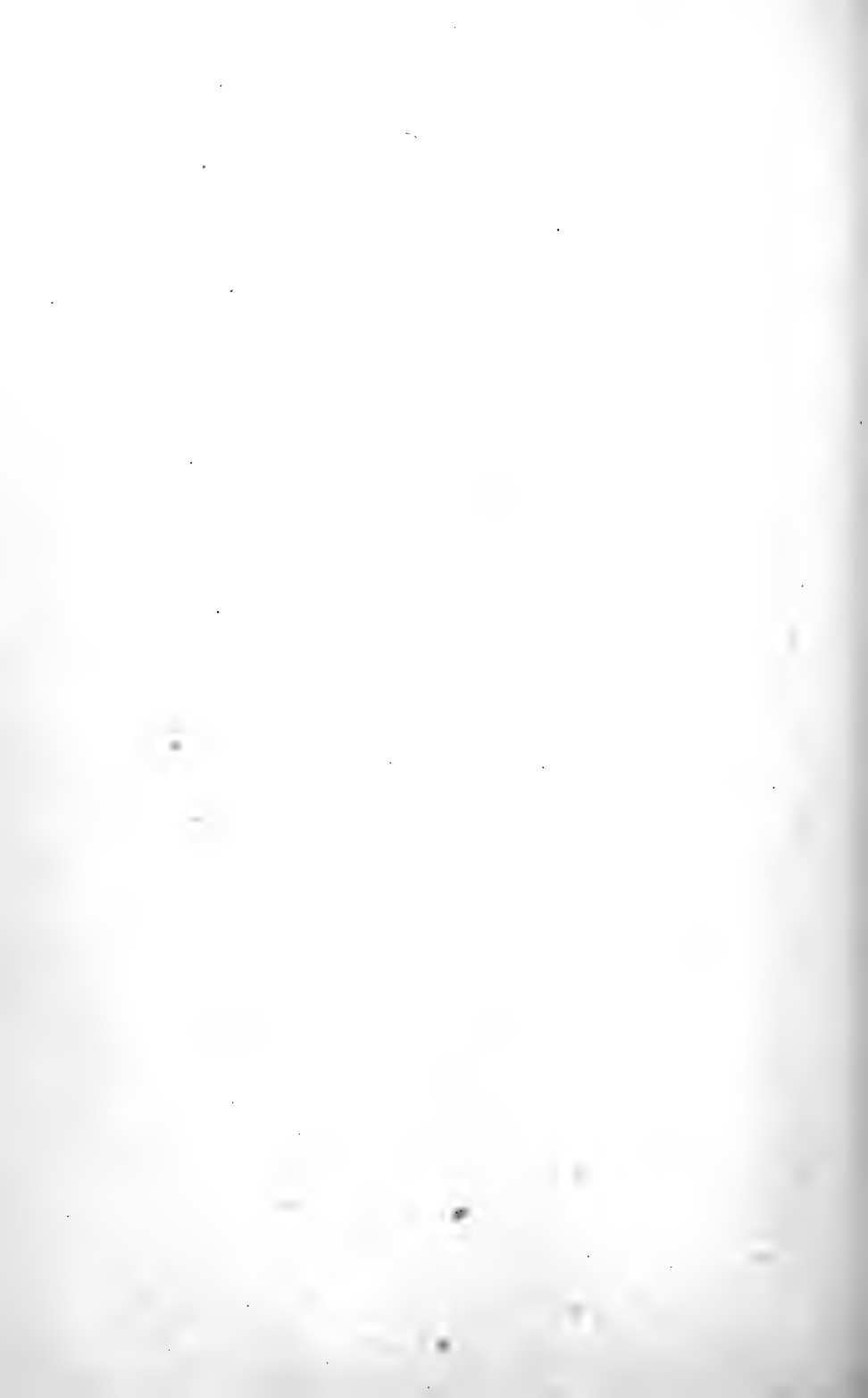
among them two young Frenchmen on their way to climb Mount Elgon. They were having considerable excitement and amusement by trying to catch crocodiles in the river, about three hundred yards from Mr. McMillan's house. During one of their nightly visits to the snare which they had set in the river, they almost walked on top of a leopard, which gave them quite a start, for a leopard is a dangerous beast to encounter, especially when prowling around in the dark.

The next day I started out to get some wildebeest,* which are to be had here and are very rare farther north. They are curious looking animals, about four feet three inches at the shoulder, of a bluish-gray color, with a stiff mane, and a dirty white beard underneath their chin. A huge mop of black hair extends down the centre of the face. Their horns remind one of a cow's, although they come close together in the centre of the head and droop downwards instead of curving up. They are clumsy, awkward, and stupid-looking, with eyes so prominent on the sides of their heads that apparently they can almost look backwards without turning their heads. They weigh about five hundred and fifty pounds. As their name implies, they are extremely wild, and travel in bands of from five to twenty-five, though occasionally one encounters a solitary old bull. They usually have a hartebeest sentinel somewhere near them, and, owing to the watchfulness of both species, they are extremely difficult animals to approach.

* The white-bearded, brindled gnu.



IMPALLA
(*Epycceros metampus*)



ATHI PLAINS—MR. McMILLAN'S FARM

We started early, and about an hour's journey from the house we sighted a herd of them. Forthwith began a stalk on hands and knees over the bare plains. This took at least an hour or an hour and a half, before I finally succeeded in shooting the bull. Later on another successful stalk brought down a second, but I regret to say it was an enormous cow which I had mistaken for a bull. During the morning's hunting I missed an impalla and a waterbuck. We saw many species of game, before returning about three o'clock in the afternoon. We measured the wildebeest and found him quite a large one, the horns being twenty-seven and a quarter inches on the widest outside measurement, twenty-three and a quarter inches widest inside, and sixteen and three-quarters from tip to tip. The cow was also of a good size, with horns measuring twenty-one and a quarter inches and eighteen and three-eighths inches.

On the 17th, accompanied by Mr. H. Clarkson Williams, a guest of Mr. McMillan, we started out in the morning and spent the entire day hunting. I secured an impalla, and, by an unlucky shot, missed a wildebeest.

The impalla is one of the most beautiful animals in Africa, and I doubt if there is any more graceful animal in the world. The horns are very long in proportion to the size of the animal, have a double curve, and are heavily ringed to within six to eight inches of the point. The color is brilliant red

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

and very glossy. It has no lateral hoofs, like other members of the gazelle group, and has a tuft of black hair on each hind leg. It stands about thirty-three to thirty-four inches and weighs from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen pounds. We found them ranging over almost all the country that we went into except near Victoria Nyanza at Muhoroni. They usually travel in bands of from five to fifteen, and the largest I saw was sixty-nine. When shot at, the whole herd starts into a series of leaps and bounds, sometimes going as high as six feet in the air, and jumping clean over the backs of one another. They look like acrobats as they perform this wonderful and most characteristic exhibition of high leaping. They are usually found near water and in country where there is a considerable amount of cover. A whole band is difficult to stalk, and it is far better to go for a lone buck if one can be found.

We saw hartebeest, several bands of impalla, Thomson's gazelle, wart-hogs, and baboons. We also got on the trail of a lion, which was so fresh that the paw-marks on the wet sand had not even dried. The spoor led to a dense thicket of papyrus ten or fifteen feet high, at the bottom of a gully, and mixed up with the papyrus was the thickest kind of vegetation, covering a swamp which extended all around the side. It was a very unpleasant place to encounter the beast had it been moving around.

Speaking of lions reminds me of Mr. McMillan's



WILDBEEST SHOT AT MR. MC MILLAN'S FARM



MR. MC MILLAN'S JUJA FARM



head shikar, Djuma, a Somali, who is well known not only for his skill but for his courage. Some years ago Mr. C. W. L. Bulpett, a friend of Mr. McMillan, was hunting with him, I think in Somaliland. The former, who had not yet gotten his lion, was aroused one morning while in bed by the statement that there was one of these beasts in the bush near by. Without waiting to dress, he slipped on a pair of pumps, and still in his pajamas, grabbed his rifle, and calling to Djuma and a couple of others, started for the bush where the lion had been located. They endeavored to drive the lion out by beating the bush, and finally tried to set fire to it, but it would not burn. Eventually Mr. Bulpett recklessly crawled in among the bushes on his hands and knees. He soon saw the lion not far from him, but in a bad position for a shot. He took the chance, however, and the lion immediately rushed him. In the scramble to escape, the hunter fell, and the lion reached him and stood over him. Seeing this situation, Djuma rushed forward and attracted the attention of the lion, which turned toward him, opening his mouth. The brave Somali was armed only with a revolver, but he thrust it into the lion's mouth, and succeeded in getting off two or three shots before the crush of the tremendous jaws, closing on his wrist, prevented any further use of the hand. The lion was stunned by these pistol shots down his throat, which enabled one of the other men accompanying Mr. Bulpett to crawl up and put a bullet into the animal's brain, dropping him stone dead.

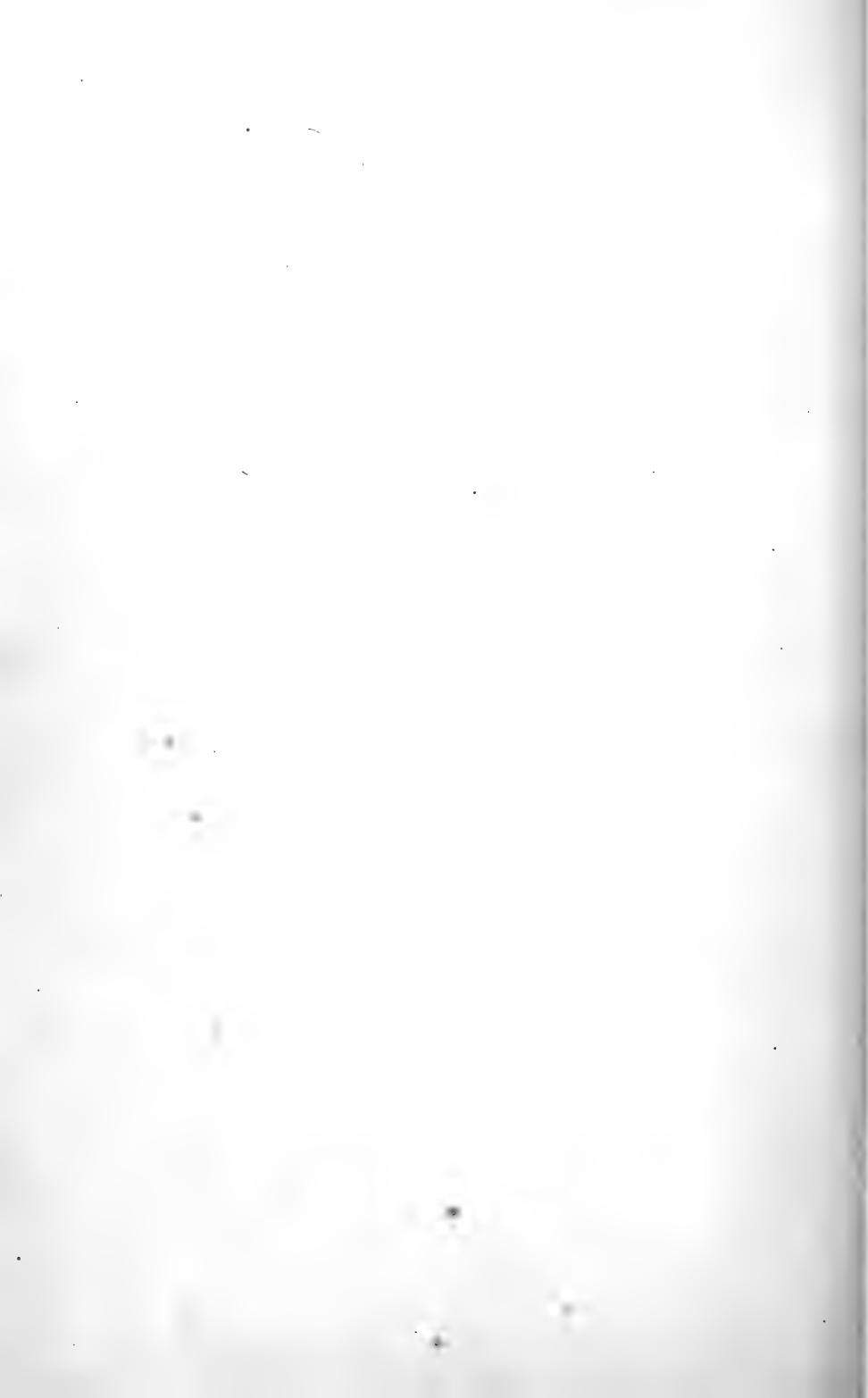
HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Mr. Bulpett escaped without a scratch, but Djuma's arm still shows the scars of the dreadful wounds it got when the lion's teeth closed on it. My own gun-bearer, Ali Mirra, had his own experience with a lion, which is another story. Instances of courage in the Somalis are frequent, but Djuma's is almost unparalleled.

The vitality of lions is shown by the following incident. Mr. McMillan, himself a wonderfully good marksman, one day got a good shot at a lion, and put his bullet through both shoulders, breaking them. This is a shot which is supposed absolutely to cripple an animal and put him out of action. This particular lion, which was about seventy-five yards away, worked his hind legs up underneath him and, crouching as for a spring, finally launched himself into the air towards McMillan. The beast landed, of course, upon his chest and nose. This was such an astonishing proceeding that McMillan waited until the movement was again repeated, the lion by this means getting some ten or fifteen yards nearer. McMillan then started shooting, but it required several shots before the lion succumbed. From such a picture, one can appreciate the fierce, revengeful and terrible disposition that a wounded lion has, for every leap that he made must have caused him agony.

THROUGH THE HIGH GRASS IN SEARCH OF BUFFALO





CHAPTER IV

A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

Williams accepted my invitation to go along as my guest on our hunt, and the following day he and I drove into Nairobi to get the necessary equipment for him, and more porters and supplies, for which we had arranged. The 19th was occupied in finishing up the necessary details at Nairobi, and we arrived at Juja after a long and dusty drive, at six P.M., passing on our way one of Mr. McMillan's staff, who was driving home three ostriches as the nucleus of an ostrich farm. These huge birds at close quarters are most interesting. They were driven along like so many cows and kept in the middle of the road, walking with their long strut. They seemed as tame as any domestic bird that could be imagined.

There had been quite a boom in ostrich farming in East Africa that year, owing to the protection afforded by the Government, which had struck these birds off the list of game to be shot, and was doing everything to encourage the development of the industry. During our travels we often found settlers hunting for young ostriches and eggs in order to secure equipment to start in this business. In establishing an ostrich farm, several methods are employed. One, and apparently the most common, is by purchasing a few trained and tamed birds, and then sending black boys

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

through the country to locate an ostrich hen sitting. When she has been located, a close watch is kept upon her nest until the chicks hatch out, and then the latter are rounded up and taken to the ranch, and are brought up and domesticated. Eggs are also picked up and taken back to the farm to be hatched either by the tame hens or by artificial means. Domesticated full-grown birds are very valuable, and the loss of one is quite an item. We saw some very successful farms towards Nakuro, where large areas have been fenced in, and the birds were apparently thriving and making a good profit for their owners.

After packing up all our new supplies and re-organizing our safari, which had now been increased to sixty porters, we left Mr. McMillan's very hospitable farm on Saturday the 21st, on a march of fourteen miles to the Thika Falls. We hunted all the way, but saw nothing but the usual game, for which we did not care to stop, as we hoped for better specimens later on. The river near which our camp was situated was most beautiful, as the falls were quite high and the banks were overhung with large trees and fine vegetation. We were informed that sometimes the colibus monkey can be secured at this point, but we were not lucky enough to see one.

The next day we made a short march of four miles in the direction of Fort Hall, camping near the road. Williams hunted on one side of the road, and I on the other. The result was a stein-



CHEETAH SHOT AT THIKA FALLS



WOMEN GRINDING GRAIN AT FORT HALL



A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

buck for me, and a good sized cheetah for Williams. These latter animals are extremely shy and seldom encountered, and it is considered quite a lucky addition to one's bag. The cheetah is very much like the common leopard, except that its claws are not so retractile, being more like a dog's. The body is slender, and the legs longer than those of the leopard. Instead of having the black rosettes of the latter, he has solid black spots with no centre, and the main color is a pale reddish yellow. The head is small and somewhat dog-like in appearance. This one measured seventy-three and three-quarter inches from end of nose to tip of tail.

On the 22d we made a march of ten miles to the ranch of Messrs. Swift and Rutherford at Punda Millia. One of the other guests, who was going to spend Christmas with them, was passing along the road on his bicycle a short distance back of us, when he saw two lions within one hundred and fifty yards of the highway, but, unfortunately, he had no rifle with him. This highway, after leaving Mr. McMillan's, is the main thoroughfare to Fort Hall, and on it one encounters all kinds of conveyances, from camels to pack trains of donkeys and native porters. One is never out of sight of people travelling this road, and yet lions are frequently seen. On the way to Punda Millia I shot an impalla and wounded it badly, but, too far back. It took me on a six-mile chase before I finally succeeded in killing him, during which time I saw wildebeest, hartebeest and Thomson's gazelle in numbers.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Mr. Swift and Mr. Rutherford gave us a very warm welcome, and our party was increased by a number of other guests who had come out from Nairobi for the holidays.

At daybreak the next morning, Williams and I went out for Chanler's reedbuck, which is found here, as is also an occasional roan antelope. Having seen nothing up to nine o'clock, we separated and hunted in different directions. Within five minutes after parting, I heard Williams shooting, and learned later that after a hard hunt he had bagged a fine Chanler's reedbuck. He then got on the trail of a roan antelope, which he pursued all day, but could not get near enough for a shot. This Chanler's reedbuck was the only one we secured during our trip, for while I saw several bands of them they were all does, and I had but one shot at a buck at a very long range, which I missed. It takes a lot of hunting, and is quite a sporty little animal, being smaller than the bohor, and of a grayish color, with rather long hair on its neck and body. It frequents a more rocky country than the other reedbuck, of which there are a number of varieties.

The country was very hilly and rolling, and covered with high grass, making it difficult to hunt in. Shortly before noon I encountered a rhinoceros coming my way, and hit him with both barrels of my .450, but did not stop him. He went off at a great pace, charging across just in front of me and not far away, leaving a trail of blood which we followed through the grass, here three

A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

to four feet high. We tracked him for a quarter of a mile or more, but finally some thick bush and then absence of grass helped lose the trail, and we never saw him again. While pursuing the rhino I saw some reed-buck and waterbuck. After stalking them within gunshot, I found that they were all does, and therefore did not shoot. While we were hunting for the rhino's track one of my porters saw a leopard dash by within twenty yards of him, but I was on the other side of a slight rise, and did not see it. We beat up all the bush country around where he had been seen to enter, but without success.

On Christmas Day our hosts had kindly arranged with one of their natives, who was familiar with the country, to take me on a buffalo hunt, for which I started out accompanied by my gun-bearers and half a dozen porters. About three and a half miles from the camp on the far side of a deep ravine, we located, through the glasses, a herd of seven of these animals wandering around under some trees and apparently preparing to retire and lie down during the middle of the day, as is their custom. We left our porters on the high point, so that they could overlook the ravine and watch the movements of the herd. With my gun-bearers and guide, I descended the ravine, and, crossing to the other side, made a careful and exciting stalk. The grass was as high as our heads, and nothing could be seen in any direction without climbing some of the small scrub trees that were here numerous. Occasionally the

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

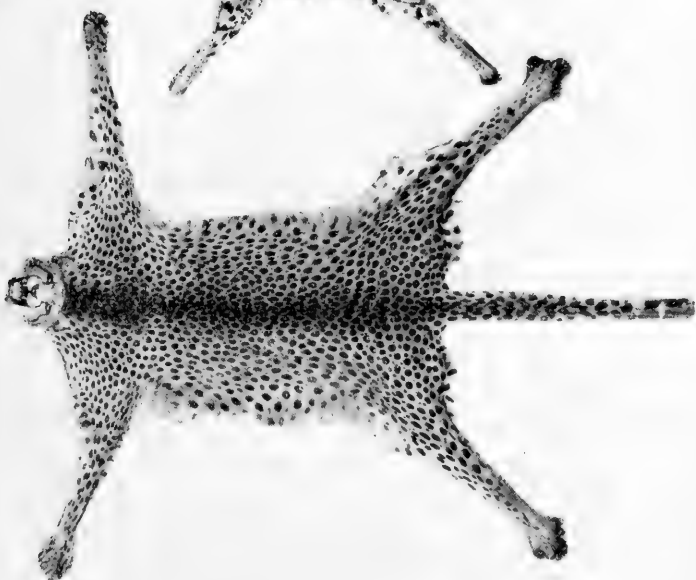
grass would get thinner and so short that we could find our way and see a little ahead of us, but immediately would close up again and interfere with all vision. We stalked to where we were sure the buffalo had been heading when we last saw them, and presumed that they were hiding somewhere near. We soon struck their trail, at this point, but the native guide became panic-stricken and took to the tallest tree he could find, ostensibly to locate the buffalo from his point of vantage, but I think he was more guided by fear than the desire to locate the game. He refused to advance, and at the same time he was afraid to go backward. My gun-bearer also tried to locate the animals by climbing trees, but was unsuccessful.

After a number of fruitless attempts, we stole cautiously through the long grass, first on one side and then on the other. When we advanced in the direction of the ravine, we found, within twenty or thirty yards of where we had been hunting, the beds in which the buffalo had been lying down. We learned afterwards from our porters, who had been watching, that we had been surrounded by the beasts, which, however, had silently gotten up and left on hearing us, or on getting our scent. It gave us a creepy feeling to think how near we had been to them without knowing it, and to realize in what a helpless position we should have been had they taken it into their heads to charge and be as unpleasant as they usually are. However, they had sneaked off, and our hunt for them was over.

SERVAL CAT
(*Felis serval*)



CHEETAH
(*Cynicturus jubatus*)





A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

The tall grass through which we had been working all that morning was of a most unpleasant character. It had long heads on it like rye, and each beard of the head bore a detachable seed shaped like a barbed arrow-head, very sharp and intensely irritating. These arrow-heads worked through my clothes and down my back, creating a condition which by the time we reached camp had developed into a state like prickly heat. Ever afterward this grass set up a similar irritation wherever it was of a height sufficient to get down the back of my neck. I regret to say that this was frequent, as this grass predominates in almost all sections we went through, but varies in height.

I returned to camp quite early, and after luncheon went out after Coke's hartebeest, but failed to secure any, although they were plentiful. The rest of the party, armed with shotguns, went over to some millet fields, a couple of miles from the house, to have a bird-drive. The millet attracts great flocks of various kinds of birds, and the hunters were stationed along a line at a point agreed upon, and then the natives were sent into the millet to drive the birds out, something on the style of an English pheasant drive. The gunners were not very successful, however, securing only a few edible birds.

We had a jolly, informal Christmas dinner that evening, with the best of hospitality and company, but it was so different from the day at home that it was hard to picture our cold and snowy Christmas in con-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

trast to this small cabin where we all contributed to the supplies and to the table, but everything went off well and we passed a delightful evening.

The next day we broke camp at eight o'clock, and saying good-by to our friends, left for Fort Hall, fourteen miles away, where we arrived, after a hot and tiresome journey, at half past one. We immediately called upon Mr. Lane, the District Commissioner, to present our letter of introduction, but, unfortunately, he was ill with fever. Mr. Skene, the Assistant District Commissioner, did everything he could to help us in selecting the country in which we were to hunt, and gave us advice and assistance in securing our porters and supplies, including seventeen loads of meal. The Somalis had to be provided with ghee, sugar, and tea, in addition to their rice.

There were large numbers of natives from up the country visiting here, as this is the junction point for travel coming from both the east and west sides of Kenia, and all the surrounding country is tributary to Fort Hall, the largest and most important of the English Government forts. I was able to buy some native spears for one rupee four annas, each, and some other odds and ends of curios, which we left, with four of our chop boxes and some superfluous supplies, in the care of Mr. Skene.

On the morning of the 28th we started for Embo, which is the farthest fort to the north and east at the present time, and lies in the district on the north side of

A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

the Tana River, and somewhat to the east of Mount Kenia. I was informed that shooting had been prohibited in this district in the past three or four years, on account of trouble with the natives, but this had been recently and satisfactorily adjusted. Mr. Jackson gave us the first permit to go into that district, where he intimated we might be able to secure our elephant, the animals being quite plentiful on the slopes of Mount Kenia.

When we left Fort Hall our outfit consisted of seventy-eight porters, each of whom ate one and a half pounds of beans or meal daily, while each of our twelve Somalis consumed two pounds of rice every day, so our supplies had to be quite heavy.

The camp here was particularly aggravating, as the only place that we could find to pitch our tent was adjoining the drill-ground and close to the main road leading out of Fort Hall. This did not encourage discipline among the porters, and it was impossible to get them straightened out and ready to leave before ten o'clock the following morning.

At Fort Hall are stationed about two hundred native police under command of Captain Long-Innis, and the smartness which these natives acquire in their military drills after a few months' training is remarkable. They are wild, stupid savages when first enlisted, but a few weeks' training transforms them into smart, alert soldiers.

At Nairobi they have a regimental band composed

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

entirely of native blacks, who have been trained and taught in a few years to play the various instruments, and they play uncommonly well. The negro's love of music is apparently as instinctive and adaptable with him as it is with his more civilized brethren in our country.

The non-commissioned officers of this police force are generally Sudanese, who have had training in the east or in Egypt, and they appear to be well drilled in their duties. The regular uniform of the company consists of a red fez, black sweater with leather pads on the shoulders, a pair of khaki knickerbockers cut off above the knees, and black puttees, but they wear no shoes. They are armed with rifles, and have belts and cartridge boxes of black leather. It is amusing to see the non-commissioned officers when not on duty. Armed with little swagger sticks, they strut around just as they have seen their officers do in the Sudan, and they even copy their particular officer's walk and mannerisms. We watched this company with considerable interest, little thinking how keen I should be to have their services at my command less than a month hence.

About two hours after we left Fort Hall, we crossed the Tana River in a ferry-boat supported by the Government, but the porters waded across the stream, which at that time was only up to their waists. We had lunch on the north side of the Tana, and while there met a number of Kikuyu on their way to and from Fort Hall, mostly dressed in their best get-up. I took some



A PRIMITIVE FERRY ACROSS THE TANA RIVER



A BUFFALO HUNT AT PUNDA MILLIA

pictures, among them one of a rather interesting looking savage who posed with Mrs. Madeira.

The country on this march was very hilly and rolling, and Fort Hall stands at an altitude of about six thousand two hundred feet. Embo has about the same altitude, but the intervening country, like that near Fort Hall, is much broken up and the hills are steep. The country is hot, with very few trees, and those quite small, except along the banks of the streams. It is the cultivated land of the Kikuyu race, and native farms are everywhere, these consisting of small patches of land which have been scratched over and planted. When we were there the harvests were well grown and the maize was standing head high. Wherever there was a little patch of cultivation, a rickety platform was erected among the grain, and native boys were stationed on top of it, whistling, shouting, and throwing stones to scare the birds away from the grain. The boys are not often visible, but are always audible, and it is rather uncanny to be marching along between high rows of millet or maize with no one in sight and yet to hear voices echoing over the hills in every direction.

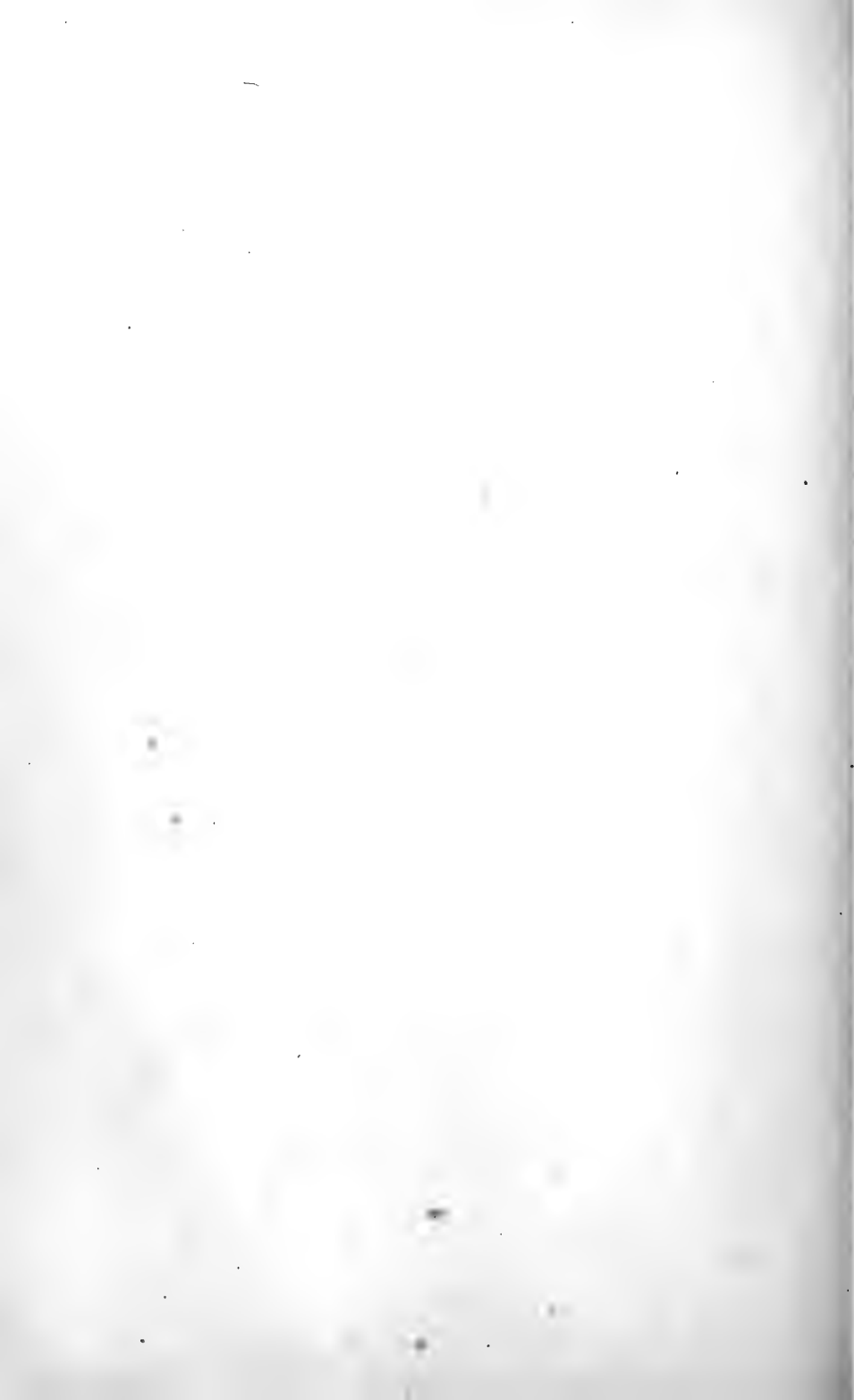
We camped that night at Big Tree, about sixteen miles from Fort Hall, where we encountered a picturesque old savage chief, Githai, who was very friendly but very insistent about backsheesh. He admired almost everything he saw, but he took a particular fancy to my tent boy's Jaeger blanket, and nothing would satisfy him until he had annexed it. In exchange he

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gave us a skinny chicken and two eggs of questionable age. Githai's costume consisted of some old trousers, a long coat, and a blue yachting cap, which equipment he had managed to accumulate from some unknown source. What a yachting cap could be doing in central Africa is a surmise, but it was there, and Githai had it. There is very little fire-wood to be had here so he supports a wood-pile, and exacts compensation for it, thus making a good living out of passers-by. At night his soldiers, in their full war costume, with white shields painted with curious devices in red and black, enormous spears, and finery of all sorts, crowded around our tents, and insisted upon shaking hands—much to our disgust, for they smelled horribly. Still, etiquette requires it in passing through the country, so we had to receive this war-like delegation, who came up, extended greasy paws, saluted us with "Jombo" (which, I believe, means, "How do you do?"), and begged cigarettes, matches, food, and everything else they saw. We finally had to tell them to begone, their odor was so very unpleasant. We came to the conclusion—which was strengthened later—that it is doubtful if a Kikuyu is ever washed from the day he is born until he dies. The accumulation of castor-oil, red clay, and general filth is not conducive to close affiliation, at least with white people.



SAFARI CROSSING TANA RIVER



CHAPTER V

NATIVES ON THE ROUTE

THE march next day was only four hours to the Thiba River, where the Government has erected a rather pretentious camp, with cut fire-wood near by. Here we were quite comfortable. The camp was pitched on the top of a hill, free from mosquitoes and dirt, and near quite a beautiful river, in which we caught some eels and fish. Doves abound here and we shot some of them and found them delicious eating. We could not eat the eels, by the way, no matter in what form they were cooked, and they were even less attractive than the great number of native visitors who swarmed around at this camp also.

We did little fishing, as we had been told that it was not worth while to waste any time on this sport. But all the rivers and streams were filled with finny inhabitants, and our men would frequently spend the afternoon catching great strings of fish from eighteen inches to two feet long and which looked like a coarse, heavy chub. The men were very fond of these, but upon having some of them cooked, we found that they were filled with tiny bones that were a great nuisance, and the taste was not very palatable, so we did not experiment much with them. I remember seeing Esau at the Pesi swamp busily engaged

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

one afternoon in hauling out these fish as fast as he could throw the baited hook in. He had a most successful time, catching some forty or fifty in a couple of hours. He split and dried them on some bushes, and claimed he was taking them home to his brother at Fort Hall. Esau was a great glutton, however, and I imagine his brother was not benefited greatly by his day off from shikari work.

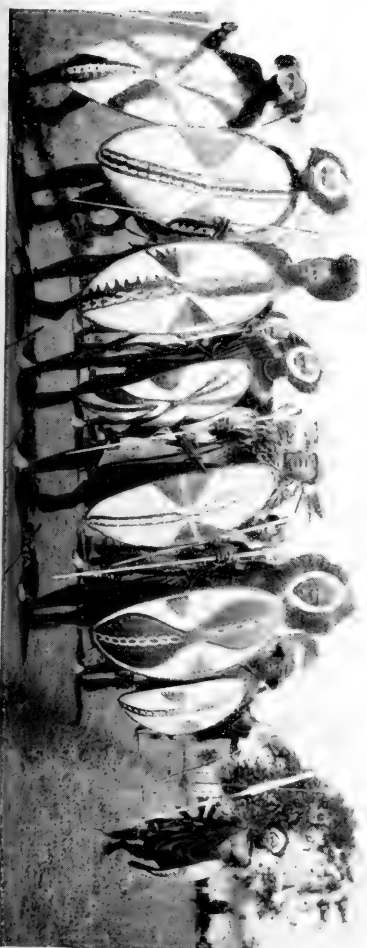
On Sunday, the 29th, we left at seven o'clock and reached Embo at eleven. The road is good, but very hilly, the last half-mile approaching the Fort being a terrible climb. It was almost incredible the way the porters swarmed up the sides of the hill, like so many goats, carrying their loads with apparently no difficulty whatever. Embo and the country around it are ruled by Mr. Horn, the District Collector, who resides there all alone, and whom we had to see before we could do any hunting. He was out shooting when we arrived, and we had to camp, to await his return.

There were a great many visiting chiefs here, and our gun-bearers learned from the local natives that game was plentiful not far away, and that buffalo were to be had about six miles off. This was the farthest point north that we reached on the eastern side of Kenia, and we had made nine marches from the Athi River station.

Mr. Horn arrived in the evening of the following day. He immediately called upon us and kindly asked us to put up at the Fort, but we thought it better to remain in our tents. We took up with him the question



SAFARI ARRIVING AT FORT EMBO



MASAI WAR DANCE



NATIVES ON THE ROUTE

of elephant shooting, which, as stated before, we had anticipated doing on Mount Kenia, and he informed us that he could not permit us to shoot to the north of the Fort Hall-Embo road, on which side Mount Kenia lay, unless there was a special permission given by Mr. Jackson or by Mr. Horn's superior, Mr. Lane, at Fort Hall. Our permit did not give this permission specifically, but as Mr. Lane was expected to arrive the following day, we waited to see him. Unfortunately, he did not come, and we could not obtain any privileges in this direction, although we sent letters to him and telegrams by a runner to Mr. Jackson, asking to have this permit confirmed.

Mr. Lane's objection was that the Government was collecting at that time a hut tax from all the natives around Kenia, and as this tribute is not a popular one with the natives, he was afraid that by taking in a large safari some disturbance might be created and our lives be in danger, in which case it would require a punitive expedition, and rather than run the risk of the slightest trouble he refused our application, but told us if we would wait three weeks, he would permit us to go on the slopes of Kenia, as his collection would then be over.

This was a great disappointment, as our only chance with elephants was on the slopes of Kenia, the dry season giving no encouragement of encountering them elsewhere along our projected march.

This collection of the hut tax which so interfered with our hunt after elephants, is one of the revenues by

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

which the Government is supported. Every native within the radius of a certain district pays a tax of a few rupees for each hut that he owns. Every wife has a separate domicile, so a man who has ten or fifteen wives has to pay taxes upon so many different huts. In exchange for this tax the Government supports the forts and police, protects the natives from raids, and looks after their welfare and condition in general. The District Commissioner in each section is judge and jury, medical officer, head of the military police, and, in fact, the supreme ruler, under direction from Nairobi, of the territory under his control. His duties are manifold, and it requires a versatile man to fill the position with credit.

The native is, of course, in a most primitive condition. He has no ambition except to obtain food, clothing, and some place to sleep. The two latter are not complicated problems for him. The food question is the main difficulty and one that affects most seriously all the farming tribes. The African is notoriously improvident. If he has plenty of food to-day, he eats all that he can, and saves none for next day, trusting to luck to obtain it then. This lack of providence on his part brings about a condition that is very susceptible to droughts and climatic conditions, for if the crops fail, famine devastates whole districts. Then the Government has to step in and supply food for the people therein.

At such times it is difficult for safaris to obtain

NATIVES ON THE ROUTE

food locally. The native would gladly sell the surplus over his immediate wants, but the District Commissioner will interfere and tell safaris that they must not buy food in his district, owing to the shortage, it being one of his duties to see that the people under him are fed. The natives' lack of ambition to possess either clothing, ornaments, or to better their condition in any way, is one of the difficulties which confront those who are striving for the development of Africa. Labor is distasteful to the native, and he cannot be induced to give it for the improvement of his country. At every point I found a scarcity of labor, although men were plentiful. They would work only for a day or two and then live on the proceeds until hunger made it necessary to work again.

The Government has been endeavoring to encourage familiarity with money on the part of the natives, for if they have to pay their tax in coin, they must of necessity secure the latter by work. Within the last few years many tribes who were once entirely content to barter for trinkets, beads, and other trifles, have taken to demanding cash for their services and products.

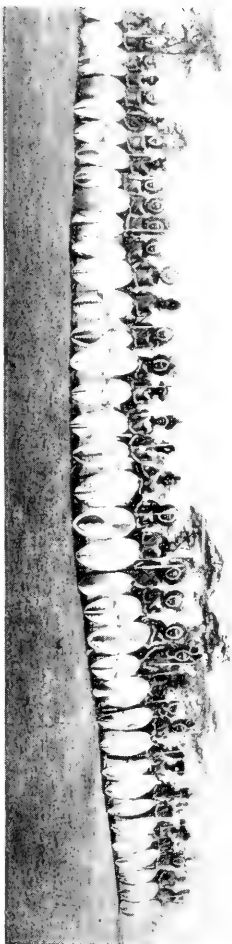
No doubt in time a further change will be brought about and the common native, in his desire to dress and decorate his wives with jewelry, may emulate his chief, whose wives at the present time are more decorated than those of the ordinary warrior.

If the native women once get imbued with the desire for finery and can persuade their husbands to get it for

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

them, then the men must of necessity labor harder, to the general improvement and welfare of the country, and the labor question may be solved. Until then, it would seem as if the pay which is given to the men, and which seems so ridiculously small from our standards, is ample for the quantity and quality of the work which they perform. I think the Government pays as a standard for labor four rupees per month, possibly it is only three, and out of this the native must secure his food. A dollar and forty cents a month seems little enough pay, but one good Italian laborer can accomplish more in a day than a couple of dozen of these dawdling natives. The latter's ambition to own and improve must be aroused, but this will never be accomplished if the results are too easily obtained. There was no meeting which I attended in Nairobi, where a number of settlers were together, that the question of labor was not discussed with a keenness and a vehemence that showed an interest not exceeded by that which conditions arouse in discussion here in America.

During the morning of the 30th, Mr. Horn had the natives give a war dance, which was extremely interesting and picturesque. The men were all sons of neighboring Masai chiefs, and local "swells," and they were well drilled and splendidly armed with native equipment. They carried huge shields painted with fancy devices, and wore masks or disks of ostrich feathers which fitted around the face and gave a formidable and terrifying appearance, and greatly exaggerated the



A WAR PARTY OF MASAI AT FORT EMBO



MASAI WAR DANCE



NATIVES ON THE ROUTE

height of the men. Some had bonnets made out of lion's skin, and some of baboon's. All had jangling pieces of metal around their legs, so that there were constant musical sounds as they ran and jumped and performed the evolutions of the dance. They marched around in perfect order, singing their war songs, which had little variety, and seemed to be a repetition in rhythm of certain words. Occasionally one of the men would dash out from the main body and leap high in the air, brandishing his spear and shouting, and apparently working himself up to a degree of excitement which, Mr. Horn told us, would ultimately reach a state of frenzy and mental intoxication almost equal to that occasioned by alcohol. The physical exertion seems to work upon their nervous system until their excitement is uncontrollable. Before a certain pitch of excitement is reached it is absolutely necessary to stop the war dance, or the results might be the same as if a whole band of drunken men ran amuck. It was an interesting sight, and one which I did not see duplicated.

After lunch we followed the safari, which we had sent on ahead to a buffalo camp about six miles from the fort. We left the mules at the station, with one syce to look after them, as we could not take them into the country which we were entering, owing to the tsetse flies, which abound in the valley of the Tana. The mules were later taken to Fort Hall by the syce, who met us with them when we reached there some three weeks later.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

When we reached camp with our gun-bearers, we found that Ali Aden, our headman, had seen some buffalo and a rhino as he came to camp, and everything had been kept quiet so as not to alarm the game. Later we went hunting back of the camp, away from the swamp, but saw nothing save some hartebeest and water-buck. Williams watched the marsh until dark for buffalo, and saw five of them, three rhinos, and a leopard, but it was too dark to shoot. We looked forward to a successful hunt on the next day, and were delighted with the idea that we had at last found buffalo country.

Just after we finished dinner, and had settled down, talking quietly, we heard a heavy pounding of feet on the ground, a snort or two, and the screaming and shouting of the porters as a rhino dashed through the very centre of the camp, about twenty yards from where we were sitting. Much to our relief, he did not return, but continued on his way unmolested.

CHAPTER VI

BIG GAME SHOOTING AND ITS DANGERS

WE breakfasted by candlelight the next morning, and then crept silently toward the buffalo marsh, which we reached in less than a half-hour. Lying down among the bushes and long grass, we watched carefully for several hours, but saw nothing, and returned to camp at nine o'clock. During the afternoon I missed a water-buck and an impalla, with the usual bad luck which I had been experiencing for the past ten days.

Later in the day six porters arrived from Fort Hall, carrying mealies for porters' food. They received the usual compensation of eight annas, or sixteen cents, each for five days' work!

January 1st we again hunted the swamp for buffalo, but saw no game except two small rhinos. Williams, who had left the camp at daybreak, going south, returned about ten o'clock, having shot two eland and one water-buck. The law permits only one eland, but the two heads were obtained through an accident that is not unusual. After sighting an eland at some distance, he made a careful stalk, creeping on hands and knees, and shot the bull, which was standing, facing him, in the long grass. The bull fell, and Williams rushed forward to make sure that it was dead. He was hidden for an instant from the spot where the

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

animal had fallen, and upon reaching the top of the rise he saw his bull, as he thought, walking down the hill in front of him. Thinking it had recovered and was making off, he fired again, and the bull fell dead. Upon going up to skin him, he looked for the mark of his first bullet, but could not find it, and to his astonishment, upon retracing his steps and hunting through the grass, he found the first beast also. They were two fine heads, one twenty-five and one-half inches and the other twenty-five inches on the straight line. He left one of his gun-bearers to watch the heads, and returned to camp for help, as he had seen signs of game all through the country which he had traversed. On his way back he shot a fine *ellipsiprymnus* waterbuck. He left his other gun-bearer to watch the latter, and hastened to us. His round trip up to ten o'clock must have covered at least fifteen miles, but he secured a fine bag.

As has been said, the eland were almost exterminated from East Africa some ten years ago by the rinderpest, but careful preservation by law has fostered their recovery. We found them in herds of considerable numbers all through our journey, after we crossed to the north of the Tana and in Laikipia. They go about in bands of from ten to twenty-five, and are enormous animals; in fact, the largest of all antelopes. A big bull eland will stand about six feet at the shoulder. They have a tawny colored skin, somewhat darker than a lion, with bluish white, perpendicular stripes about half-inch



ELAND
(*Taurotragus oryx*)



BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

wide over part of the body. The face has a large tuft of dark brown hair on the forehead, below which there is a slightly lighter shade of color in the shape of a chevron between the eyes. They have quite a long tail and an enormous dewlap which hangs down far between their legs. They are supposed to succumb very easily to a shot, but I did not find it so in my case, although that may have been the shooting. Their horns are long and very heavy, and have a spiral twist in them for the lower half and diverge at rather a wide angle. There is a much larger race of eland somewhere in the Sudan, the horns of which run up in the neighborhood of forty inches in length. Those in East Africa, however, are not so long, about thirty-one inches being the greatest length known so far. They are delicious eating, the meat being like fine beef. Despite their great size and weight, they manage to cover the ground rapidly. I understand that in the present year, 1909, they have again been stricken off the game to be shot, and put upon the protected list.

We had prepared to break camp during Williams' absence, so immediately after he finished his breakfast, we started off for the Riping Waler River, about twelve miles away. We camped just beyond where the eland were killed, and on our way stopped to see the water-buck. The gun-bearer stated that while he was watching the carcass, a lioness had come after it, and was loitering around in the neighborhood. He pointed out the direction where he had last seen her, and with our

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

gun-bearers we proceeded to beat up the neighborhood, and shortly afterward saw the lioness take to her heels through the long grass.

We placed Mrs. Madeira on top of a high ant-hill, so that she could see the proceedings, and after a long, hard chase the lioness took to the bushes, which were extremely dense and almost impenetrable. Williams took a flying shot at her just as she jumped in, and the bullet came very close to her. He then very recklessly proceeded into the bush after her, and while crawling around just inside, so as to look underneath the bushes, made use of a rhino-path. I was on the outside, waiting for the lioness to come out if she would, and heard him call to look out for a rhino which at that moment charged down the path, barely giving him time to throw himself into the bushes on one side to escape. The rhino came out some distance away from him, but near me, giving me a shot at it on the run, which, however, failed to do anything but hurry it along.

Our camp at this spot was very well situated on the edge of the Riping Waler River, which is here overhung with trees of a rarer beauty than most that we had seen so far. The stream was very beautiful all along the bank, with broad stretches of plains extending to the north, and rolling country on either side of it, with here and there groves of enormous trees.

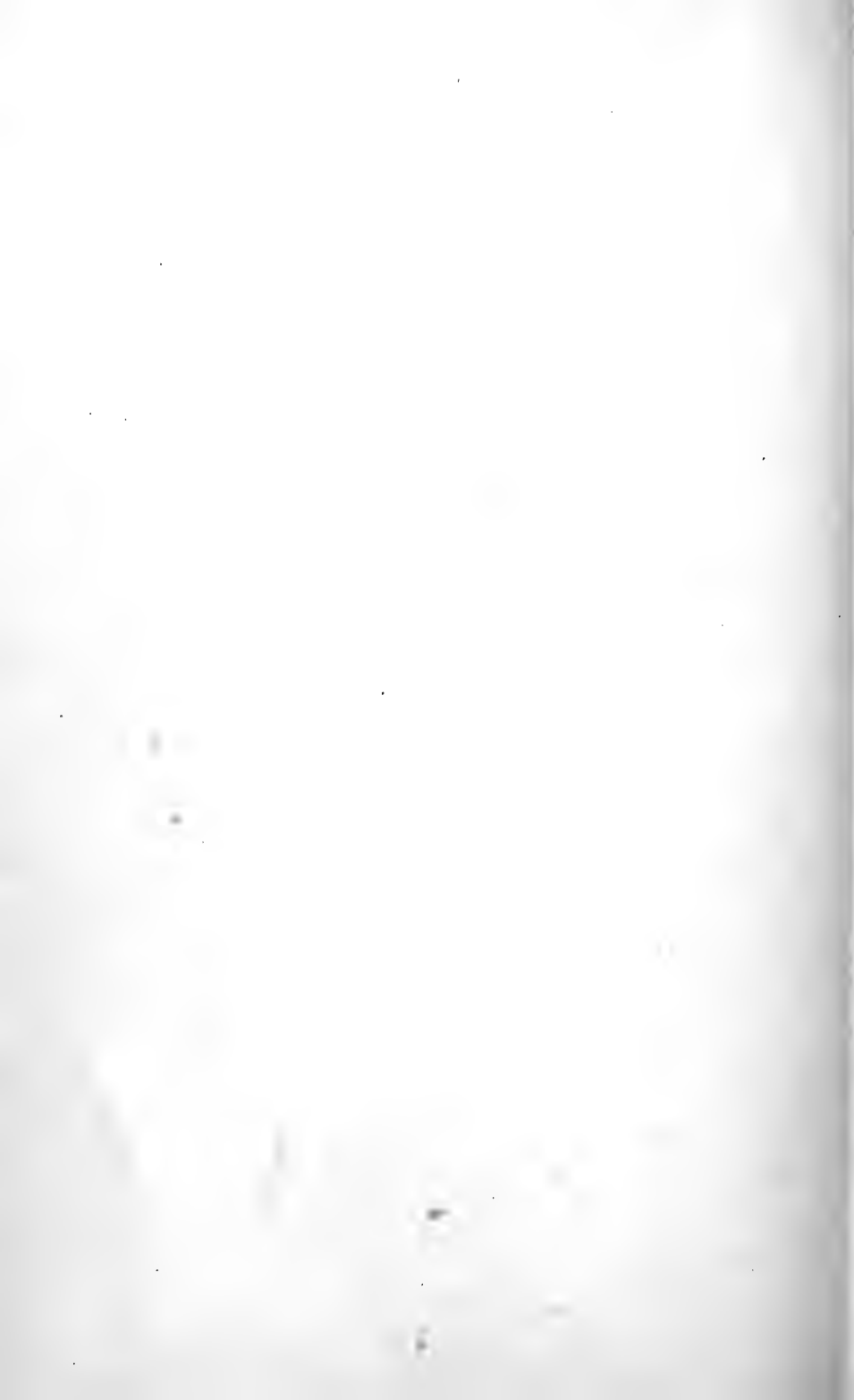
In the morning, following up one of the ridges, I missed an impalla, and later saw a rhino, which I followed for a considerable distance, but finally lost in



WATERBUCK SHOT ON RIPPING WALTER RIVER



IMPALLA



BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

the trees and long grass. In the afternoon, we saw a number of waterbuck, hartebeest, and impalla, a leopard, a rhino, and a hippo, but did not bag any of them.

By this time I was discouraged with my shooting, for I had shot nothing since the 22d of December. Explanations for this may be many, but one of them, I am satisfied, partially answers the question. The intense light, coupled with heat vibration, renders judgment as to distance extremely uncertain in the middle of the day. There is always the strong radiation of heat from the earth's surface, just as from a railroad track in hot weather, which may extend up from the ground a couple of feet. An animal seen through this when you are lying down, as you generally are on the plains, becomes magnified and looks much nearer than it really is. When a breath of wind blows the heat-waves away, it stands out clear, appearing in its actual size, and much farther off. These alternate conditions are extremely trying, and probably most hunters never get wholly used to them, though they have less effect after a while than at first. I was in such a worried condition over my shooting at this time that the next morning Williams came out with me to see what the trouble was. His long experience in Africa, extending over five or six years, apparently rendered him immune from such troubles.

We finally saw a waterbuck, and, getting into a good position, I succeeded in bagging him at about one hundred and fifty yards with my own rifle, which some-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

what restored my confidence. On our way back to camp we encountered another. Williams made a splendid shot of two hundred and fifty yards and dropped it stone dead.

In the afternoon I started for a buffalo swamp, a few miles off, but on the way encountered a herd of twenty-nine impalla, one with a beautiful head. They were on the open plain, rendering stalking most difficult, and I crawled around on all fours for an hour or two, before I got a long shot, which missed. Shortly after I saw a great many waterbuck, which I could not get near, so in despair tried a shot at three hundred paces, and with good luck landed a big one; in fact, the best *ellipsiprymnus* that I got on the trip, measuring twenty-seven and three-quarter inches.

My confidence was now returning, so on the way to camp I tried a Coke's hartebeest with a very fine set of horns and succeeded in dropping him at the first shot. By this time, after such a good day, I felt more encouraged, and had no return of bad marksmanship during the balance of the trip.

Williams also had a good day, bagging a rhino about three miles from camp, an impalla and a warthog. He left some of the men to watch the rhino, and they stayed up all night to keep off the hyenas and birds, at the same time skinning the head. The next morning they brought the head and all the meat in, the first of this species that we had secured.

It is hardly necessary to describe the rhinoceros, so



A GOOD BAG: TWO ELANDS AND A WATERBUCK



BLACK RHINOCEROS
(*Rhinoceros (Dicerus) bicornis*)

BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

well known is it, and so typical of Africa in the mind of every one since childhood days. He is, however, a somewhat more imposing looking animal in his wild state than when behind the bars in a zoölogical garden. In his wild state he looks enormous, and, indeed, the average height at the shoulder is in the neighborhood of five feet, and I should judge that the average weight must be from a ton and three-quarters to two tons. They are about twelve feet long, from tip of nose to tip of tail, and tremendously heavy in their build. Their color varies, dependent upon the mud in their particular bathing pool, some being red and some grey. They have two horns, but instances have been known where five horns have been noticed, though this must be a freak. Their short legs and clumsy appearance would lead one to believe that they are very slow on their feet, and they are just the contrary. They can turn and twist in their own length like a cat, and for fifty to seventy-five yards their dash is as quick as a polo pony's, and they are as agile and speedy as the latter. As is well known, their eyesight is bad, and is the one thing that reduces their dangerous nature. They are the bullies of Africa, and are apparently always spoiling for a row. They are a great nuisance throughout the country, for when stalking some other animal which you are particularly keen to secure, the ubiquitous rhino is likely to pop up in front of you, making necessary a wide detour, or preparations for immediate defense. After I had secured my quota of

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

two, I hated the sight of them, for they are all over the country and appear at the most unexpected moments, usually only twenty-five or fifty yards away from you.

A question which is asked by almost everybody is, "Which is considered the most dangerous animal in Africa?" This is a disputed point, opinion being divided between the elephant, the lion and the buffalo. Still, the rhino is far from being out of consideration, and to some, it is extremely terrifying. In discussing this subject with hunters of great experience I found them far from unanimous. My own opinion is valueless for I never saw wild elephants, and failed to get closer than to follow their freshly made tracks.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the greatest naturalist hunter of all ages, holds the opinion, that, taking a long average, the lion is the most dangerous of African game; that if a large number of elephants and buffaloes were shot by one man, probably a larger proportion of the elephants shot would charge than of the buffaloes. Considering that a charging buffalo is a very much more difficult animal to stop or turn than is a charging elephant, the buffalo is probably on the whole the more dangerous animal of the two.

It would seem that the most dangerous animal is, first of all, that one from which the person in question has had the narrowest escape, be it elephant, lion, or buffalo. Each is dangerous, the degree of danger being dependent upon the character of the country in which the animal is located at the moment. A lion in

BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

long grass, an elephant in the jungle, or a buffalo in bush and swamps, is each in its own sphere more dangerous than either of the others would be were they in country that was not adapted to their activity and ferocity.

Most men are of the opinion that a lion is the most dangerous, but many who have lived in Africa for years, tell me that they consider the buffalo the most vindictive and ferocious, and some who have shot all three, consider the elephant as ranking first.

Their deductions are based upon several conditions. A wounded lion is undoubtedly a terrible antagonist, but he is more easily killed than a buffalo or an elephant, partly because of his thin skin. I should judge that a bullet will range through a lion and do more damage than it would in the case of either of the other two animals. A lion or a buffalo can be escaped from by climbing a tree, but an elephant cannot, for he is able to break down almost any tree that a man can climb. I am told that a lion will sometimes leave his victim before he has killed him, but a buffalo will not. The latter will track his victim, stalk him, and stand for hours at a time motionless, waiting for the hunter to follow him. Should the latter do so, the animal leaves his trail, turns off to one side and faces his back track, so that the unwary hunter who keeps the trail may be in turn stalked from the side or rear without a moment's warning. After the buffalo gets his man, he horns him again and again, finally stamping him into a shapeless pulp.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

I should judge that a buffalo is more difficult to kill than a lion, for the smaller the target the more chance there is of a bullet finding a fatal spot or else missing entirely.

The elephant, when wounded, must also be the incarnation of fury, his tremendous strength and intelligence possibly enabling him to do more damage than either of the others. The lion apparently has wonderful eyesight, the buffalo has good eyes and an uncommonly good nose, and the elephant is sensitive to smell, but apparently has not quite such good sight. All three of them, when wounded, are dangerous to a degree.

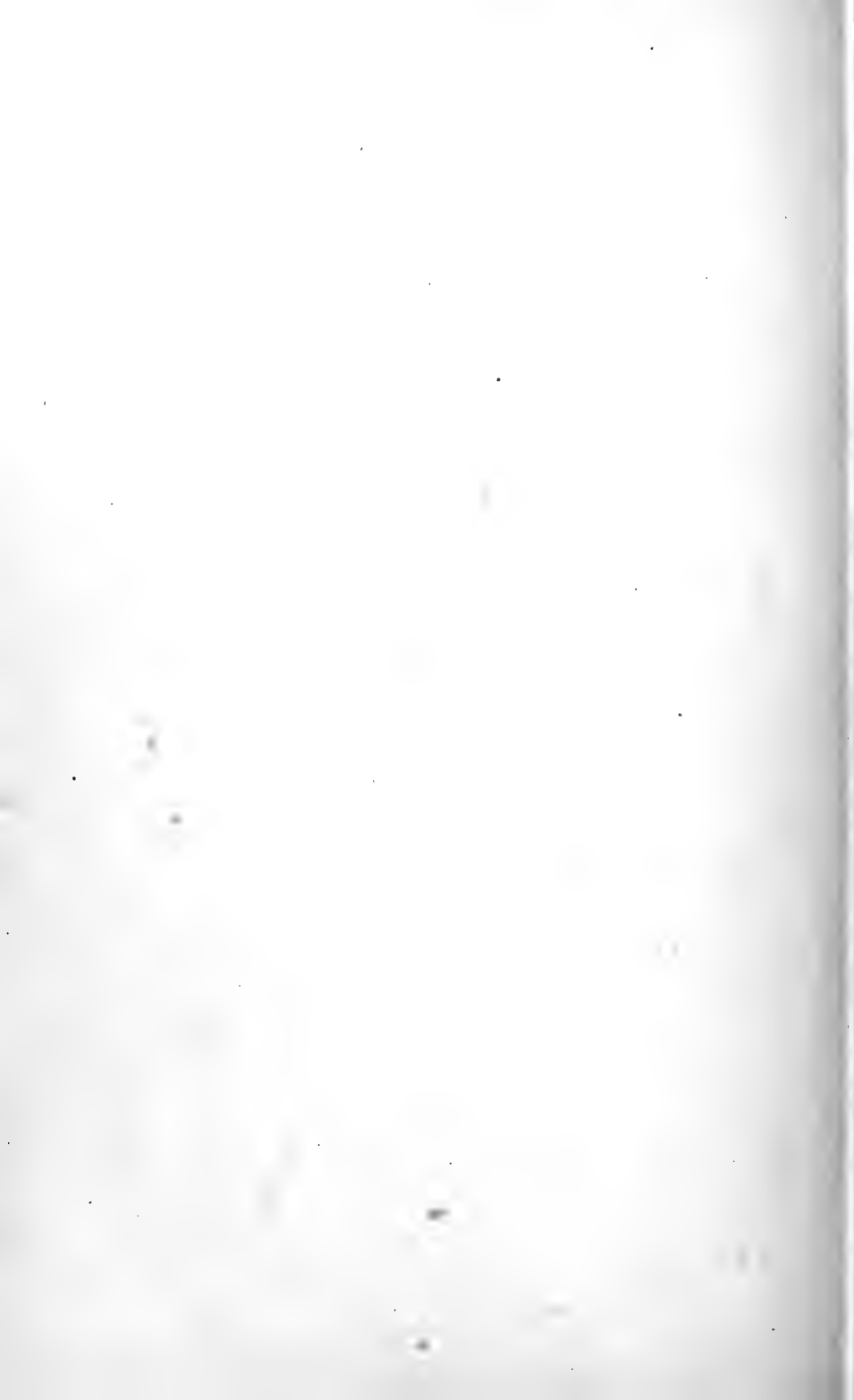
The rhino is more feared by the natives than the lion, for their weapons are harmless against him, and his terrific rush has a speed that is well nigh incredible. His sight, however, is so bad that he is more easily dodged than the others, and yet one has only to read Mr. William Astor Chanler's story of his difficulties on the Guaso Nyiro, and of Lieutenant Von Haenel's almost fatal encounter with a rhinoceros, to realize that the huge beast is no mean antagonist.

There are many experiences that one hears of in Africa about rhinos that are replete with fatalities, and the brute, himself, is such an uncanny and awe inspiring animal, that he is not to be slighted in the list of the dangerous animals.

In considering fatalities to hunters, I presume more men are killed by lions, either directly from the attack or by subsequent blood-poisoning, than by either elephants or buffalo, which is partly because more men



WILLIAMS AND HIS FIRST WATERBUCK



BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

hunt lions than either of the other two animals. The large majority of sportsmen in East Africa get one or more lions, although it is entirely a case of luck to run across them during the daytime. One man who was there while I was got fourteen lions in a few months, another got seven lions in less than a week, but, on the other hand, there are men who have lived there for twenty-five years, and have hunted too, yet have never shot a lion, and some who have never even seen one in all their many years in the veldt.

A few sportsmen get buffalo, while a still smaller number get elephants, and therefore in looking over the list of fatalities it becomes a question of percentage. I suppose a greater number of men who get buffalo and elephants are killed or hurt than the percentage of men who hunt lions. Somewhere I have seen—but I cannot quote it with authority—that the ninth lion killed generally gets his man.

There is one other beast which is not often considered in the discussion of the most dangerous animals, and yet men who have had experience look upon him, when he is wounded, with a degree of respect that places him not even second to the lion. I mean a wounded leopard. He is the sneakiest, meanest hunter, and the most cruel, ferocious, and wicked fighter of possibly any of the cat tribe. His tremendous agility and speed exceed the lion's. He springs upon a man, biting the neck and tearing with his hind claws, which are nearly as large as a lion's, and before it can be guarded against he has almost disemboweled his victim. I have been

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

told by men who have shot both tigers and leopards in India, that they would rather follow a wounded tiger into the jungle than they would a wounded leopard, and the number of victims claimed by the leopard would make a large total. In Africa the leopard is rarely seen, being a night hunter, but when he commences to get in his fine work among the flocks, the destruction he causes is almost beyond calculation. A lion will go among a herd of cattle and kill one and be satisfied. But when a leopard gets inside a kraal he will frequently kill every animal within sight, from the pure love of killing.

A cheetah has been known to kill men when wounded, and as his size is but little less than a leopard's, I should say he was quite formidable, yet nothing like the leopard, as his claws are not so sharp, and he is a running animal, not a tree-climber. He hunts entirely by eyesight, and can even catch an Indian black buck in the open, therefore he is used in India for this purpose, where he is tamed and used for coursing antelopes, and is known as the "hunting leopard."

Most wounded bucks, if approached too near, and if not crippled beyond activity, will try to protect themselves. A prominent American hunter was nearly killed a few years ago by a wounded waterbuck which he approached too closely. Either an oryx, sable, or roan antelope will kill a man if he comes within reach of their sharp horns. Each has been known to hold a lion at bay, and in some cases even to kill the king of beasts.



Photo. by E. H. Litchfield.

WOUNDED ELAND



BIG GAME SHOOTING—ITS DANGERS

The distance at which one has to shoot game in Africa varies considerably. If the animals are large or dangerous, the hunter must usually approach quite close, for it is essential that every bullet should tell, and the nearer, of course, the easier the shot. In bush country it is generally possible by carefully stalking, to get within from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five yards of your animal, but on the plains this is not always possible, and a long-range shot is necessary. I should judge that in country of this kind the usual shot at an antelope is at about one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards, and in isolated instances a lucky shot may kill at a little longer range. I never but once tried anything over three hundred yards, and considered myself extremely lucky that I managed to hit. In one instance I did shoot a Grant's gazelle at four hundred paces, but it was such a lucky fluke, and at the expenditure of such a lot of ammunition, that I considered it nothing but a chance shot, and would not attempt it under ordinary conditions. In this case I was done up after a hard stalk, pursuing this very desirable Grant, which kept pottering along in front of me and paying no attention to two or three shots which I attempted at a nearer range. I finally lost my temper and made up my mind to get him if I possibly could. I think it was about the fourteenth shot that I finally secured him. I have read that shots of 450 and 600 yards are often made, but I cannot see how it is done, as at such a distance the animals on the plains are to the eye not much bigger than rabbits.

CHAPTER VII

A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

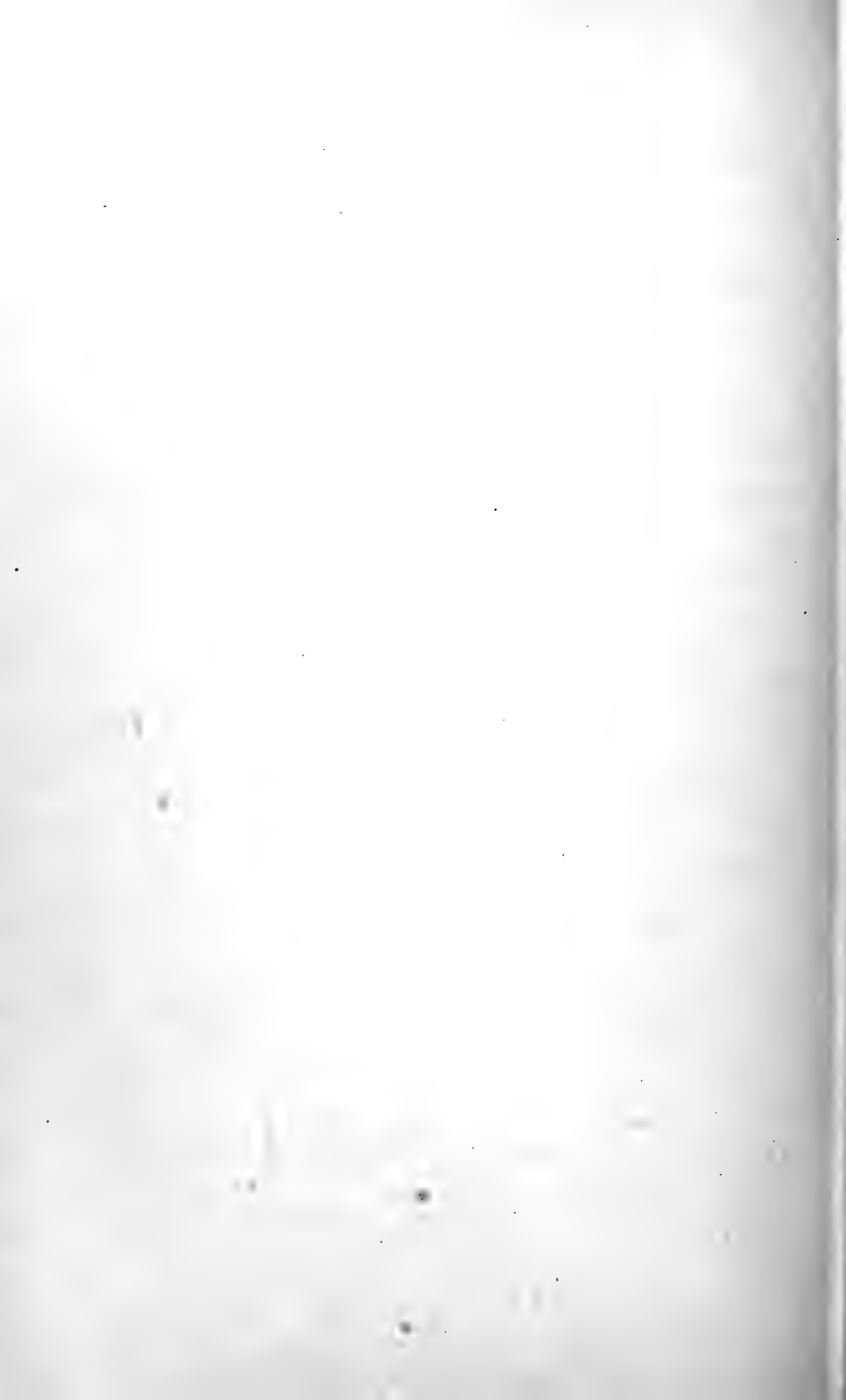
THE quantity of meat required to feed a safari the size of ours is almost incredible, and not a scrap of any animal that was shot on our trip was ever wasted. The very bones were brought into camp, and picked clean, and the marrow from the larger ones was extracted. In reading of African trips I had been surprised at the amount of game that had to be shot, but I found out by personal experience how much the natives crave this kind of food, and on hard marches absolutely need it to keep up their strength.

The climate is so hot that meat will not keep, and for one's own table it is necessary to supply fresh meat at least every other day. Some of the smaller animals do not provide much more than a meal, or, at the most, a day's supply. Steinbuck, duiker, and oribi, for instance, have but little meat upon them.

Most of the larger animals have coarse flesh that to anybody but a native is almost impossible. The quantity of meat that a native porter can consume has, I believe, been noted by a famous explorer as nearly fifteen pounds per day. This, of course, is more than necessary, but it would be nothing for them to eat from five to seven pounds, and then they would not consider that they were overfed.



WATERBUCK
(*Cobus ellipsiprymnus*)



A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

Game is so plentiful in Africa that it is not injured by thinning out a little, and as these wild animals by right belong to the black man, it is not out of place that he should be fed by them.

A lion probably kills from one hundred to two hundred animals in a year, depending upon their size, and I noticed that in the winter season of 1908-'09 the game reports showed that there were killed by sportsmen in British East Africa one hundred and ten lions and three thousand antelope. The one hundred and ten lions would normally kill in the neighborhood of from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand antelope in a year, probably far more than all the sportsmen in Africa from one end to the other would kill in the same length of time. It is necessary to understand the conditions of native travel there to appreciate the quantity of game, and how much has to be killed to supply meat for a caravan of from seventy-five to a hundred men.

Our two elands and the waterbuck were entirely consumed within twenty-four hours, and during the evening there was a grand jollification among the men, with dancing and feasting all night. But during our trip there were long periods of time when the men were without meat, much to their disgust, and they claimed that we did not give them nearly as much as most "sahibs" did.

Everything comes together, apparently, out here, for the next day, although we scoured the country in

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the morning, we saw nothing to shoot, and spent the afternoon fixing up heads and taking care of skins and horns.

We broke camp and moved south in the direction of the Thiba river, across a rolling country, with splendid mimosa trees. Here it was very different from the Athi Plains. The grass was luxuriant, being from one to two feet high and while still of the same brown color prevalent throughout the country, it had evidently been undisturbed in its growth, thus affording what seemed fine grazing, on the beautiful meadows or savannahs which the rolling nature of the land produced.

On the slopes surrounding these plains grew the mimosa trees, like apple orchards, not only in the space between them, but also in their size, for these trees do not crowd one another, but always seem to be at a distance apart that permits the roots of each tree to obtain whatever nourishment they can without infringing on the roots of their neighbor. The result is that there is rarely undergrowth where they are found, and this still more heightens the effect of a well-kept orchard.

Along the river banks grew huge trees as large as one would find our elms and oaks and looking not unlike the elm, except that they were more dense in their foliage. The whole district that we travelled between Embo and the Tana, comprised country of this nature, and water was plentiful in all the rivers.

Shortly after starting, Williams thought he saw



STEINBUCK
(*Rhaphiceros campestris*)



DUIKER
(*Cephalophus liveyi*)



A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

a lion moving off from us. After careful stalking, he finally broke into a run as soon as the animal was out of sight, but a long, hard chase disclosed it to be only a hyena. While he was thus engaged the safari halted, and, walking on a short distance ahead, I saw a steinbuck which looked as if it had a good head, and shot at it. I missed it with the first shot, but it only jumped a few feet and stood again, when the second shot hit it and it fell dead. Upon examining it, I was struck by its long horns. It afterward proved to be one of the largest, if not the record head, for British East Africa.

When I first saw this little antelope I did not know exactly what it was, and could not classify it until I had reference to Rowland Ward's Book of Record Heads. The steinbuck is a racy little animal, about nineteen inches high, and weighing about twenty-five pounds. It is of a bright sandy red color, which becomes a little darker on the head, that on the nose sometimes being a darker brown. It has no lateral hoofs, and the horns stand straight up from the head in parallel lines and have no rings. The ears are abnormally large. The little animals are generally found in couples, and we saw them almost everywhere we went. They are very like to stand when first surprised, giving a good mark but a small one. I found them in Laikipia, near Thomson's Falls, on the open plains, a somewhat different kind of country from that in which we had met them heretofore. The altitude is quite high

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

in Laikipia, and, possibly on account of the cold, they have here a much thicker and coarser coat. Wherever we came across them in our previous journey we found them near more or less cover of bushes and not out on the open plains.

A half-mile beyond the point where I shot the steinbuck we heard shouts of "Faru!" from the porters, and, rapidly coming up to the front, we saw a rhino standing under a tree. It had apparently been disturbed by the porters, and was looking around, trying to get our wind. We sent Mrs. Madeira a little distance back, as there was no protection except a few very small bushy trees that stood about six or eight feet high. After she had gone about one hundred and fifty yards, to a tree of good size which she could climb if it were necessary, we advanced toward the beast. Suddenly a second rhino rose up from the grass, also looking for us, and this was immediately followed by a third. All had their tails straight up in the air in the ridiculous way they carry them, and their heads were twisting around in every direction, trying to locate us. When we got within about forty yards, I picked out the biggest, and fired, giving him both barrels. The two others immediately ran off, but the one I shot at stumbled, and then Williams fired, and we alternately pumped into him eight solid shots before he fell, about fifty to a hundred yards from where we first saw him. He was not very large, the front horn measuring only seventeen inches, but very heavy. It was some time after he fell

MRS. MADEIRA AND RHINO





A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

before the last signs of life ceased, nervous contraction of the muscles continuing until a rather amusing situation arose. As we were about to photograph him, Mrs. Madeira was induced to climb up and sit on his back, and while in that position, and with the camera levelled, the last convulsive heave occurred, and Mrs. Madeira nearly fell off with fright before she could jump down. We put another bullet into his brain to keep him permanently quiet. The sensation of sitting on the top of one of those beasts, with a shudder going through him, could not have been entirely pleasant.

While we were superintending skinning his head the main body of the safari went on. In a short time one of the porters came running back, and announced that the head of the safari had seen ten lions just where we wanted to camp, which was at the next water, about a mile farther on. This caused the greatest excitement, for while we were very eager to get lions, we were hardly anxious to tackle ten at once. We rushed forward, however, as fast as we could, and found the safari waiting on the brow of the hill, which fell away in a gentle slope to a river about thirty feet wide, on the opposite side of which a bend in the stream made a beautiful level meadow. Several of our porters declared that it was here they had seen these lions. Everything had been hushed immediately upon noticing them, and the caravan was lying flat on the ground, watching the spot where the menagerie had been sighted.

The method of getting at them was difficult, owing

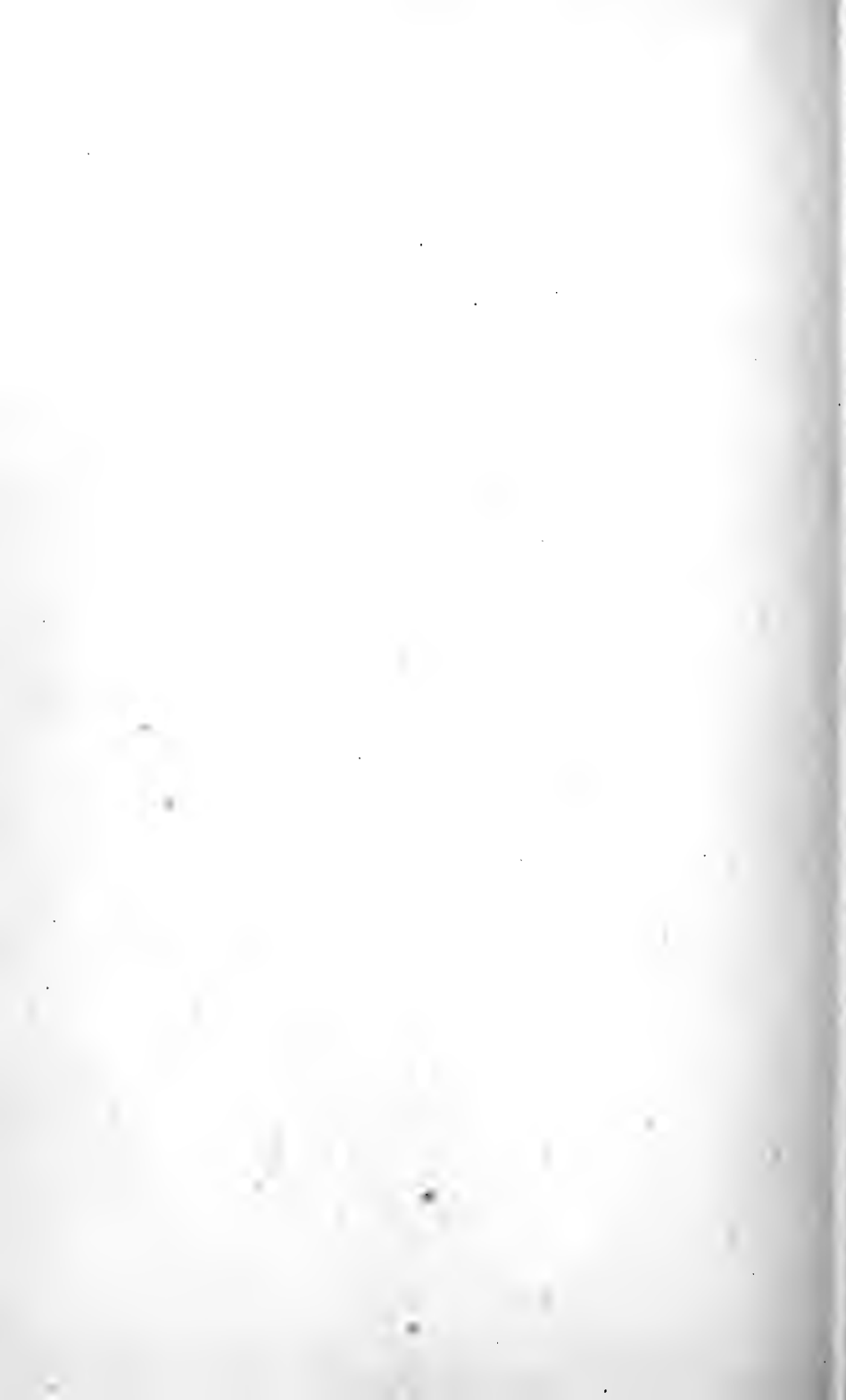
HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

to the apparent meadow being an island. Williams and I approached the river and looked for a place to cross. We could not tell whether or not there were crocodiles in the river, and in fact, at that time we did not know whether the meadow was an island or connected with the mainland. After walking around through the bush, Williams recklessly jumped in and crossed the stream, carrying his rifle and cartridges above his head, and followed by his gun-bearer, Ali Shirwa. I beat up the other side of the stream through the bushes, around to the point where it was supposed that the neck of land connected it. After thoroughly covering the entire ground on both sides, we could find no trace of the lions, either by their tracks or otherwise, and were forced to the conclusion that the men had probably seen a troop of baboons, which at a distance appear to the native eye not unlike lions. It was all rather exciting, for both sides of the river were covered with thick bush, which, however, contained nothing but waterbuck and some very wild impalla. The whole day was an interesting and exciting one from all standpoints.

The succeeding day I started out at daylight, and in about fifteen minutes secured a waterbuck, though not a very large one. I saw nothing else except some impalla and Coke's hartebeest. I returned to camp early, and while I was taking some photographs of the camp barber and the natives a rhino hove in sight, coming down the path we had followed the day before and directly toward where we were. Seeing the tents, which



MY FIRST RHINO



A RHINO AND OTHER GAME

were out in the open on the treeless side of the hill, he pranced around and went through the usual manœuvres of trying to scent us, showing his anger by sticking up his tail. After stamping around a little while he made off. The natives were much impressed with Mrs. Madeira's interest in the animal, which was not more than a couple of hundred yards away, but declined her urgent invitation to go out and "catch" him, which, when interpreted to them, made them laugh immoderately.

During the day the men went back to cut up the rhino we had shot the preceding day. They found that some Kikuyu had been there before them and had fled at their approach, leaving a spear, some knives, and a honey bucket, which my men promptly confiscated and brought back to camp.

Williams leaving camp at the same time secured a waterbuck soon after he started and later on met a lone buffalo, which he pursued all morning and finally got a shot at, hitting but not stopping him. Some time after he caught up with the beast again and put in five more bullets. He tracked him until almost dark, but was unable to find him, and had to abandon the search in order to reach camp before nightfall.

It was growing extremely hot, for we were getting down lower as we approached the Tana River and left the high hills of Embo, and the shade temperature in the tent in the middle of the day was ninety-five degrees, at night going down to about seventy.

CHAPTER VIII

A HARD HUNT NEAR THE TANA RIVER

WE all went after the buffalo the next day for Williams was anxious to recover it. We encountered a number of natives from a village about four or five miles away, to whom we offered a reward if they could locate the wounded bull, which was an extremely fine one. We also sent word to Chief Koutou, of the Kikuyu tribe of that district, offering a general reward of thirty rupees for the buffalo's head, but it was never found.

We then headed for our next camp on the Tana River, leaving at seven in the morning. Shortly after crossing the Thiba River, over which we were carried on the shoulders of the men, we heard a lion "shouting" to the east, so we went ahead of the safari and made a slight détour in his direction to see if we could get in touch. But the sound got farther and farther away, and finally we lost it entirely.

On reaching a valley of one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in width, about four miles from the starting-point, we saw a wart-hog which had very fine tusks, and I went forward to get him. While stalking him, I startled a hyena about twenty feet from me, which immediately scampered out of sight. At the same time I spied an eland bull standing under a tree some



MRS. MADEIRA AND WAKAMBA PORTER WITH THREE WART-HOG HEADS



A HARD HUNT NEAR THE TANA RIVER

three hundred yards away. The whole caravan had stopped on the near side of the hill, and I began a stalk for the eland, but when I arrived around the brow of the hill which hid him from us in our stalking, we found that he had been frightened, possibly by the caravan and had run away. Three more hyenas here jumped up and were within easy shooting distance, as they stood for a moment within about fifty yards, before they dashed over the edge of the bank.

I then sent word that the safari had better proceed to the camp, and with Ali Mirra, Baccari, and Mahomet Ali I went after the eland. Upon crawling up on top of the bank, we saw a large herd of eland and many Coke's hartebeest and zebra about five hundred yards away. The plain here was perfectly bare, and it was impossible to get near them without attracting their attention. We finally sent two of the men on a long *détour* around to the left, to try to drive them toward us, but the men showed themselves too soon and drove them off at right angles. The herd disappeared over the next roll of the country, which must have been half a mile away.

Taking their direction, which was away from camp, we proceeded after them, and a few miles farther on discovered three more eland feeding on the opposite side of a slope. After a very long stalk I got within about two hundred yards, but missed two shots at them running. I followed them, and while crossing quite a high hill I discovered through the glasses a lone eland

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

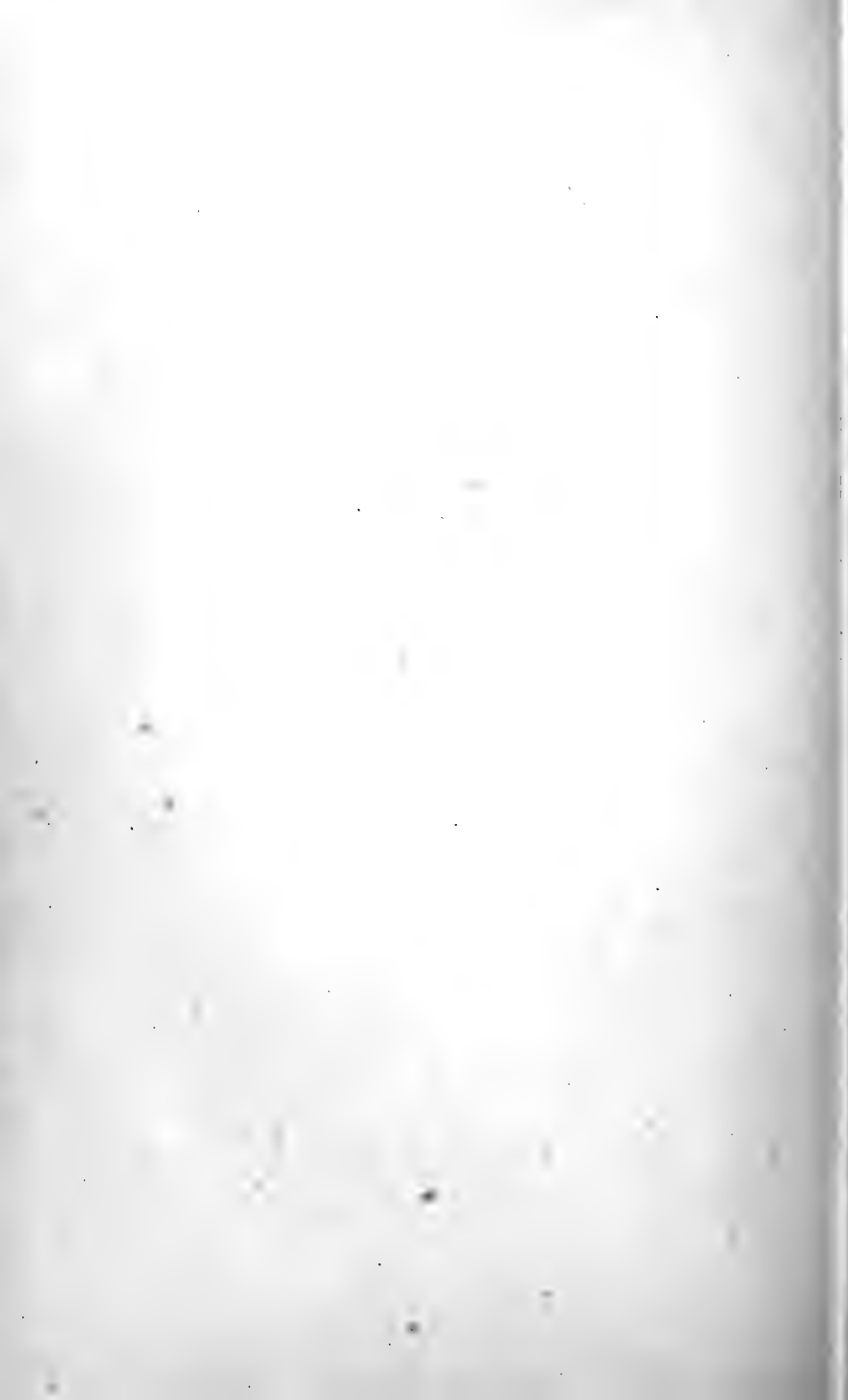
standing under a tree with his back toward us. I had to stalk him down a perfectly bare slope where we were in full view all the time, but it is astounding what small cover will sometimes conceal one. There was a little rain-wash that had gone down this hill, so, using this for cover, and starting almost a half mile away, we edged our way, Ali and I, over this baked ground, on which I could hardly put my hand, as it was like touching red-hot iron—so much so that I had to wrap my bare hand in a handkerchief while carrying the rifle in the other. Proceeding in this manner, stopping as we did every time the animal moved his head, it must have taken us more than an hour to crawl to within one hundred and fifty yards of him. I heard the first shot hit, and followed that immediately with the second as he whirled around. He fell, apparently with a broken back, for he struggled to get up on his front feet, but could not do so, the hind legs and rear half being crippled and paralyzed.

I intended to photograph him, but while I was getting the camera out of the case Ali called to me to run for a tree. Upon asking why, he pointed at some black objects coming over the brow of the hill a few hundred yards away and told me that the buffalo had been disturbed by the shot and were charging us.

As I had heard that the Somalis are absolutely fearless, I presumed that his suggestion was a wise one, and we all ran toward a most desirable looking tree about a hundred yards to the right. I could not state



AN ELAND BULL AND BACCARI



A HARD HUNT NEAR THE TANA RIVER

exactly who reached the tree first, but in spite of the thorns, it took only an instant for me to get some feet above the ground, where I was promptly followed by the others. All this time the buffalo were apparently gathering momentum, and, upon seeing them emerge from some trees which had hid them while they were in the hollow, we saw that they would pass near where the eland was and exactly over the spot from which I fired the shot. We descended, and, running hastily in that direction, saw them charging by some little distance away. We could not gain on them, so I took two or three shots at the one bull in the herd, but without any result except to hurry them. We were much disappointed, because we feared that they were the only herd in the section, and that we might have driven them out of the country.

I was strongly impressed with their vicious appearance as I watched them through the glasses—their black, apparently hairless bodies, wicked-looking faces, great bulk and weight making them formidable looking animals. After they disappeared we proceeded to our eland, or rather where the eland had been, but could not find him. Upon searching with the glasses, he was discovered about three-quarters of a mile away, walking steadily and apparently uninjured in the direction from which we had stalked. We chased him back toward our old camp, and finally got him four miles from where I had shot him, taking several shots to bring him down. His horns measured twenty-five

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

inches, with thirteen inches spread, and he was a fine old bull.

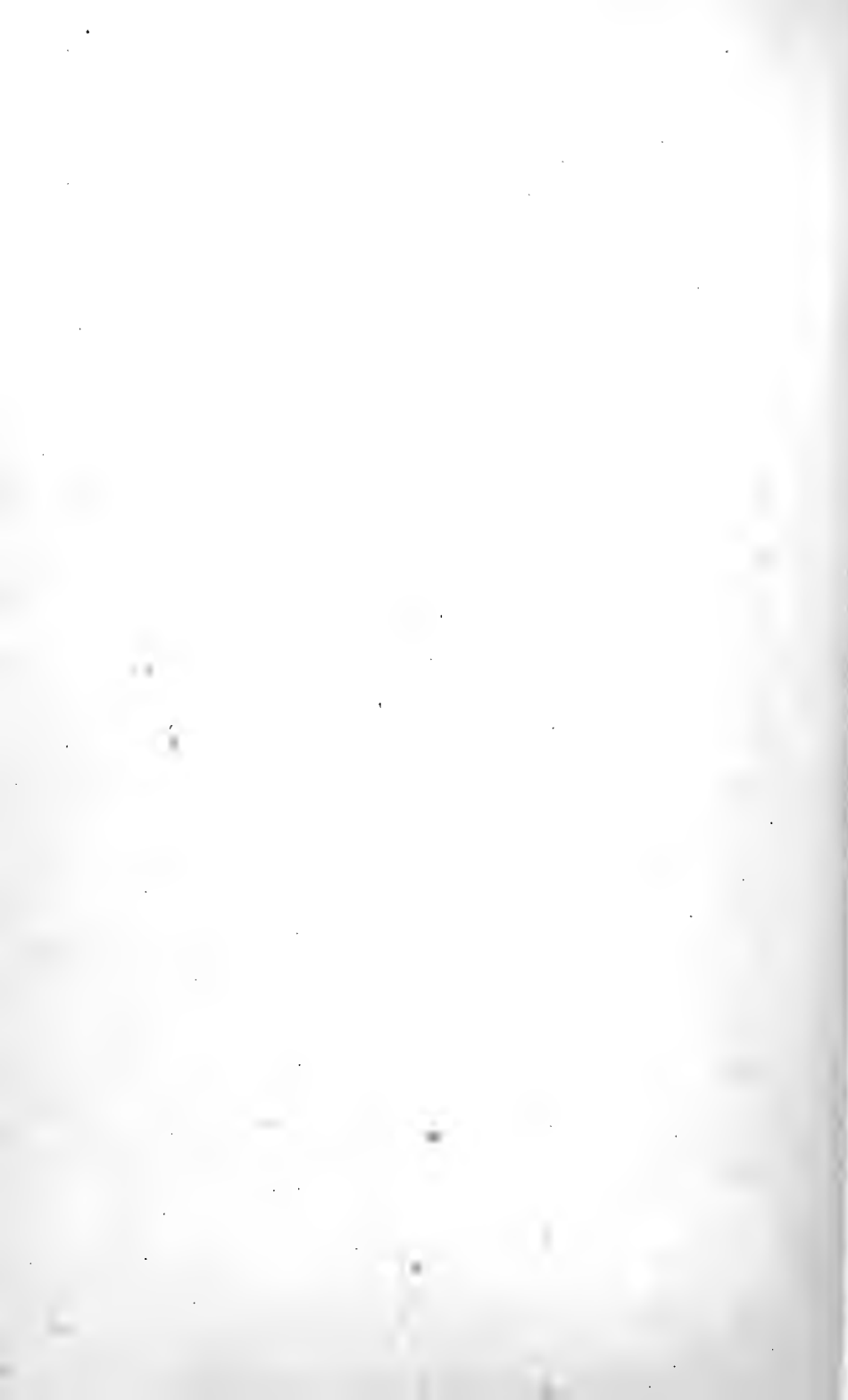
Long before this I had exhausted all the water in the water-bottle, and the intense heat and the sun had taken about all the energy out of me, as well as out of my men. We had at least six or eight miles farther to go to reach camp, and it was then about two o'clock in the afternoon. We had found no stream with which to replenish our water-bottles since we left our last camp.

As Baccari was the strongest of the gun-bearers, and, besides that, was a Swahili, the Somalis imposed upon him the burden of carrying the head until we could join the main path over which the caravan had gone. This was no light job, as I should think the head, with its neck, skin and all, and in its wet condition, must have weighed from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Baccari manfully struggled under this until at three o'clock we left him with Mahomet and one rifle to keep guard over the head until we could reach camp and send porters back for him. We also gave them matches, so that in case they had to stay out all night they could build a fire. Ali and I then started for camp, and shortly found the path over which the safari had gone.

On the way we saw a lone buffalo up on a high hill about half a mile away, but I was too exhausted to go after him. We reached camp some time near five o'clock, thoroughly worn out. I immediately sent back



BACCARI CARRYING AN ELAND HEAD



A HARD HUNT NEAR THE TANA RIVER

several porters with lanterns, so that if they were kept out late they would have light to find their way back; and they returned with the head about eight o'clock at night. They were all quite tired out by this day's hunt, which, however, was most successful. My pedometer registered twenty-four miles, but that does not in any way indicate the energy required to crawl on the different stalks I made during that day. The intense heat made it one of the most tiring that I put in on the whole trip.

When we arrived at camp we found that we had two European sportsmen for neighbors, about one hundred yards away from where our camp was pitched. Their proximity somewhat upset our plans, so we immediately called and asked in what direction they were going to hunt the following day, so we should not interfere with them, owing to their prior claims, they having arrived a short time before we did. Much to our delight, they had bagged a lioness about a half-mile from camp, the same day we got there, and we all hoped we had arrived in a country where our luck would materialize with these much coveted trophies.

During the evening, in relating the incident of the charge of the buffalo, I stated that we had all been afraid of them and had run to a tree. My tent boy evidently overheard this and repeated it in the Somalis' tent. The next morning, in a very dignified way and apparently much offended, Ali Mirra approached and desired to speak to the "Sahib." I went out to see what

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

was the matter, and he told me that he had heard I had said he was afraid of the buffalo. He wished to state that he was not afraid for himself, but was afraid for me. Drawing himself up proudly, he said, "Me shikar. No afraid. Somali not afraid. Afraid for Bwana." Apparently my incautious remark, including him with all the rest of us, had given deep offense, for one of the principles of their religion, caste, or nationality makes it equivalent to a mortal sin for a Somali to be afraid. I had quite some difficulty in explaining that I had not meant that he was afraid for his own sake, and in this way smoothed the matter down.

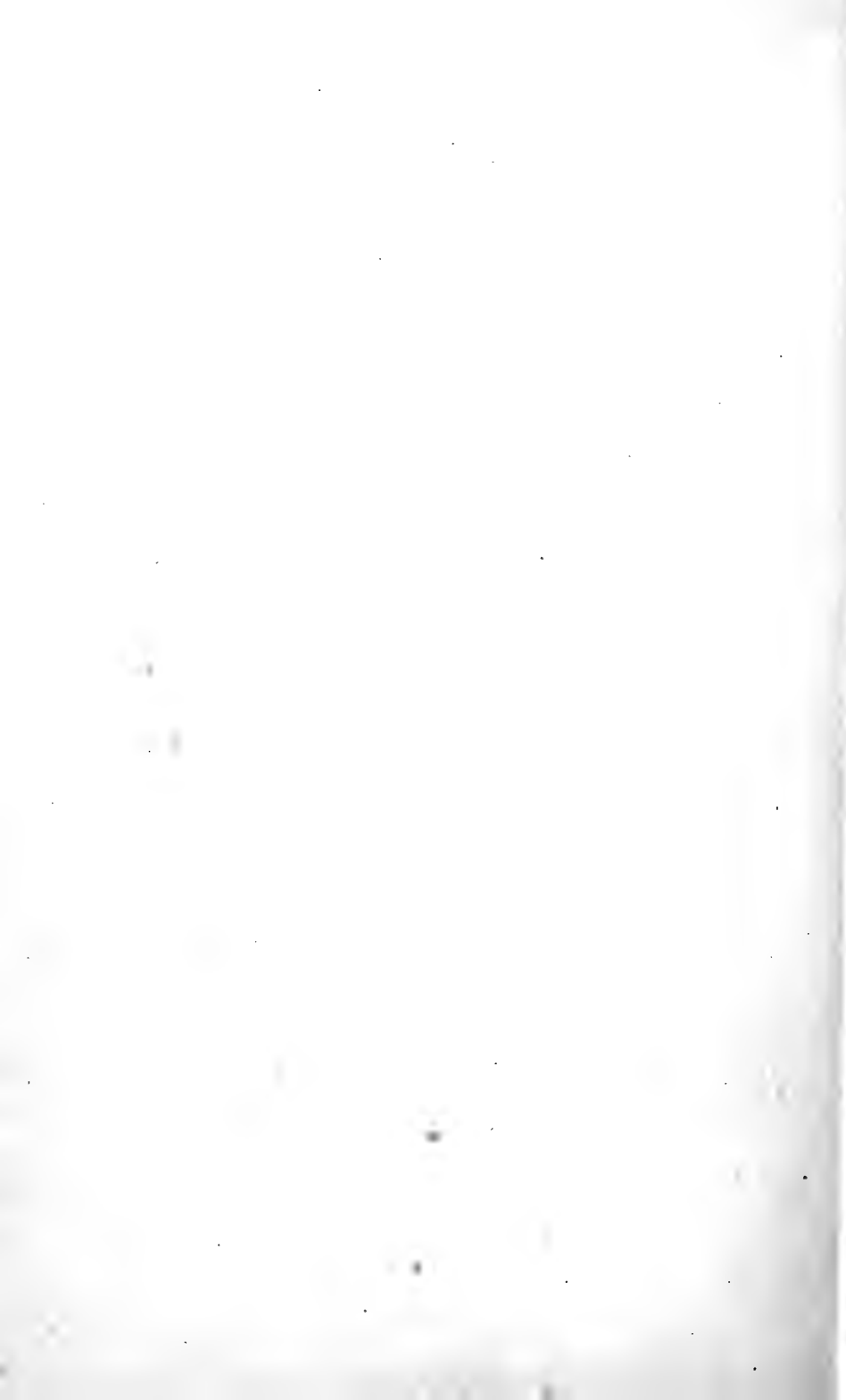
Our day brought forth nothing but an impalla, which I shot not far from camp. Our search for buffalo in all directions was unavailing, though there were tracks in every direction. I went back toward the hill on which I had seen the lone bull the day before, but failed to find him, as our neighbors had added him to their bag.

During the day I saw impalla, waterbuck, and a bushbuck not far from camp, and also four rhinos. Williams came in with his usual wart-hog, a fine specimen with big warts and good tusks.

One of the ugliest animals that walks the earth is the wart-hog, and I have been told that his disposition is as unpleasant as his appearance. If such is the case, and he chose to put up a fight, he would be a most formidable antagonist. As his name indicates, he is decorated with warts, which are confined to his face. Large protuber-



WART-HOG
(*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*)



A HARD HUNT NEAR THE TANA RIVER

ances about as big as horse chestnuts are on the line between his eye and tusks, two on each side, and on the jawbone and towards the rear there is a high ridge of wart-like growth. The head is rather flat and extremely long. The upper jaw is armed with huge, curling tusks that in fine specimens almost meet in the centre over the nose. The under jaw has two that stick out at right angles and grind against the upper tusks, the lower ones being as sharp as needles and about from four to six inches long. He has a long mane of bristly hair on the neck and shoulders, the balance of the skin being nearly naked except around the face and neck, where bristly gray hairs are sparsely distributed. He stands at the shoulder about thirty inches, and weighs from two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I did not have any charge me, but Williams did after wounding one, and indeed I have been told that when wounded they often charge without hesitation.

In the afternoon we went down to the Tana River for crocodiles, but saw none. We located a flat which they used a good deal, but although we waited several hours for them they failed to appear.

This being a day off for the entire camp, all the porters went back on our previous day's track and collected every bit of meat and hide, the latter to be employed in making sandals, which was the use to which were put all the skins that were not brought home by me for mounting.

The following day we sent two Somalis to locate

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the buffalo by making a wide *détour* of the country, endeavoring to cut their paths in any direction. The country was very rolling, rising rapidly from the Tana River toward the northwest, and, after the hill country was passed, stretching off into great, wide plains as far as the neighborhood of Embi, the plains being separated by slightly rolling country between them.



SAFARI ON THE MARCH NEAR THE TANA RIVER



CHAPTER IX

A HIPPOPOTAMUS POOL

WITH our gun-bearers, we left camp at 5.45 A.M. in search for buffalo, and returned towards noon without seeing any. I had a wart-hog and a waterbuck, and Williams a wart-hog, two waterbuck, and a Coke's hartebeest. Williams found a lion spoor, and evidently there was a lion near by, but he could not find him although there were tracks in every direction and we felt much encouraged.

The country swarmed with ticks, black flies, and ants, all of which troubled us greatly, the ants when we were in camp, and the ticks and black flies when going through the grass. In certain sections there were no flies at all, but when we were crossing small hollows and valleys they rose in clouds, reminding me of the midges which we have in our north woods during June. They got into the eyes and ears and caused the greatest discomfort. This section is also infested with the tsetse fly, which prevents the use of ponies.

Our neighbors broke camp and left us that afternoon, going up the Tana, and advising us that they expected to return to Fort Hall.

During the night we heard the curious, sighing grunt of lions in all directions. At daybreak next morning I started out, and within three hundred yards

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

of camp got a snap-shot at a bushbuck, which I succeeded in dropping. I skinned his head and sent the body and head into camp, then made a wide *détour* of the country in the hope of striking a lion. I failed in this, but succeeded in getting an impalla, a waterbuck, and the bushbuck, and I returned to camp late in the afternoon, well satisfied.

I think that with the exception possibly of the duiker the bushbuck is the hardest animal to shoot which we encountered. As its name implies, it frequents the dense bush usually bordering on a stream, and does not come out to feed until late in the afternoon, and then with the greatest caution and examination of everything in sight. If alarmed, it gives one jump, and that is your last view of it, for it never leaves the proximity of the dense covering in which it spends the day.

The bushbuck belongs to the harnessed antelope genus. Zoölogically its nearest neighbors are the sitatungas. The does are hornless, but the bucks carry a beautiful set of lyre-shaped horns, with a marked spiral twist. The height at the shoulders is about three feet, and they weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. Those we shot were quite a dark brown, with small white spots over the flanks and rump. There are several species in Africa, and all have fine-bred looking faces, with intelligent and beautiful eyes. Unless one runs across them on the edge of the bush, where it is usual only to see the head sticking out, it necessitates a long and patient wait in the afternoon to



BUSHBUCK
(*Tragelaphus scriptus*)



THOMSON'S GAZELLE
(*Gazella thomsoni*)



A HIPPOPOTAMUS POOL

locate him as he steps daintily out of his bush covering. As he rarely leaves the neighborhood where you have once seen him, you are likely to get a shot if you have patience and time.

Upon approaching camp, I inquired for my bush-buck's head, and, in my delight at having procured it, I commiserated with Williams upon his not having one, whereupon he produced from behind a tent one which he had secured that afternoon, and which was larger than mine by half an inch. He also secured his usual wart-hog and waterbuck.

Sunday, January 12th, we got up a lion drive to work the section where we had been hearing lions ever since we reached our camp. The men strung over a long line, covering possibly three hundred yards, and Williams and I, with Mrs. Madeira alongside one or the other of us all the time, took positions at equal distances from the centre and the wing. Although we thoroughly beat a wide extent of country, our drive was unsuccessful.

Later in the day I got a zebra and an impalla, and Williams his customary waterbuck. He was unable to recover two large wart-hogs which he hit, as they instantly ran down their burrows. They always back down into the holes, and most ridiculous looking objects they are when doing this.

We decided that we could not get any buffalo in that country, so the following day we moved down the Tana River and found buffalo tracks near the junction

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

of the Thika. As we did not care to camp in the exact hunting country, we went some three miles beyond, and, to our disappointment, found that in spite of their announced plans of going in the other direction, our former neighbors had preceded us and were in camp on the very spot that we had chosen for ourselves. On the way I shot an impalla, which, however, was not as fine as I had anticipated when looking at it through the glasses.

We pitched camp at 10.30, and as a hippo pool was only about two hundred yards away, and the beasts could be heard booming and snorting, I walked down to get one. A most astonishing sight met my eyes. The river broadened out here into a pool about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and at the head were some shallows and quick water. The place was alive with hippopotami, how many it would be impossible to say, but certainly, as a conservative estimate, I would say that from fifty to a hundred heads of these enormous beasts were rising four or five inches out of the water at intervals of every few seconds. All the time they were emitting their peculiar snorting grunt, which can be heard for a great distance. Picking out the biggest of the heads that I saw, I let go at it, but missed, as I could tell from the splash of the bullet on the water, for the head sank out of sight just as I pulled the trigger. I waited for the beast's head to come up again, and finally got him and also another one, not quite so large, and was back in camp in about half an hour.



HIPPO AND PORTERS ON THE BANKS OF THE TANA



A HIPPOPOTAMUS POOL

When a hippo is hit he usually sinks instantly to the bottom, although one of those I shot struggled around and rolled over for a short time, as if not quite dead. About three hours later the men found them both drifting down-stream, and great was the excitement when, with ropes and tackle, the huge carcasses were secured to the shore and then rolled and dragged upon some rocks where they could be cut up. It took about forty men to get them to shore, and after I had photographed them the carnage commenced.

I cannot describe the condition into which the men got while they were securing the meat, of which they are very fond. Some of them actually crawled inside the animal's stomach, and all were covered with blood from head to foot. We later got the hippos' heads to camp, where they were skinned and cleaned. Wherever one looked great masses of meat could be seen drying, and the men gorged themselves all night long. The next day many of them were sick, but in less than two days they had finished all the meat of these immense animals. Nothing was left except the ribs and the larger bones.

This well-known and most uncouth-looking of all the game animals is in many ways the gentleman of the animal kingdom. His life is one long, lazy loaf. He is even spared the customary effort most animals have to make to secure their food. He has no enemies except man, and possibly crocodiles when he is very young, so he floats through life in a most elegant and

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

comfortable fashion. His track is readily distinguished from the rhino's by the fact that he has four toes, while the rhino has but three. His eyes and nostrils form the highest points of his head, so he can breathe while lying underneath the water, with a minimum amount of exposure. He is found usually in pools of good water, playing about after his ponderous fashion, while all the time making a loud, booming sound, which can be heard for a long distance. Whenever one comes to the top of the water, he blows through his nostrils huge jets like a fountain, with a sound like escaping steam. When playing around in a pool undisturbed their heads sometimes rise to a considerable distance out of the water, and they yawn, exposing cavernous mouths filled with huge molars and four tremendous tusks, the ivory of which is extremely hard. These tusks were once in great demand for artificial teeth. The lower tusks are the longer, and project from the jaw six or eight inches, sometimes more. One monster tusk has been found measuring on the outside curve sixty-four and a half inches from tip to tip, and forty inches is not exceptional. Those I saw removed from the jaw reminded me of the beaver's cutting teeth, as they followed the same semicircle, giving tremendous purchase-power on the exposed point, the base of the teeth being in the back of the jaw. The upper and lower tusks grind against each other, making a sharp, smooth, cutting edge that can do great damage to a boat, and in fact, it is principally when travelling in boats that any



HIPPOPOTAMUS
(*Hippopotamus amphibius*)



A HIPPOPOTAMUS POOL

danger from them is to be feared. The weight of a full-grown bull hippo is in the neighborhood of three tons, which is somewhat bigger than a rhinoceros. The hippo is almost covered with fat, the result of his lazy life.

I had difficulty in taking care of and preserving the head skins, which I wished to have mounted, one for my own collection, the other for the National Collection of Heads and Horns in New York City. The great thickness of each skin and the amount of fat it contained rendered it difficult to dry them, and for a week the skins had to be pared and scraped and treated with all sorts of preservatives daily in order to prevent rotting, but they were both finally sent safely to London. The larger bull was a fine one, his lower tusks sticking out from his gum eight and three-quarters inches. As I am informed that there is twice as much in the gum as protrudes, this would make the entire ivory tusk twenty-six and one-quarter inches.

While I was at the hippo pool in the afternoon, watching the butchering, one of our neighbors returned with a lioness which he had shot that noon. When wounded, she had gone into some bushes, and he had set fire to the grass to start her out. This fire spread over the whole surrounding country, and toward afternoon it began to threaten our camp. We got the men out and cut the grass in a wide strip between us and the fire, and were on the watch all night to prevent the loss of our equipment. Later, the wind changed and blew

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the fire in another direction, but great damage was done to all the surrounding country through the fire thus started.

Later on, we heard a report that these two sportsmen had started a fire in another section of the country, burning up fifty square miles. It was said that when breaking camp they started the fire to drive all the game ahead of them. This is but a rumor, however, and I cannot vouch for it.

Our neighbors had been shooting hippopotami on the morning of our arrival, and they must have killed quite a number, for when searching for the two I had shot we found a number of carcasses floating down the river. It seems a shame that these enormous brutes should be killed wantonly in excess of the license or the requirements of food.

As we were running short of flour and beans for the porters' food, we sent ten men back to Fort Hall for an additional supply, and left camp at seven o'clock the next morning. Williams made a *détour* back of the hills, which were quite high at this point, while we followed the river with the safari. We had heard from Captain Phillips, of the King's African Rifles, who had lunched with us the preceding day on his way into Fort Hall from his station, some ten miles lower down the river, that there was a ford of the Tana River a short distance below, and we hoped to cross and reach some territory which was supposed to contain buffalo.



ALI ADEN AND HIPPO SHOT ON TANA RIVER



CHAPTER X

SOMALI INJURED IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

THE Kikuyu guide left by Captain Phillips was unable to locate the ford, so we failed to find it. We passed through a thicket of thorn which extended about three miles and closely fringed the river-bank. The difficulty in penetrating this vegetation is beyond description. The thorns are not so large, but they look like small fish-hooks, and as the branches are long and willowy every movement which you make to extricate yourself when caught by one branch disturbs a lot of others, so that in an instant you are entangled in a mass of these hooks that catch your clothing and hold you fast, and you can do nothing but wait for relief to come. It is well called the "wait-a-bit" thorn.

After passing through this thicket we saw fresh signs of buffalo, and finally reached an old, abandoned hippo-pool, where buffalo signs were thick. A large herd of them had apparently been down to the pool the preceding night. We pushed on past this place for about a mile, and camped near quick water, keeping the men very quiet and allowing none of the talking and the customary shouting that always accompanies a safari on its march.

So far as we could see from the route which we had

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

been following, near the bank of the river, the country around here was all thick bush.

While camp was being made we heard rifle shots, and shortly after noon Williams came in and, to the delight of all of us, announced that he had secured his buffalo, and that there were plenty more left for me. He had found a lone bull a mile or two away from the river, had wounded him, and, following him up, had finally killed him. The buffalo was shot back of the shoulder, and apparently the bullet had gone straight through the heart, and yet it had required two more bullets to finish him. In spite of his wounds the animal had endeavored to cross a deep nulla and had fallen all the way down from the top and was lying at the bottom. Williams had followed him down there and administered the final shot. While he was examining his prize he was promptly charged by another buffalo, which dashed down the steep side of the nulla, barely giving him time to get out of the way, and then continued on up the opposite side. When I saw the banks where this charge had been made, it seemed almost incredible that such a bulky brute could have climbed up the sides, at full speed, which it had undoubtedly done. One of the gun-bearers had been left to watch the head and see that it was not ruined by hyenas and vultures.

The entire camp was now greatly excited, for there was a whole herd in the neighborhood of the dead bull, only a march of an hour or so from camp. After a light lunch we started for the spot, taking with us three gun-



HIPPOPOTAMUS
(*Hippopotamus amphibius*)



SOMALI IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

bearers and some porters. When we got near the place where the dead buffalo lay we saw Esau, the gun-bearer, walking up and down and gesticulating frantically. He told us that while he was on the watch more buffalo had come to smell the dead one, and that he, perched in a tree, had driven them off by firing shotgun cartridges at them. They had all gone off in the direction of a large patch of bush in which, earlier in the day, he had seen others enter.

Giving instructions to one of the Somalis about skinning the head of the dead buffalo, Esau piloted us in the direction of the herd. As we got a little closer, we found the bush opened up into glades here and there, the extent of them being from twenty yards in diameter to half an acre, and in some places it was so dense that we had to crawl through on our hands and knees. The ground was like a red-hot stove, and the burning of the grass some time back had left a sharp stubble which cut hands and knees most painfully.

After creeping around through the bush, we finally saw a number of buffalo, but I found it impossible at first to distinguish the bulls from the cows. A bunch of them were standing in the dark shadows, looking like big, indefinite masses. Soon I picked out one that I thought was a bull, about a hundred yards away, and, taking a good sight, fired. With the sound of the shot all the neighboring bush appeared to become alive with swarming beasts. They dashed out to the right and to the left in bunches of five and ten, passing us on both

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

sides, and one lone bull came charging over the open space and crossed about twenty yards from where I stood. I gave him both barrels in the shoulder as he went by, but they did not stop him, so Williams gave him two more. I raced after the bull, and, finding him badly wounded, put two more bullets into him, and he fell. Although I should not ordinarily have thought there was a ghost of a chance of his recovery, I did not wish to take even that small risk, so to make assurance doubly sure, I put two more bullets into his heart.

I then heard Williams firing where I had left him, and rushed back to find that the balance of the herd were still charging in every direction. About sixty yards away a lot of them had lined up like a troop of cavalry, at the edge of the bush, and were snorting and bellowing. Things looked most unpleasant, for there must have been originally at least two hundred and fifty buffalo in that clump of bush. As soon as I reached Williams he called to me that the buffalo were about to charge and that we had better run for a tree. This we did, and awaited developments, but the threatened charge failed to materialize.

The buffalo were very uneasy and were moving about, leaving the bush in groups and working in and out among it. Apparently they were so excited that the smell of a human being would be sure to cause them to attack, and for a person to meet them on foot would be most disastrous.

We thought it best to let them quiet down, which



CAPE BUFFALO
(*Bos (Bubalus) caffer*)



SOMALI IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

they did after a half-hour or so. Then our Somalis begged permission to hunt for the dead and wounded ones; for Williams had been compelled to shoot when he was left in the open glade, and we could hear one or more moaning in the bush.

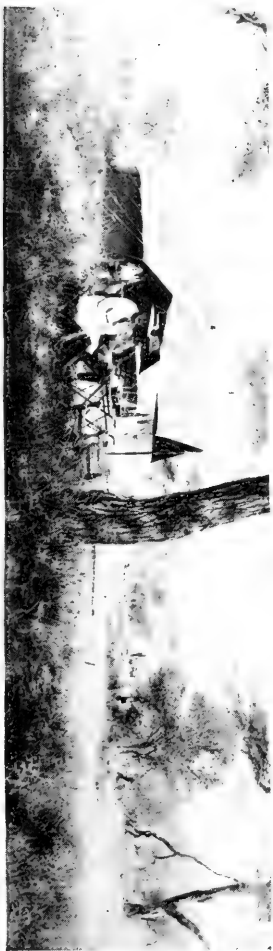
After a while we permitted Ali Shirwa, Esau, and Baccari to take our .450's and make a reconnaissance. We cautioned them to be careful and not to go into the bush, and to be most particular about keeping watch for any stray buffalo that might be on hand. They had not gone more than a hundred yards and were in plain sight, shouting and making noises to drive the herd away, when, quicker than can be told, there was a rush of something black about twenty yards away from the men, and a cow and calf dashed among them. We saw a khaki-covered form go about ten feet up in the air and fall to the ground, then Esau dived into the bush on one side, and Baccari swung and fired both barrels of my rifle into the face of the cow, not even waiting to get it up to his shoulder, but shooting from the hip. The whole proceeding was almost instantaneous, the charge, the tossing of the man, and the rifle shots apparently all happening together. The cow, followed by the calf, dashed off in another direction, and then we saw Ali Shirwa rise, stagger a few paces, and fall again. We ran to him and found that he was badly hurt and covered with blood. We carried him some distance away to a tree, cut off his shirt, and examined his injury. The horn had entered between the second and third

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

ribs on the left side, and had made a dreadful wound, from which protruded a large portion of the lung.

We were now joined by Esau and Baccari, both badly scared and dreadfully torn by the thorns into which they had thrown themselves. Immediately a porter was sent back to camp to get a litter, and, as both Williams and I had field emergency bandages, we got the water-bottles, washed Ali off as well as we could, and bound up his wounds with antiseptic gauze, using our cloth puttees for the main bandage. After doing this, we moved him farther away from the bush, as we could still hear the buffalo. Moving him must have given him great pain, but he did not faint and made very little complaint of his suffering. He tried to make us promise that we never again would go after buffalo in bush country. I do not think he expected to get well, and I must confess that I did not either, he was so very badly injured.

All this time the buffalo were still threatening, and we were much concerned as to what might happen to the porter on his way back to camp, and also as to the result of the excited announcement that he would make that some one was killed. This, of course, we knew was what he would say, for he had gone off without waiting to see the result of the accident. We feared Mrs. Madeira would come right out, thinking that either Williams or I had been hurt; and as many of the buffalo had gone in the direction of the camp, I knew that she would run great danger in coming through them in



CAMP NEAR THE BUFFALO HERD



CARRYING ALI SHIRWA ON A LITTER TO FORT HALL



SOMALI IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

their excited condition. As ocular demonstration would be the best proof, I deemed it wise to run back to camp myself and assure her of the true conditions and extent of the accident. This I did as rapidly as possible. The buffalo were on both sides of me all the way along, and when I approached within a short distance of the camp I found they were all around in the thick bush surrounding, for I could hear them as I went through.

I met the porters coming out with the litter, and, upon reaching camp, explained the true condition of affairs. We prepared surgical dressings and antiseptic solutions, and in a short time Ali was brought in. We then proceeded to a more careful washing and dressing of his wound. Curiously, in spite of the extreme pain and weakness from loss of blood, he never fainted. We wished to give him some brandy to revive him, but the Somalis, being Mohammedans, will not touch spirits, and although we begged, pleaded, and threatened, we could not persuade him, nor would the other Somalis support us in giving him any.

We did all that was possible to make him comfortable that afternoon and night, making him a soft bed with all the available blankets, looking after his food and carefully taking his temperature. It was a pathetic sight to see the courage with which he bore his sufferings. During the afternoon I had the men construct a litter out of a hammock which we had carried with us, and made every preparation to send him to Fort Hall, where there was a doctor. Late in the afternoon Baccari

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

and some of the men went for the buffalo head, and were promptly charged by some of the stragglers. They found my bull and a dead cow, and heard another that was apparently injured, but the latter was guarded by a sentry bull which would not let the men approach. Every time they got anywhere near, the sentry would snort and bellow and threaten to charge them, and as it was thick bush they could not see either of them. They managed, however, to secure the heads of both the bull and the cow, and brought them into camp late that night. Just before dark another effort was made to locate the wounded animal, but upon the slightest approach the warning snort and sniff gave signal that it would be dangerous to go nearer. The men said that they thought there were two wounded buffalo besides those which we got, but although we watched the place several days, we never could get near them.

There are several species of buffalo on the Dark Continent, but the great Cape Buffalo, which is the one found in East Africa, is the finest of all, and, in my opinion, his head is one of the handsomest trophies to be obtained in the country. His huge mass of horn is magnificent. The horns join together at their bases, entirely covering the top of the skull, and spreading out in a very symmetrical formation. In the record specimen the extreme outside width is fifty-three inches. The entire animal is black, with a very few similarly colored hairs covering him. He has a short, wrinkled, and rather wicked-looking face, with a great deal of



CAPE BUFFALO
(*Bos (Bubalus) capensis*)



SOMALI IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

character, and he stands about five feet high at the shoulder, and is of tremendous width and bulk. I cannot estimate his weight with any accuracy, but I should certainly think it must run close to a ton. From tip to tail he is the personification of brute force, and he is one of the fiercest and most vindictive fighters imaginable.

Upon leaving, we advised some local natives that we would pay a reward for the recovery of the heads of the wounded buffalo, and as a favor Captain Phillips and Captain Pears both hunted for them, hoping to recover them for us, but they were never found. We were very glad when we had all three of the heads safely landed in camp that night, and I must admit that we had had about all the buffalo hunting that we wanted. The stragglers in the bush in the neighborhood of the camp could be heard even the next day, and I am sure I heard one in the thick bush near the river, within fifty yards of the camp.

Our wounded Somali, Ali Shirwa, got through the night fairly comfortably and with comparatively little fever. At daybreak, he was started, with Mohammed Ali and six porters, on the journey to Fort Hall, where he arrived safely, after a trying trip of thirty-six hours. I am glad to say he speedily recovered, and was around as good as ever when we left Africa.

Ali Mirra, my head gun-bearer, had his own experience with buffalo. He was out hunting with an Englishman, who was charged by a wounded bull, and

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Ali, in an effort to save his master, dashed at right angles across the path of the buffalo, thereby attracting the beast's attention to himself. He was caught and tossed, receiving a wound of the same nature as Ali Shirwa's. This act of heroism was performed before he had fully recovered from the effects of an encounter with a lion, when with another sportsman. A lion had been shot and promptly charged the hunter, knocking him down, and standing over him, growling. Ali rushed up, and, having no weapon, grabbed the lion by the mane and endeavored to pull him off the prostrate man. The lion instantly turned and caught Ali through the hips, badly injuring him, but before the brave gun-bearer was killed there was time enough for some one else to come up and put a bullet through the beast's brain.

When Ali started out with me he was just recovering from this last accident, and after a long, hard day's hunting he suffered a good deal from his wounds.

After starting off our litter, another exploration was made to find the wounded buffalo, but the sentries were still standing guard. During the preceding night, a whole herd of buffalo had charged past the camp of our neighbors, who were close by us, and the charge created the greatest consternation, but fortunately, did no damage. In the afternoon more buffalo passed close to this same camp.

The meat of the three dead buffalo had been brought into camp, so that for the time we remained

SOMALI IN ENCOUNTER WITH BUFFALOES

the men had plenty to eat. We did no other shooting, our main object in getting to this point having been accomplished.

As we were short of porters, we sent some of our supplies back to our old camp on the Tana, and then let the men come back for other loads. On January 17th we broke camp (the elevation of which was 4,150 feet), and after a hard march of five and one-half hours reached our old camp at the spot where we had first struck the Tana.

CHAPTER XI

MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

ON our previous day's march, after leaving the buffalo camp, we found the country all burnt over and black as a result of the fire which our neighbors had started, and the damage extended for about ten miles. During the day I saw twenty-three rhinos, eleven of them in sight at one time, which was the greatest number I encountered in any one day during our trip. Most of those I saw had relatively small horns, and seemed less belligerent than those we subsequently encountered in Laikipia.

Taking a track higher up on the hill, Williams flushed a black-maned lion accompanied by a lioness, shortly after leaving camp. They broke away when he was about three hundred yards off and disappeared in the bush, giving him a difficult running shot, which he missed. The only other game I saw during the day's march was waterbuck, which were numerous.

At six o'clock on the morning of January 18th we crossed the Tana, being carried over on the porters' backs, or, rather, sitting high on top of their shoulders, a most uncomfortable and precarious position. Much amusement was created when my turn came, owing to my size, but we got safely over and started well ahead of the safari. Accompanied by our four gun-bearers, we



THE HIPPO POOL, ON THE TANA RIVER



CROSSING THE TANA RIVER THE MORNING OF JANUARY 18TH



MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

proceeded along the trail on the south bank, heading for a short cut to the Maharagua River, some eighteen miles away, which would leave but a three hours' march from there into Fort Hall on the succeeding morning.

Following the river and trail for an hour or so, we discovered most interesting looking country lying to the left. In fact, it was so attractive that we wandered off from the main trail to explore it and see what game it might contain. I soon discovered a bushbuck, but the result of a standing shot was a shameful miss on my part. While beating up the bush in the hope of finding it again, we saw tracks of some giraffe, and as I had a permit from the Lieutenant-Governor to get one of these for scientific purposes, I decided to go after them.

On account of the length of the march, Williams and Mrs. Madeira were to continue on the trail toward camp, having their lunch on the way. They expected to reach camp about half-past two or three.

My stalk for the giraffe took me some distance to the left, and finally, I saw first one and then others, until seven were in sight. It was my first view of these stately creatures, and I was struck with their resemblance to "church steeples on rockers" as they moved across the plains, their heads above the thorn-trees. I stalked them carefully, but two which were lying down and to my rear, and which I had not discovered, winded me, and started off on their long, rocking gait, which takes them over the ground in a most astonishing way.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

They picked up those I was stalking as they went by. I watched them for some distance across the plains, and decided to abandon the pursuit, as they were thoroughly frightened and probably would not stop until they had put many miles between us.

I then returned in the direction of the trail, passing through some fine game country, seeing a herd of about fifteen eland, and several troops of zebra. After a hard march, of which the last three or four miles was over rocky hills and ridges, I reached camp on the Maharagua River about half past two. The heat was intense, and we found no water from the time we left the Tana.

Owing to the rough condition of the latter part of the road, I feared that Mrs. Madeira, who had not yet reached camp, might find the walk more exhausting than any of the others which we had taken, so I rigged up an improvised sedan-chair and sent some porters back with it in the hope that she could use it for the last few miles of the trail, although before she had always resolutely refused any assistance of this kind.

The men left camp about three o'clock, and the afternoon passed without Mrs. Madeira's arrival. When six o'clock came I began to grow anxious, and sent out Ali Aden and another Somali with lanterns. No sooner had they left than the men with the sedan-chair returned and said they had found no trace of the party. This greatly alarmed me, for darkness was setting in, and it would be some time before the full moon rose. I im-

TYPICAL OF THE COUNTRY WE CROSSED AFTER LEAVING THE TANA RIVER





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mediately collected forty men and sent them out in couples in all directions.

Williams had two gun-bearers with him: Farrar, a Somali, and Esau, a Swahili. They could hardly have lost their way, for Esau was thoroughly familiar with the country, having served in the native police at Fort Hall, which was not more than three hours' journey from our camp. The dreadful conclusion, therefore, was that the party had been attacked by lion, rhino, or buffalo, and that at least two of the three men had been mauled or killed. In that case the best to hope for was that Mrs. Madeira and one of the gun-bearers were keeping guard over the injured men to drive off the hyenas, and as Williams usually carried but twenty cartridges—ten for his .450 and ten for his .350—I feared they might run out of ammunition and be in great danger of their lives.

It was useless for me personally to hunt for them, for some one had to remain in camp and direct the search. At eight o'clock at night I sent a runner to Mr. Lane, the commissioner at Fort Hall, with the request that he send out the native police, and another runner to Captain de Crespigny, of the King's African Rifles, who was stationed some seven hours away down the Tana, asking him to turn out his force. The runner from Fort Hall returned during the night with a very kind letter of encouragement from Mr. Lane promising that the police would be sent out immediately, and advising that he had sent word to Manda, the native chief of the district, to turn out all his men in the search.

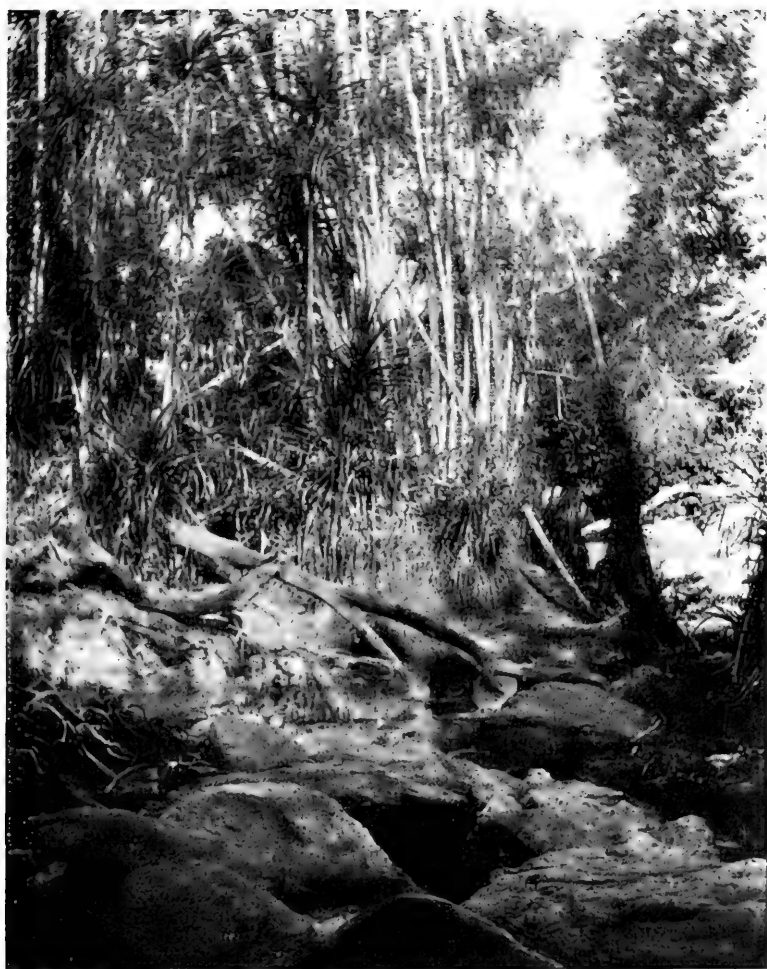
HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

No one in camp slept that night. When one relay of searchers came in, another party set out, and every available firearm was being used to fire signal shots in all directions, in the hope of locating the lost party. I do not know which was the most dreadful solution of the many possibilities we evolved during the night. Our minds generally came back, however, to the first conclusion: that two had been hurt, and that the others were keeping watch to drive off wild animals, as otherwise one of the gun-bearers would have come in to report.

The safari were alarmed, anxious, and sympathetic, and the Somalis constantly came up to me with all sorts of suggestions as to what might have happened. Their efforts were well meant, but far from comforting. When they had discussed all the possibilities of trouble from lion, rhino, and buffalo, they tried to console me with the idea that in attempting to cross the Tana the party might have been swept away into the jaws of the crocodiles which infest the river!

All night we walked up and down in front of the huge camp-fire, which was kept piled high with wood in the hope that the light might be seen for a distance; but the bright moonlight very effectually prevented the glare from being seen as it would have been against clouds.

Just at dawn Mr. Long-Innis, Superintendent of the District Police at Fort Hall, appeared with his troop, and, after getting all the information I could



NEAR THE MAHARAGUA RIVER



MRS. MADEIRA LOST AND IN DANGER

give him, took thirty of my porters and Ali Mirra as a guide and departed over the back trail.

Baccari was off at daylight on his own account, and all the rest of the safari, as soon as they had rested a short time, resumed their trips in various directions. During the afternoon they all came stringing back into camp, discouraged and unsuccessful, none of them having found any trace of my wife and her companions. By this time we were all in a condition bordering on frenzy, for we knew that they must be suffering for want of water if alive; and the picture of one's wife and one's friend dying from thirst or wounds, and attacked by the dreadful, foul hyenas, grew more and more realistic in our minds.

At five o'clock in the afternoon I sent another runner to Mr. Lane, begging for further help, as we now feared the worst and only hoped, if possible, to recover the remains, or at least find out the truth as to their fate. I asked for a general alarm to be sent out throughout the country. With great kindness, Mr. Lane had anticipated me, for I think that he realized even more than I the various dangers, and during the morning had sent word to all the chiefs of the tribes in the neighborhood to turn out every native to help in the search. He advised me that there would be a thousand men engaged in scouring the country the following morning, endeavoring at least to find the guns and clothing if nothing more was left. He again wrote me the most kind and sympathetic letter.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

The letter read:

FORT HALL, 9.15 P.M.

DEAR MR. MADEIRA,

I am indeed sorry to hear that Mrs. Madeira has not yet arrived in camp. I cannot think for a moment that the natives have had anything to do with their disappearance. I had all the Trans Tana people of Manda's division out searching to-day, and sent every available man from here. I was fully convinced that the party would have turned up by now, and am deeply grieved to hear that they have not. Luckman and Richardson are the only two left in the station, but they will leave here the first thing to-morrow morning to help in the search. By to-morrow you will have Kibarabara and some of his men to help, and I will send out at once to get in as many natives as I can to go with the party. The news brought in to-day was that the party was seen yesterday at about midday near the Tana, on the far side of the hill on which the beacon is. They were then making in the direction of Punda Millia. They asked a native—at least, that is what he understood—where there was a ford to cross the Maharagua, and he pointed out the direction. Perhaps they have had difficulties in crossing, but, please God, they will yet reach you safely. With my greatest sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

C. R. W. LANE.

You need not hesitate to command me in any way. I am doing and will do my utmost to find the party.

C. R. W. L.

I am making use of your boy Dheria to show where you crossed the Tana, and where you and the others parted.

All day long I had kept up a heavy fire of green grass, making a tremendous column of smoke that climbed high into the sky and was visible at a very long distance. I thought this would attract attention and be a guide to where we were, if they were still alive.

During the afternoon and evening the searchers kept going out and returning, but by late at night all had

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finally come in, unsuccessful, and we had abandoned hope. I sent Dheria, my tent boy, on my mule, to Mr. Lane again at eight o'clock that night, lending him my self-cocking revolver, as he was not expected to return till about midnight. Shortly before that, as we were all standing around the fire, steeped in gloom, we heard two shots in quick succession, coming, as we thought, from him, but far away. The reports came with such rapidity that they could have been made only by a self-cocking weapon. We immediately signalled in reply, thinking he had lost his way. The shots sounded far off, were repeated several times, and then ceased, and we thought he had lost us, owing to the fact that the camp was in the hollow among some hills, and the light of the fires could not be seen until one came within a mile of it. In order to help him locate us, we kept up at close intervals the customary signals of two shots in quick succession, and after a while we heard a signal reply somewhat nearer.

Everybody in camp was awake, as they had been the preceding night. All were too heart-broken to sleep, and the kind sympathy which the Somalis and indeed all attempted in their rude way to convey to me, I shall not forget.

We were standing there dejected and mournful when suddenly, out of the pitch-black darkness, we heard Mrs. Madeira's voice about a hundred yards off, and the party turned up at twenty-five minutes past midnight, utterly exhausted, but, fortunately, none the worse for their experience.

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At three o'clock in the morning Captain Luckman, from Fort Hall, came for final news, before sending out the thousand men on the succeeding day, and was delighted to hear that all were safe in camp again, except a few porters who still were out on their search.

I had sent a runner to Mr. Lane the instant Mrs. Madeira arrived, notifying him that the lost party had returned, but, unfortunately, he had crossed Captain Luckman on the road. Later I received this very kind letter from Mr. Lane:

Fort Hall, 21-1-'08.

DEAR MR. MADEIRA,

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on the safe return of Mrs. Madeira.

Your letter on Sunday night gave me the greatest anxiety. I knew that the party could not have come to any harm through the natives, and the only conclusion I could come to was that they had been drowned in trying to cross the Maharagua on their way here.

I wrote you a long letter on Sunday night, and meant to send it to you by runner on Monday morning, but your letter arrived, and so I did not send it.

I was sorry I could not see you when you came here, and am glad that I will now have the opportunity of making your acquaintance.

I hope Mrs. Madeira is none the worse for her trying experience.

Yours sincerely,

C. R. W. LANE.

The entire camp now slept as if it had been drugged, as for a night and two days everybody had been on their feet, and some of us had not eaten during the entire time.

The story of their adventure begins with the time

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when I went off to hunt the giraffe the preceding day. They continued walking parallel to the trail through the country, which I have alluded to as being such a promising looking one for hunting purposes, and on the way they encountered bushbuck, eland, rhino, a big troop of baboons (of which they shot one), and various other animals. They also saw the tracks of all kinds of game. As they advanced, they got into a tall grass country, which gradually grew more and more hilly.

About half past one they stopped for lunch, and as they thought they had but an hour's march to camp, and the intense heat had made them all thirsty, they drank all the water that had been in the one bottle, and gave the balance of their lunch to the gun-bearers.

They rested until about half past two and then started for the camp. After walking for two or three hours they began to be worried. They could not strike the main trail, and they were getting terribly thirsty. The innumerable paths made by natives and by game all through the country make it very difficult to distinguish one trail from another. That, however, soon became a matter of minor importance. They could not go on much longer without drinking, and their search for the trail developed into a search for water.

About six o'clock they discovered a patch of green, indicating water, but upon approaching they found a pool which was too foul to drink, as a rhino cow with her calf had been bathing in it, and was on guard near by. They therefore abandoned any idea of obtaining

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a drink here, and made a *détour* to avoid the rhino. After proceeding some little way, they heard a noise behind them. They turned quickly and saw that the rhino had stalked them, and was then in the middle of the charge, not more than twenty or thirty yards away.

Williams told Mrs. Madeira to step behind him, and gave the beast both barrels of his .450. It was a difficult shot, but fortunately he succeeded in dropping the rhino stone dead, although the momentum caused by the speed of the charge carried the monster in its slide to within ten feet of where Mrs. Madeira stood.

After pacing the distance, which was as given above, they proceeded on their search for water, for even rhinos had paled into insignificance in comparison with the necessity of finding this. Night was commencing to fall, and the country they were in was covered with high grass, with here and there thick bush, in which rhino, buffalo, and lions would probably be found. They marched on and on through the night, which would seem incredible were it not for the fact that there was a full moon in a clear sky. The deep shadows gave the country a sinister look, but water was of such urgent importance that they had to go on while they could.

Long before this their tongues had swollen and their lips had commenced to crack, and at 11.30 P.M. they could go no further, so stopped and made a fire under a tree.

This night march through a wild country infested with the most dangerous animals known must have been

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a thrilling and nerve-racking experience. Every time there was a rustle in the grass or a sudden snort from a bush, imagination suggested that a lion, a leopard, or a snake was lurking in the deep shadows. One never would think of harmless antelope on such occasions.

The gathering of firewood in Africa is not an unmixed joy either, as axes are not carried, and one has to wander around and pick up dead branches or dead trees that are lying on the ground, or break off such sections of growing trees as may be available, and this often takes one far from the bivouac.

After the lost party had gathered the necessary amount of wood, lighted their fire, and sat down to rest, they were promptly charged by a large herd of buffalo. Upon hearing the beasts coming, they immediately took refuge in trees, and during the night they were sent into this painful situation four times by these same brutes, which were evidently attracted by the firelight. Climbing thorn-trees is an uncomfortable proceeding even in daylight, but at night it becomes a positive torture, for the thorns vary in size from a small fish-hook to great spikes about five inches long, and it seems as if no part of the tree is not protected by these weapons.

After the buffalo's last charge the place was deemed entirely too warm for comfort, so the fire was moved some distance away. Finally, at half past one, Mrs. Madeira lay down alongside the fire and immediately fell asleep in spite of the thirst. She had walked that

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

day from six o'clock in the morning until half past eleven at night, with the exception of an interval of about an hour or an hour and one half for lunch. Williams and the two gun-bearers sat one on either side and one at her feet, armed and wide awake, keeping close watch while she slept.

It was not long before a lone buffalo appeared and came within threatening distance, snorting and stamping, and leaving great uncertainty as to what his future action would be. Finally, however, he disappeared, and peace reigned for a period.

A little before dawn the three who were awake heard the grunting of a lion, first at a distance and then nearer and nearer, and finally the lion came close enough to be seen in the firelight. He proceeded to walk round and round the little circle of watchers, who revolved as on a pivot, with rifles ready, but not daring to fire, for fear that if merely wounded he would charge, and in the uncertain light a rifle-shot would not be safe.

Thus the time passed until daybreak, when the lion withdrew. They at once proceeded on their march, for by this time they were suffering acutely from lack of both food and water, although the former was comparatively unimportant.

At about half past eight one of the gun-bearers suddenly stopped and shouted, "Punda Millia!" pointing in the direction of some hills which were visible from the high elevation they were now on, and they saw that they had approached within a few hours of Messrs.

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Swift & Rutherford's ranch, at which we had spent Christmas almost a month before.

Knowing now where they were, they promptly sent in one of the gun-bearers to the ranch for help, and he returned in a couple of hours with tea, food, and water, and also with a mule, which had very kindly been sent out for Mrs. Madeira. They were careful not to drink the water as soon as received, but made it into tea, and drank it so hot that they could not take much at a time. After refreshing themselves to this extent, they started for the ranch, which they reached at half past one.

Just about the time they reached it my gun-bearer, Baccari, who had been scouting on his own hook all morning, arrived looking for them, and told them of the search and the conditions at camp.

I do not know what was the distance they covered in this time, but it was subsequently estimated by people who knew the country as between forty and forty-five miles that day, of which the last six were the only ones that Mrs. Madeira did not cover on foot. The men had walked all the time, without food or sleep.

The welcome which they received from Messrs. Swift & Rutherford was indeed a warm one, as runners with news of their loss had preceded them. They were urged to remain and rest, but they realized what my feelings must be, and after lunch they started to return to camp, guided by Baccari.

They marched without stopping, except for tea late in the afternoon, and when they approached near where

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our camp was supposed to be, they were unable to locate it, owing to the geographical features of the land, which hid it from sight at a distance. It was their shots which I had heard about midnight, and they had been guided by mine in reply. The relief which they felt was, I presume, not so great as mine, for all the time they knew they were safe, except for water, whereas I had had no such comfort.

The next day we spent resting, as neither travellers nor porters were in any condition to move. Our time was taken up in relating the adventures of the last forty-eight hours; and then for the first time did the wanderers fully realize the danger they had passed through. The men had walked between sixty-five and seventy-five miles without sleep, and a large part of the time without food or water, over country that was as difficult as almost anything that could be found outside of strictly jungle country. Mrs. Madeira's walk will long be remembered by both the whites and the blacks, who stated that no such feat had ever before been performed by any white woman they had ever known, and, incredible as it may seem, she was neither foot-sore nor exhausted, and was up early the next morning as well as ever. Her share of the performance was far more remarkable than the men's, great as that was, and burdened as they were with anxiety for her welfare.



TROPHIES SECURED UP TO JANUARY 18TH AND SHIPPED FROM FORT HALL TO NAIROBI



CHAPTER XII

NATIVES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES

THE 21st of January saw us back again in Fort Hall, warmly welcomed by Mr. Lane, Mr. Skene, Mr. Long-Innis, and all those who had undergone so much anxiety during the last few days, and all of them came in for our warm and hearty thanks for their efforts in our behalf. Mr. Lane here told me of the letter of condolence he had written me, when on the second day he gave up all hope of the party's return. He believed them drowned or killed by wild beasts.

We sent back to Nairobi twenty-six loads of heads and skins, by porters whom we secured here, thus relieving our safari of part of their burden which they had been carrying for the last few days. We also reported the cow buffalo and the extra eland, which were confiscated and sent to Nairobi, where they were subsequently bought in for me.

Upon inquiry as to the return I should make for the trouble which the police and the officials at Fort Hall had been put to on account of our predicament, I was most generously informed that the only compensation I would be permitted to make was the extra expense which the Government incurred on account of the field service of the police. In addition to this, the entire safari had backsheesh, which was graded in proportion

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to their services, and the result was that they had a grand time at the native bazaars which are numerous at the fort, but much to the disgust of all hands, we would not remain for a longer jollification than one day. We here secured porters to replace some of the worn-out men.

In the evening we dined at Mr. Lane's, where all our experiences had to be related in full, and we were very kindly advised as to the next part of our journey. It was here that Mr. Lane explained why he was unable to permit us to shoot elephants on Mount Kenia. This, however, did not mitigate our disappointment, as there was little or no opportunity for us to secure any on the rest of the trip which we had mapped out or to get in touch with this much sought game, and we therefore practically abandoned all hopes in regard to them.

The following morning our road lay to Nyeri, and the day was one of the hottest, and the country the most hilly, that we had so far encountered. I had to lead my mule all the way, owing to his being so ill, the result of bad treatment on the part of the syce who brought him from Embo, and was urged to abandon him. I hoped, though, that the trouble was only temporary, which indeed it proved to be, for a week later I was able to ride him and he was as good as when he started.

The road from Fort Hall to Nyeri, through the hills, is quite a broad highway, and on every side were crops of maize, millet, and beans, with here and there banana plantations. At the season we were there



A MASAI WARRIOR



NATIVES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES

the crops were all nearly ripe and as high as one's head. As we passed through, we would see no one for a long time, yet the hills resounded in all directions with the cries of the boys driving the birds away from the crops. Occasionally they would be seen on the rickety platforms, having, apparently, a most lonely time, whistling and shouting and throwing stones at the birds. It was rarely that they would be seen keeping each other company.

We reached the Wambaiga Rest-house in about six hours. The distance could be covered by rapid marching in considerably less time, but the day was so hot and the road so hilly, that it was impossible to make good time with the safari. Perched on top of a high hill near the rest-house is the Monastery of the White Fathers, conspicuous for miles around. This Order, I understand, extends all the way up to Algeria and covers the country, doing quite an amount of temporal good to the natives within reach of their ministrations. The rest-house here, built of stone and supported by the Government, was most comfortable, containing three or four rooms which are reserved for white travellers. It was thoroughly clean, and so, instead of pitching our tents, we had our beds made up inside the house.

On the route we encountered a ceremonial party of youths about seventeen to nineteen years old, numbering about a dozen. They were covered from head to foot with a white paint on which were inscribed various devices, mostly geometrical, in red and black. They

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were decorated with feathers and little metal bells, wore fur or feather anklets and huge masks of feathers covering their heads, and carried wooden shields, painted and decorated, some with carvings. They were ghostly and ghastly looking objects, and danced around for several days in performance of this ceremonial until they were utterly exhausted. They blocked off the highway from us for some little time, until I took a stick and threatened to beat them, and by this means succeeded in driving them out of our road and permitting the continuance of our journey. We frequently struck bands of them through the Kikuyu and Masai country.

We found at the Rest-house a very large gathering of natives, and the entire safari had a most sociable time during that afternoon and evening.

It might be well to give here my impressions of the various natives, even though my opinion has no scientific value. I shall describe them as they appeared to me though possibly not as they really are to the student.

First in interest of all those with whom we came in contact, unquestionably was the Somali. This race, which has degenerated from the high state of civilization which characterized their progenitors thousands of years ago, still maintains many of the fine qualities that made it in the early racial history the important factor which it has been throughout Africa.

According to eminent authorities, nine to ten thousand years ago, Arabia and Africa were probably connected by land, across what is now the southern end of



KIKUYU WOMEN AND BABY



NATIVES AND THEIR PECULIARITIES

the Red Sea. On this land wandered people from India or some part of Asia, who settled on the east coast of Africa in what is now known as Somaliland and then penetrated farther to the west, through Abyssinia to Galiland.

Running from the Red Sea in a southwesterly way, there is a huge gash in the surface of Africa, some ten to twenty miles wide and in places a mile deep, and which extends as far as the lake district. This is known as the great Rift Valley. In the migration westward through Abyssinia the Somalis undoubtedly found and followed this Rift Valley to the south, and, as they went, impressed a great many of their characteristics upon the native negroes existent at that time, traces of which are still visible in the finer features and racial traits of the Masai and possibly the Kaffir, and Zulu, which races have been the dominant and war-like tribes of the territories which came under their sphere.

These different tribes alluded to have all retained the pastoral and warlike traits of the Somali. They all have their flocks of cattle, sheep, and goats; they are all warriors and fighting men, and apparently none of these tribes have so far taken up the cultivation of the soil, any more than has the Somali, who undoubtedly brought with him, from whatever country he came from in Asia, the same traits and characteristics of warrior and shepherd.

To the north, however, this Caucasian trace attained its highest form. Travelling either down the Nile or

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northward on the coast, the Caucasians became in the early ages the masters and dominant forces in the development of the civilization of Egypt, which at that time was probably peopled by a negro type corresponding to the bushmen that existed in other parts of Africa. The strain of blood thus infused into the districts of the Nile became somewhat less distinct in the Sudan, where, however, the Sudanese benefited to some degree. The Abyssinian to-day approaches more nearly to the Somali than any of the other peoples brought under the dominant sway of this early race. The Somali is still the master among the native Africans, and we observed this in our travels wherever we came in contact with any of the native tribes, as all of them accepted him as their superior.

The Somalis of to-day are Mohammedans, and most devout in the observations of their religion. Nothing disturbs their prayers, and nothing can tempt them to violate the rules of fasting and abstemiousness, which they carry out to a fanatical extent. They are courageous to a degree beyond description, and for this reason are largely employed as gun-bearers, for one can be sure that they will never desert their master. Physically, they are tall and lean, with finely chiselled features and well-shaped heads. They are a dark chocolate color, sometimes black, with rather curly black hair, and, except for their features, might in appearance be taken for negroes. They wear their hair short as a rule, except those who let it grow long for exhibition pur-

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poses. The faces of many of them resemble Greek cameos, with thin lips, thin nose, beautiful teeth, and well-shaped foreheads. Their hands and feet are small and beautifully shaped; in fact, they are little, if any, larger than the hands and feet of white women, and smaller than many of them.

They are born travellers, traders, and linguists, and it is said that they are absolutely devoted to their master, though not, necessarily, to their master's friends. Their language is harsh, unmusical, and noisy. In disposition, they are proud, vindictive to their enemies, and, I have heard, cruel and fanatical. Most of the English residents of East Africa dislike them, and in many districts the commissioners do everything that they can to dissuade safaris having Somalis in their company from entering into their jurisdiction. They complain that the Somali maltreats and abuses the native, robs him, and creates disturbance and trouble wherever he goes. We did not find them doing this, although later on we had considerable trouble owing to accusations made against them by Masai, which accusations were not proven. Personally, I liked some of them and disliked others, but there is no question that if you want a gun-bearer who will stand near you and never desert you, you should secure a Somali. The imputation of fear is fiercely resented by them.

Next in importance to the Somali as a tribe, are the Masai. This is the great warrior race of East Africa, and for years they have been the terror of all

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the less warlike and inferior tribes, as they support themselves by raiding weaker tribes, stealing their women and their cattle and, in fact, all their possessions, and often murdering them. Indeed, certain sections of the country subject to their raids have been entirely depopulated. Great wastes of fine land on which there is not a human being to be found are sometimes encountered and it is explained that the natives were driven out or killed by the Masai.

Within the past few years the Government has moved them up to plains in Laikipia, which is the centre of their main territory, although a number will be found scattered all over different sections, as is the case at Embo, where the band of chiefs' sons formed Mr. Horn's punitive company.

The Masai are much taller than the other tribes, lean, and comparatively well-featured. Their hair is generally tied into a little cue in the back and front with a leather tape, and they are covered from head to foot with a mixture of red clay and castor oil, which latter they extract from a native bean that grows wild. This oily paint is poured on top of their hair, which looks not unlike a floor mop tied into cues. The heat of the sun melts this paint, and it drips all over their faces and bodies, keeping them in a perpetual reddish state.

The Masai are armed with long spears, shields, and a knob-kerries. The latter weapon consists of a stone about as big as an egg, over which a piece of hide is



KIKUYU WAR PARTY



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shrunk, and then fastened to a short stick about eighteen inches long. It makes a dreadful war club. In addition to these, they carry a knife about two feet long and of native soft iron, which has a sheath fitted to it, and, thus arrayed, they are encountered all through the country which they inhabit. Their clothes consist either of a piece of skin hung over the shoulder and reaching about to the middle, or a blanket or piece of "Mericiani," as white cotton sheeting is called, draped the same way over the shoulder. This sheeting rapidly becomes, as does all the rest of their equipment, the same brick-red color.

The Masai women all have their heads shaved, and their costume consists of an apron, usually of hide, tied around the waist, with sometimes another loose piece, formed something like a waistcoat, around their body, but this is unusual. They are covered with copper, brass, and steel wire, which is wrapped around the legs from the knee down to the ankle, and the arm from the wrist to the elbow, and then above the elbow up as far as the armpit. Around the neck a huge disk of this heavy wire is coiled, and from the ears are suspended copper disks about four inches in diameter, which hang down over the breast.

Both the Masai and the Kikuyu perforate the ears and stretch these holes in the lobes to such an extent that I have seen them take the lobe of one ear over the top of the head and loop it under the ear on the other side. A favorite ornament to put through these holes

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in the ears would be a Dundee jampot. Nothing comes amiss, from a huge roll of bandaging linen an inch and a half in diameter to innumerable strings of beads, wire rings, and curious bunches of sticks. Anything that they can get to stay in their ears seems to be considered an attractive and desirable ornament.

According to an eminent authority who spent many years studying tribal conditions, the Masai have adopted a curious one for the preservation of their race. When the boys reach the age of from seventeen to nineteen, they become warriors, and they continue in that class until they are about twenty-seven or twenty-eight. During this period they are not permitted to marry, but are kept in a camp together. As, of course, the preservation of their tribe depends upon guarding the young girls and women from raids by neighboring tribes, the young women are kept under the care of the warriors or fighting men, and they all live together in a very promiscuous and, from our standpoint, immoral way. The result, however, is that the children are fathered by the fighting men in their prime and strength, and they are by this means practically benefited by selection of type and species.

After the age of twenty-seven, when they cease to be warriors and become married men or elders, they then take to themselves regularly recognized wives, the number depending upon their wealth and possessions in cattle, sheep and goats. A wife is purchased for three or four sheep, which are given to her father. A Masai



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can apparently have as many wives as he is able to purchase. They do the manual work in all particulars, building the houses, taking care of them, and tending the young of the flocks; and the same custom prevails among other tribes: the women do all the work, while the warriors merely look on and direct them in their manual labors.

Next in prominence to the Masai of the tribes which we encountered were the Kikuyu. They are far inferior to the Masai, being not warriors, but farmers. They live in small communities of from half a dozen to a dozen huts together, grow small patches of grain, either maize, millet, or beans; and have banana and pineapple plantations, but all under the most primitive circumstances. The Kikuyu men are much smaller and much less hardy-looking than the Masai, and can carry, as porters, only about forty pounds. Their costume is not much different from the Masai, for they copy many of the latter's characteristics, a state of affairs partly due to the intermingling of the races. They reside mostly to the south and east of Mount Kenia and on the slopes thereof. The Kikuyu women are not so much decorated with jewelry as are the Masai, and are also much smaller.

The next tribe in importance that we encountered is the Wakamba, who, apparently, reside to the south of the Tana and east of the Kikuyu. This is a tribe with, possibly, some intermingling of Kikuyu in them. I saw only a few of them, and they seemed to me more intelligent than the Kikuyu, and of a somewhat superior

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race. I do not know if this be universal, however. They use poisoned arrows and hunt a little. Those that I encountered were of medium size, rather keen and alert looking, and I believe have not yet been thoroughly brought under subjection to the Government. Our head porter, Baringo, was a Wakamba, and an extremely intelligent man he was, for the class. His features approached more those of the Masai than the Kikuyu, and he was expert in the manufacture of bows and arrows, and keen for hunting, which the Kikuyu were not. The latter's principal keenness is to obtain meat.

The Wandorobo appeared to be a sort of outcast class, living entirely by hunting. We found some of them up near the junction of the Guaso Nyiro and Guaso Narok, where there was a large village. They hunt entirely with poisoned arrows, and follow the chase exclusively. A life such as theirs naturally brings more alertness than does the farming life of the Kikuyu, and those that I saw showed the effects. The village which I visited was well fenced in, like a Masai encampment, but was fearfully dirty and smelled terribly. I could not get away quickly enough. They had a few goats and sheep. The men were mostly all away hunting, and on our journey we encountered some of them in most unexpected places in thick bush and dense forest.

The arrows which are used by all four of these tribes are beautiful pieces of workmanship, having soft iron heads, filed into various shapes of barbs that would be almost impossible to withdraw from a wound, and



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THE SWAHILI CAMP BARBER



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would, I should think, be better if pushed through to the other side, if necessary to extract. The poison which is used is a vegetable gum of intense strength, and is not put on the tip of the arrow itself, but on a detachable shaft which is left in the wound when an attempt is made to withdraw the arrow by holding the main shaft.

We saw but little of the Uganda and Nandi. The latter we encountered at Muhoroni, at the foot of the Nandi hills, near the lake, but they did not impress me as being of a high class, and reminded me more of the Kikuyu than of any of the other tribes.

The Swahili whom one encounters at the coast and who is the important porter, has some Arab blood in him, I think. He is a strong, well built, and rather fine-looking negro, very black, and showing absolutely no trace of mixture, but the infusion of the Arab blood may account for the strong physique. The language is different from the others, and is the softest and most musical that I have ever heard. I do not think that even Italian compares with it, and it is markedly at variance with any of the languages that one hears among other tribes.

All the Swahilis I saw were engaged in labor, either as porters or in similar work in Mombasa or Nairobi. They seemed to be the beasts of burden, and are certainly the most desirable of all the tribes for this purpose. In our camp the Wakambas were the most quarrelsome, and their tent was constantly a hotbed of fighting and disturbance. They were great bullies, and

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seemed ready to fight with all the rest of the caravan on the slightest provocation.

They do not seem to be sensitive to pain and their dental surgery is most primitive. If they have a toothache, they cut around the tooth with a knife, and pry it out with any strong instrument they can get, such as the end of a file or a knife blade. One can only imagine what torture it would be to civilized human beings to have such barbarous surgery in connection with such a sensitive object as a tooth.

Different tribes have varying customs in regard to the teeth. Some of them extract two of the front teeth, possibly so that in case of lockjaw food can be administered, and possibly—and more likely—because it is considered a decoration. Some of the natives file the teeth into sharp points like a saw, removing all the enamel and leaving nothing but the bone exposed. Their teeth are as sharp as needles when so treated, and, of course, are yellow from the destruction of the enamel.

They were constantly coming to headquarters to complain of such pain and ask for medicine to relieve it. We had some toothache drops, but these latter were not taken along with anticipation of any such conditions as we met. The result was that there was but little relief we could give to this very common complaint.

Naturally, among the native members of the expedition, illness was not uncommon, usually occasioned by overloading their stomachs with meat. Almost daily



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we had a sick-call in the evening, when the men would report for medical treatment. With some it must have been a habit, others must have thought it fashionable, for there were many bogus complaints which were cured with nothing more serious than a sparkling cup of Eno's fruit-salts. But fever was by no means uncommon, and had to be treated with large doses of quinine. If we gave them sugar-coated pills, they did not seem to be appreciated, and we finally learned to give them powdered quinine, of which we had a considerable quantity. Its very violence convinced them that it was "good medicine," and thus we were able to save our own preparations in case of personal requirements.

There were many native women here, apparently seeking employment, for the next day we found that half of our porters had hired these women to carry their loads, paying them about a cent for the performance of their work during the next day's march. The strength of these women was remarkable. Many of them were extremely small, not over five feet one or two inches, yet they carried the loads of these big Swahili porters, and trotted off with them as easily as the men did. Some of the women carried the loads on their backs, with a strap or "tump" line going over their heads, but most of them put the loads on top of their heads. Apparently the different tribes have different methods of carrying.

CHAPTER XIII

CAMPING AND ITS INCIDENTS

Now came the first rainy day that we had had for three months, and the steady drizzle made the path extremely slippery, the soil getting into a condition like soft soap and clogging up the shoes. If one was not careful, an upright position was difficult to maintain, especially going up and down hills, which became less steep as we got further away from the rest-house. We had quite an uncomfortable trip in the beginning of the day, but later the sun came out, making things better, and finally we saw the fort from a distance over the level plains. The elevation of Nyeri is about six thousand feet, and at night the weather was quite cold. We immediately called upon Mr. Silverad, the assistant District Commissioner, and also met Lieutenant Damm, of the King's African Rifles, a company of the latter being stationed at this fort. The latter dined with us that evening, and related an experience he had had with a giant pig; at least, he felt sure that he had succeeded in killing one of these much sought after animals.

He had encountered, not far from Nyeri, a wart-hog which had gone into some bush, and after crawling after it for a long distance on his hands and knees through a tunnel in the bush, he suddenly came face to face with an enormous brute which he instantly decided must



Photo. by E. H. Litchfield.



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be a giant pig, and which he shot at a distance of a few feet. He told us that he had sent the skin to London, for determination as to its species. There has been a great deal of effort on the part of sportsmen to secure specimens of this much discussed animal, but very few records of him have been obtained, except pieces of hide and descriptions by the natives. Two sportsmen were with us on our way out for the sole purpose of trying to get one on Mount Elgon. Some months later, while in London, in Rowland Ward's shop, I happened to see a skin which was shown with great satisfaction as being that of a giant pig, and upon inquiry I found that it was the identical one which Lieutenant Damm had shot and had described to me.

We met here a safari coming from Rumeruti and Lake Baringo, and were told that numerous parties were ahead of us, and that there was no game to be found in the territory over which we were intending to travel. Our informant had seen innumerable lions, but had been unable to get a shot. Of other game, he told us, he had seen none. This was discouraging, but, after giving the matter due consideration, we decided to break our marches so as to avoid the customary camps and halt at intermediate points. The result justified us most thoroughly, for we found plenty of game and good specimens, but only by careful and most painstaking work, and by hunting far from the customary route. Apparently some of our informants had rushed over the country without seeking game off the beaten track.

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Mr. Silverad advised us in regard to the country we were going through, and, following his instructions, we left on January 24th for Sungari Hill. En route we saw no game whatever, the country being full of Masai cattle. The commissioner advised us to take guides whom he highly recommended, and permitted one of his police to accompany us about three miles from the fort to a Masai encampment, where we picked up these guides, who accompanied us for several days and showed us our way to the various camps.

During the day the weather was quite pleasant and at night very cold, the temperature going down to 50° in the tent, and my aneroid gave the altitude as about 6950 feet. The records given by this instrument, I regret to say, were only relative and subject to barometrical change, for I only had one, and was unable to correct it by comparison, therefore can only give approximate heights.

Camping at the fort was very pleasant and it may be of interest to describe the usual safari life.

Immediately upon reaching a camping place, the headman would select a spot upon which our tent was to be erected, and the porters, carrying this equipment and our personal outfit, would deposit their loads in its vicinity. A certain number of men were delegated to erect the tent, and it was done with great rapidity. The bundles containing it were unfastened, and the tent stretched out by four or five men. Two of the askaris then put the tent poles together and elevated the tent,

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and about ten men took hold of the guy ropes, fixed the pegs in the ground, and held the tent in position while the pegs were driven home and the guy-ropes drawn taut. Two others immediately took the floor-cloth and spread it, and in an incredibly short time the tent was erected. While this was going on, the tent boys unpacked the bed rolls and were busily engaged in making up the beds and opening the collapsible furniture. By the time that they had this done, the tent was ready to have the beds carried in, and the whole place made habitable. It could not have taken more than five or six minutes for this to be done. They then erected their own tents, which was an easy matter, and the whole camp was arranged within a short time after reaching our destination.

The best tent boy we had was Dheria Ahmud. He had been on many safaris, and in some of the former ones had been well trained in the duties of looking after a lady's comfort, as he did with us. My own tent boy, Mahomet, was poor, and Dheria had to do the bulk of the work, as well as direct Mahomet in his duties. When we arrived in camp these two fixed up the tent, and in the afternoon, when we were out hunting, they laid out the warm clothes for evening wear, which were always carefully brushed, the shoes polished, and the leather puttees carefully cleaned. We would generally get back to camp about dark, when they would have plenty of hot water ready for our baths, after which they took the hunting clothes, dried them if wet, brushed

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them clean, and at times pressed them with an iron which they carried. Then they were folded and placed in the tent, ready for use the following morning.

If we got back to camp at four or five o'clock, they always had tea ready for us, and they waited on us at meals, serving at table with considerable skill, Dheria often decorating the table with wild flowers. They were on very good terms with our cook, Warfu Yusuf, another Somali, who was a great character. We were told that he had some six or seven wives in Somaliland, and many thousands of sheep and cattle, in fact, was a "very rich man," but he preferred safari life and the hard work of cooking to living home in his own country. He was as black as the ace of spades, and always had a red handkerchief tied around his head, flapping in the wind like a veil. He used to appear at our tent every morning before we started out, and ask what we wish to have cooked during the day, describing the larder and supplies on hand. He was the best field cook I have ever seen, having a wonderful intuition about seasoning, as well as being an expert on many dishes, some of them having been better than I have ever tasted elsewhere. For instance, he made the very best of curries, and we found out from him where he got his curry powder, which was a special brand that he insisted upon us getting. In cooking rice, which is one of the staple articles of food of the Somali, he also excelled. With a very limited variety of vegetables, he made each evening a soup that was delicious. He was



AS WE HUNTED IN LAIRPIA



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far above the average on cooking meats, and he made excellent puddings with the limited ingredients at his command, such as corn-starch, rice, etc. Of course we were able to obtain eggs whenever we were near natives, for they all had flocks of chickens, and the first excursion which Yusuf would make upon arriving at camp was to any nearby village where he would purchase a supply of eggs and usually some chickens. The latter he would keep alive until he wished to use them. Should we march before that time, they would be carried along with their legs tied together, perched on top of some porter's load, or else dangling by the legs in Yusuf's hand. They were passive birds and rarely made any noise or complained of their uncomfortable position. If they had been carried on the march, when we arrived at camp they would be put on the ground and some food thrown within their reach; for they could not move on account of their legs being tied together.

For breakfast we would usually have oatmeal, eggs with ham or fresh meat, potatoes, coffee, tea or chocolate, and jam. If in camp at lunch, we had meat, canned vegetables, stewed fruit or other sweet. But dinner was the important meal. Yusuf started it with a rich and most delicious soup, then we had chops with potatoes, canned peas, beans, tomatoes, corn, or macaroni—at least two of these—then possibly a roast or a bird of some kind, with a pudding garnished with jam or stewed fruits, and followed by crackers, cheese, and coffee.

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It might be imagined that the cooking and serving would be poor, but both were uncommonly well done, and this fact, added to ravenous appetites, left us nothing but praise for Yusuf and his department. His bread was excellent, and he used to make it with sour dough instead of baking powder. Some times he made little tea biscuits, as dainty and palatable as can be secured in any pastry shop.

To the west of the Sungari Hill, where we first camped, huge plains stretched off as far as the eye could see, and in every direction were herds of Masai cattle. Game appeared to be very scarce, if indeed there was any at all. In searching for game the following morning, in some thick bush country which lay to the southwest, I was astonished to see a solitary horseman riding around and around a clump of bush. Approaching, I found him to be an English sportsman, who had chased a lioness into cover and was keeping watch over the bush to see that she did not escape. His story was that while dressing in the morning he had seen from his tent two lions on the skyline, and without waiting for his gun-bearers or rifles, had jumped on his pony and started after them. After a long chase the lions separated, and upon following up one of them he discovered that by mistake he had pursued the lioness. He followed her closely, gaining all the time and the entire run had been nearly five miles. Towards the end he stated he had not been more than twenty-five yards behind her, and she was apparently exhausted. She



NEUMANN'S HARTEBEEST
(*Bubalis neumanni*)



JACKSON'S HARTEBEEST
(*Bubalis leuwei jacksoni*)



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had taken cover in the bush which he was now watching, and he was waiting the arrival of his gun-bearer and an extra pony. As the latter did not appear after some little time, I joined him in a general beat of the surrounding bush, which was quite thick, but we failed to find the beast, she having evidently sneaked out and escaped. It did seem to me somewhat questionable to saddle a pony and start off from camp without any firearms, on a pursuit of this kind, and I could not help wondering whether this was the way he had hunted all through his trip from Baringo, and had so failed to secure any game, which was the story he had to tell us of his experiences.

Later in the day, I encountered some impalla, a fine wart-hog, and several steinbuck, and bagged two of the latter. The impalla I tried very hard to secure, as there was a magnificent buck among them, but he was too wily, and would not permit me to get near him. In the search for him through some dense bush, I almost fell on top of a rhino which had been making himself comfortable in a pool of water in the ravine that I had to cross. I think he desired a closer acquaintance, but I did not, and managed to get out of his way without a serious encounter.

The country from the Sungari Hill north to the N'gari Rongee River, our next camp, consisted of these rolling plains on which the grass had been cropped close and which the sun had burned as dry as a bone. The only game we found were Jackson's hartebeest, zebra,

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Tommies, and myriads of marabou storks. I had the hard luck to wound one of these Jackson's hartebeest, without being able to recover it. They were the first that we had seen. They are far larger and finer looking than the Coke's, which we had been accustomed to up to this time, and which here were entirely absent and were not again encountered during our trip. The Jackson and Neumann were the only ones that are found in the country over which our route now took us. Between the N'gari Rongee River and the Buyout River, which we reached on January 28th, we had our first sight of beisa, or oryx, as this animal is generally known in East Africa, one of which came into view while I was stalking some Jackson's. I at once proceeded after him, but found that he was crossing in front of the main safari, far away to my left, and getting on the side of the road on which Williams was hunting. The latter immediately spied him, and, having a much better opportunity to get a good stalk than I should have had, he went after him. After a very long chase, during which he shot several times, he finally brought him down, having told with five bullets from his .450. With two legs broken the beast had led him a chase of over two miles directly away from the camp, which I reached long before he did. Great was the delight of the safari when one of the porters came in to report that the Sahib had finally bagged this splendid antelope. He was a fine-looking bull, and the horns very heavy and in good condition. The usual jollification occurred when the



CAMP ON THE N'GARI RONGEE



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meat was brought into camp, for it had been many days since the safari had had any.

In the afternoon I proceeded after oryx, which are here somewhat plentiful, but found them very wild, and the only opportunity I had was a long shot, resulting in a miss. Later on I encountered another herd of about a dozen, and accompanying them, but directly in my path, a herd of zebra and two Jackson's hartebeest. I had a most difficult stalk to get over the brow of a slight rise, on account of the zebra occupying the top, but I succeeded, after great patience, in passing them within a distance of about twenty-five yards, and without starting them off on their usual wild scamper of alarm. They watched me curiously but apparently without any fear, and as I paid no attention to them I succeeded in getting past.

The main body of the oryx had disappeared by this time, leaving a lone one which was moving off following the main herd, but the hartebeest were still undisturbed and so far had not noticed me. Just as I was proceeding after them two rhinos came swinging along, one from the right and one from the left. While the wind was favorable for me with one of them, it was not with the other, and I was uncertain as to what their direction would be and how soon they would discover me, for I was lying out on the bare surface of the ground, with no cover whatever. I flattened myself out as much as I could, and watched developments. First one of these brutes commenced to approach me

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and then the other, and their movements were apparently attracting the attention of the hartebeest, until, being unable to stand the delay any longer, I fired at a hartebeest and succeeded in dropping him, a very fine bull, measuring twenty-two inches. At the sound of the shot the rhino became disturbed, one of them galloping off and the other assuming a threatening attitude, endeavoring to locate me. After some little time, he abandoned the search and disappeared, and we recovered the hartebeest head and meat and returned to camp.

This particular hartebeest, which, as I state, I had shot as a Jackson, was subsequently decided by authorities as a Neumann, although it must have been nearly a hundred miles away from the territory where the Neumanns are located. The two which I saw must have been stray specimens far from their customary habitat, and where one would never expect them to be. They are a little smaller than the Jackson's, and of a lighter color, and their horns branch off at the base at a wider angle than the Jackson and have the rings or corrugations nearer to the point of the horn. They are about forty-eight inches high at the shoulder.

Daybreak the next morning found us out seeking oryx, which was one of the principal animals we were after in this district. I saw numbers of them, but could not get near, and their actions confirmed all the warning statements which had been made to me that they were difficult to approach. They certainly were here, but no doubt they had been much hunted, they were as wild as



AN ORYX BEISA SHOT ON GUASO NYIRO. AN APPARENTLY INTERMEDIATE TYPE



ZEBRA SHOT ON GUASO NYIRO



CAMPING AND ITS INCIDENTS

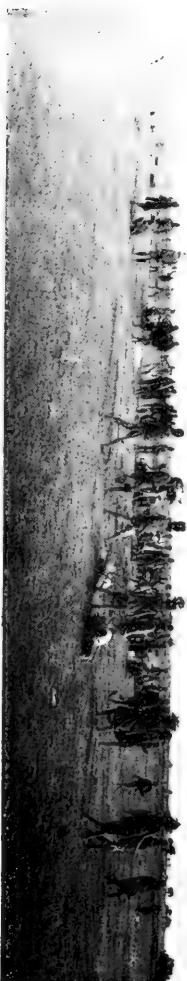
hawks. I also saw a number of rhinos, and zebras, and Tommies in hundreds, but neither of us succeeded in getting a shot at an oryx. The next day, therefore, we broke camp and marched to the northwest, locating near a swamp that looked promising for game, and which lay close to the Guaso Nyiro. At this point, Kenia lay to the southeast of us, and loomed up with its beautiful snow-covered peak, apparently not more than fifteen to twenty miles away. The plains we were on practically formed the foothills of the mountain.

During our day's march we had seen nothing but Tommies and zebras, but signs of lion had become numerous, and the bare plains were replaced by thick bush country, with plenty of good running water. It was the most attractive-looking game country that we had encountered since leaving the Tana, and our camp was pitched in a beautiful spot. The weather was cool and pleasant. My aneroid located the camp here about 7200 feet altitude. The thermometer dropped low during the night and in the morning the ground was covered with hoar frost.

CHAPTER XIV

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION OF NATIVES

WE had here our first serious official difficulty. As I have stated, when we were in camp at Sungari Hill there were some native flocks belonging to the Masai covering the plains, and we had been in sight of another hunting party passing through on their way to Rumeruti from the Guaso Nyiro and Baringo. In the morning two old Masai came into camp and stated that during the preceding night our Somalis had stolen and killed one of their sheep. They pointed to a spot not more than two or three hundred yards away from where our tents were pitched as the place where the deed had been committed. All three of us had been sitting up, talking, on that particular evening until nearly eleven o'clock, and should of course have observed the light of a fire or the absence from camp of the Somalis, whose tent was so near ours, that the noise of their conversation was constantly audible. We had started our hunting next morning at dawn, and were consequently aroused about half past four. The Somalis were in camp then, and this would have left them but four or five hours to have their feast. As the men were with us both the day preceding the alleged crime and the day following, they would have had no sleep, yet they showed no traces whatever of fatigue. We had never found them to engage in such practices, and we did not believe that the Masai



BREAKING CAMP



FIRST CAMP, GUASO NYIRO



GOVERNMENT PROTECTION OF NATIVES

were telling the truth. The only "evidence" that the latter produced was a piece of skin of the sheep in question, which might just as well have been killed by a hyena as by the Somalis. Therefore, after questioning the Somalis and the other men in the camp, we refused to consider the Masai's claim for recompense, telling them that our men had not stolen their sheep, and bade them be gone from the camp.

At one of our camps, about three days later, the same old Masai and his companion, accompanied by two askaris from Fort Nyeri, marched up and demanded audience. They repeated their claim for damages. We organized a court, and heard their charges, one of our Masai porters interpreting for them through a Swahili. We had this checked up by interpretations through our tent boy, Dheria, whose integrity and honesty were unquestioned from all experience we had with him. After giving the matter the most careful investigation, we again came to the conclusion that the Somalis were not guilty. The entire testimony was listened to by the askaris as well as by the accusing Masai. They thereupon left us and returned to Nyeri.

After a few days they again appeared and presented the following letter, from the District Commissioner:

(Seal) DISTRICT COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

NYERI 31st January, 1908.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that the 2 askaris sent out by me to investigate the charge of stealing sheep brought by certain Masai against the Somali members of your caravan have reported to

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the District Commissioner that, although you yourself gave them every assistance in carrying out my instructions, your Somali servants at the instigation of your head Somali and unbeknown to you threatened them that if they pushed the investigation they would give them each five strokes with a kiboko; and that they further intimidated and abused them.

The District Commissioner informs me that, in consequence of this, the askaris report that they were unable to obtain any information regarding the theft as alleged by the Masai.

As the result of this report the District Commissioner has issued a warrant for the arrest of your Somali headman, on a charge of resisting the Police in the performance of their duties. He is well aware that in taking this step he must necessarily cause you and your party much personal inconvenience and for this reason he is indeed sorry that he is compelled to act in this way in consequence of the seriousness of the allegations made by the police askaris. He wishes me to inform you that he will thoroughly investigate the charges and further that in the event of having to inflict a fine by way of punishment, he will at once release the accused Somali on receiving an undertaking from you that the fine will be paid. It might therefore save you some inconvenience if you would send some such undertaking by the askaris who will accompany the accused.

The Masai declare that they can promise an eye witness to the theft of the sheep, and a warrant has been issued for his arrest. If, however, their witness cannot be produced, no arrest will of course be made.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant

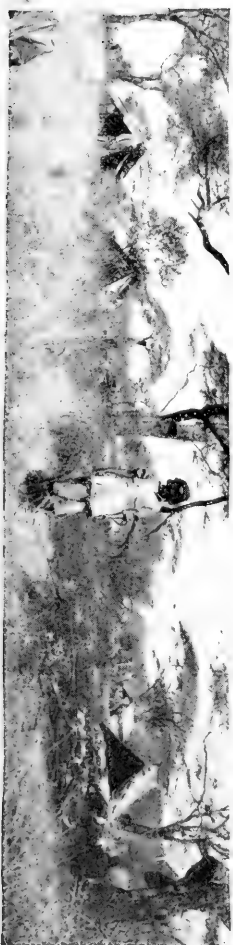
(Signed) F. B. PIGOTT,

Assistant District Commissioner.

The charge that our Somalis abused the Masai or the askaris was absolutely without foundation, for they were never out of sight from the time they were in our camp. We had fed them and treated them well, but had refused to have the Masai sit under our tent awning while we were at meals, as their presence was most objectionable on account of their odor. We had also



KIRYU MEN



CAMP IN BUSH COUNTRY



GOVERNMENT PROTECTION OF NATIVES

ordered them to leave the camp and return to the fort, but this was the extent of the abuse or intimidation. There had been no resistance whatever to the police. We now asked the askaris whether they had reported that they had not received information in regard to the theft, and they advised us that they were perfectly satisfied that the theft had not been committed. So was our Masai interpreter, who, naturally, would stand by his own tribe against the Somalis, had there been any reasonable doubt in his mind. We demanded the warrant which had been mentioned in the District Commissioner's letter, and as the askaris could not produce it, we declined to give up Ali Aden, our headman. Had we done so, our entire outfit would have been badly crippled, and we had no time to waste by going back to Nyeri and arguing the thing out before the District Commissioner. So I wrote a conciliatory letter to him, saying that as the askaris did not present a warrant, we had not given up Ali, and also explaining the inconvenience that we should suffer from the action which he proposed. The askaris, accompanied by the Masai accusers, again returned to Fort Nyeri.

Possibly a week afterwards the same procession of two askaris and two Masai again appeared. I might state in parenthesis that the value of the sheep in question would not have exceeded a couple of dollars, but there was a principle involved, and we did not intend to submit to blackmail on the part of the Masai. We were now out of the jurisdiction of the District Commissioner at Nyeri, and were in the territory

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

covered by the fort at Rumeruti. At this last interview the askaris presented another letter from Fort Nyeri, dated February 6, 1908.

SIR,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. addressed to my Asst. District Commr.

I regret to have to inform you that I cannot but consider the explanation the reverse of satisfactory, as I must point out that the statements made are quite worthless in judicial proceedings. I presume all your information has been obtained through the medium of an English speaking Somali, possibly actually the man concerned in the matter, and in any case the interpretation of one Somali in the inquiry into the doings of another Somali without the presence of some one with a knowledge of the language, is quite worthless.

I can assure you there has been no misinterpretation in the matters laid before me, as no interpreter was used, my knowledge of the language having been sufficient for me to dispense with interpreters for several years past. I can see but little hope of securing a conviction, and must therefore let the matter rest. I note, however, that you state that you can clearly prove that no theft of sheep took place by any member of your safari, and if you will furnish me with this proof the matter is ended. I cannot but regret the trouble and inconvenience you have been put to, but you are doubtless aware that the Somali is noted for the trouble he invariably causes with the native and is therefore rigorously excluded from all closed districts such as you are at present travelling in.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant

(Signed) H. SILVERAD,

Acting District Commissioner.

In reply to this I advised that when we returned, if the District Commissioner cared to carry the matter out further, I should be glad to have it submitted to the Court at Nairobi, and would hold myself responsible for any penalty imposed upon me for the actions of my Somalis in this case. I further stated that it was a

GOVERNMENT PROTECTION OF NATIVES

matter of much inconvenience and injustice, and that as I had carefully examined into the merits of the whole case, I was unwilling to have my men stand convicted upon the say-so evidence of a Masai, or the contradictory evidence the Commissioner had evidently obtained through the askaris. I might state that one of the latter was a Sudanese and the other a Masai, both speaking the language of the latter. The Sudanese assured us that the Commissioner had misunderstood the report which he had made, and the Masai confirmed this.

I merely relate this to show the red tape that is necessary in governing the black man, and the trouble occasioned by such a small matter, and not in criticism of the District Commissioner, whose attentions to us were all that could be desired. He was most friendly in every way, and in this matter merely followed out what he conceived to be his duty. Unless the natives can obtain justice at the hands of the Commissioner, be it a great or a small matter, the authority of the Government is of course nullified. While I do not question that the Masai had lost a sheep, possibly by theft from one of the other caravans which passed our camp the day in question, his inability to reach the proper parties and his hatred of the Somali prompted the accusation against our men. The Commissioner's letters evince the dislike most residents feel for the Somali, and show that in many cases he is excluded from "closed districts" such as we were travelling in, and for which are required special permits, similar to that which we had for hunting in the Embo District.

CHAPTER XV

HUNTING THE ORYX BEISA IN LAIKIPIA

TUESDAY, January 28th, Williams went hunting to the left of the camp, and returned with a couple of Tommies and a steinbuck. I proceeded due north for about seven miles, and shot three zebras for food for the camp, as the men were clamoring for meat and really needed it. The coloring of the zebras here was much finer than that of those we had found in the lower country, the black and white being brilliant and the stripes on the faces much narrower.

Having seen signs of oryx still farther to the north, and beyond where I had secured the zebra, I pushed on in that direction the following day, and after a long journey ran into great quantities of these beautiful animals. I must have encountered from ten to fifteen different herds, some of them consisting of as many as twenty or thirty. I stalked several times unsuccessfully, but finally succeeded in getting within range of one band, and, picking out what appeared to be a good, big bull, dropped him with a very long shot—three hundred and eighteen paces by actual measurement. It took two shots to bring him down. A little later I stalked again, and got another bull at about two hundred and fifty yards. Both specimens were good, the first measuring thirty-one and a half inches long and nine



BEISA ORYX
(*Oryx beisa*)



HUNTING THE ORYX BEISA IN LAIKIPIA

and a half inches from tip to tip, and the second an inch shorter. It gave me a great sense of relief to have finally secured the two specimens of this beautiful antelope—all that is allowed by the license. In my opinion they take about as much killing as any animal in Africa, not even excepting the hartebeest.

The variety found here is known as beisa oryx, which belongs to the same genus as the gemsbuck farther south, and is also a near relation of the oryx calotis, or tufted oryx found south of the Tana River. The descriptions given of the beisa invariably call attention to the fact that the black stripe does not extend down to the throat stripe underneath the jaw. In the four which we secured here, however, the eye stripe was the same as in the tufted oryx, extending underneath the jawbone, and the ears, instead of being devoid of fringe, had an incipient indication of such growth. It would appear as if at this point there is a mixture between the two varieties. The animal stands about four feet at the shoulder, and weighs about four hundred and fifty pounds. It is very heavily built at the shoulders, with a tremendous neck, in proportion to the general size, giving great strength for fighting, and the skin on the neck is about an inch and a half thick. It is no mean antagonist with those tremendous rapiers, for their horns are as sharp as skewers. This oryx is of a gray fawn color, with a black stripe down the eye, a black shield in the centre of the face, a black stripe down the gullet, marks about the

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

knees, and a black stripe separating the color of the back from the white belly. Their horns carry out the same plane as the face, with a very slight curve and diverging very little. The females have horns as long and sometimes longer than the males, but more slender.

Williams also saw a number of bands of oryx, and finally wounded one, and had it down, but it got away, and although he pursued it till dark, it escaped. He brought in two Grant's and two Tommies. We had both travelled far from camp and covered a great many miles. Four giraffes were seen, and many signs of lions were visible around the camp. We heard them during the night, as indeed we did at most of our camps in Laikipia.

The hard work of the preceding day prompted me to take it somewhat easy next morning, although Williams started off at dawn, the customary hour at which we commenced our day's work, and which occurred here about twenty minutes to six. I started out to hunt around the bushes to the north of the camp, and which looked like lion country and was the direction in which we had heard these beasts the previous night. After going some little distance, I saw what looked like a red rock lying close underneath some bushes about a hundred yards away. I had started to go by when I looked again and fancied it bore some resemblance to a lion. I put up my glasses, and then was sure that it was a lion. Both my gun-bearers agreed with me, and great excitement prevailed. While we were looking at



FIRST CAMP, PESI SWAMP



CAMP ON THE PLAINS OF LAIKIPIA WITH MT. KENIA IN THE DISTANCE



HUNTING THE ORYX BEISA IN LAIKIPIA

the beast, but well hidden, it moved and stretched itself, then we saw a large mane and I promptly fired. There was no motion, and I fired again, then, finding that the beast lay still, and having heard the bullets hit, we approached and found that our "lion" was nothing but an enormous hyena. Both bullets had struck it in the head, which explained the absence of movement, and I felt encouraged to think of what would have happened had it really been a lion. My subsequent shooting, however, convinced me that they were uncommonly lucky shots, for afterwards as well as before I missed at the same range on targets quite as large. The men said that this hyena was the largest they had ever seen. It was in wonderfully good condition, clean and with good, thick hair—quite different from the others we saw during the trip, which were the dirtiest, mangiest, and meanest-looking beasts that one can imagine.

A little later I saw two oryx, and stalked one to within about twenty-five yards, when I endeavored to get his photograph. But he dodged around a bush, and by the time I got the camera in position to take him he was on the gallop, and the plate was a failure. I sat down to watch another oryx that we found, keeping perfectly still, but very foolishly leaving my camera in the hands of a porter about twenty feet away. When the animal's attention was first attracted to us, he stood watching us for quite a little while in an attitude of attention and investigation. Subsequently he resumed his feeding, and then, little by little, approached nearer and nearer until he could not have been thirty yards

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

away. There he stood in full view, looking at our little band of men, but I was afraid to alarm him by trying to get my camera. It was a great opportunity to have photographed him in life, but was one of those blunders that constantly happen with the unexpected. I had never anticipated getting so close to an oryx, after all the difficulty I had had in approaching them when I wished to shoot them.

After a long, hard day's hunt, Williams returned with two steinbuck, one of them a very good specimen. He had seen oryx, zebra, and Jackson's hartebeest. He had been after oryx, but had been unable to get a shot at one.

During the last two days my Somali tent boy, Dheria Ahmud, had been very ill with fever, induced, I presume, by the hard marches we had been making, and the results of the poison he had gotten into his system in his trip through Abyssinia and the Sobat country with Sir John Harrington and Mr. McMillan two years before. We gave him every attention for he was an invaluable servant, honest and devoted, and altogether the best Somali that I had seen. We were delighted when he recovered, after having many doses of quinine, which the natives can take in enormous quantities.

The elevation of our camp here was very high, and the temperature during the night got down as low as 42° in the tent, and it was of course considerably colder outside.



DEFASSA WATERBUCK
(*Cobus defassa*)

CHAPTER XVI

FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

THE 30th of January saw us started again, moving our camp to the northward about two and a half hours' march. Here we once more struck the Guaso Nyiro, and found it a fine, good-sized river. The country through which we passed was most attractive, being covered with thick bush, fine trees, and with plenty of water. In the afternoon I crossed the river close to a huge swamp of papyrus, and struck a band of impalla which I pursued diligently for a couple of hours around and around the country which they circled. They would escape me, and subsequently I would locate them again, and finally, after a most careful stalk, I had an opportunity to secure the buck which I had been chasing. But just as I was about to shoot, out from the bush stepped a magnificent waterbuck! I decided to take the latter, as he was the biggest that I had seen, and I dropped him with the first shot, hitting him in the neck. He was a fine specimen of the defassa, with horns measuring twenty-eight and three-quarter inches, spread sixteen and one-half inches and circumference at base ten and one-half inches. He was the first of this defassa or sing-sing waterbuck which we encountered, and was also the best that we got during the trip. They are very similar to the common water-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

buck, except in color, theirs being of a reddish brown instead of gray, with the white color around the eye a little less distinct. But perhaps the principal difference is shown on the rump, which instead of bearing a white ellipse, like the common or ellypsiprimnus waterbuck, is entirely white. The habitat of the defassa is different from the other waterbuck, and we never again met the ellypsiprimnus.

Lion tracks were plentiful, but with the exception of impalla and some Tommies, I saw no game. Williams secured a wart-hog and a zebra, but again failed to get his oryx, which seemed to hoodoo him, just as the wart-hog had so far defied my efforts.

The temperature during the preceding night went down to about 40° in the tent, and the elevation was about 6950 feet. During the day the temperature in the shade was delightful, but it was, of course, hot in the sun.

The following day we moved on to the Engobit River, where our camp was among hills and in very broken country. The journey took about three and a quarter hours, and on the way we saw some impalla and great numbers of Tommies, of which we bagged quite a good head. Williams was ill on this march, from the effects of the sun, and suffered a great deal with his head. Our Masai guides told us that there was no game in the region, but we mistrusted their information, although we did not see many signs of the oryx, which was principally what Williams wanted. We both wanted lions more than anything else, of course.



JACKSON HARTBEEST SHOT ON SUGAR RIVER



DEASSA WATERBUCK



FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

We were now en route to the Pesi Swamp, with the ultimate direction towards Rumeruti. We struck the swamp near the main road between Nyeri and Rumeruti, camping, after a march of four and three-quarter hours. On the road we met Messrs. Montgomery and Barnes, of the Treasury Department, on their way east from Baringo, where they had been collecting the hut-tax receipts. They reported that the country in that direction and through Laikipia was dried up, and so contained no game.

During the day I shot an impalla, and Williams two Grant's and one Tommie. We pitched our camp some distance back from the edge of the swamp. While diligently searching for lions in the afternoon a rhino suddenly rose up out of the grass about twenty-five yards in front. My approach had evidently disturbed him, for he was looking for me, with his head twisting in every direction. I quickly decided that his was a better head than the one I had, and promptly gave him both barrels, aiming at a point between the eye and the ear. Evidently I missed this spot, which would have reached his brain, for he did not fall, although he seemed dazed, and I had time to slip two more cartridges into my rifle and empty these into his shoulder, before he broke away on a lumbering trot and I after him. I had to run as fast as I could to overtake him at all, but every time I did I fired, and after a mile and a half's run he finally dropped. He had made no effort to charge, although when first disturbed, he was apparently looking for the cause of the row.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

The front horn was twenty inches long and quite heavy. He measured ten feet from his nose to the root of his tail, which was twenty-two inches in length, and stood five feet three or four inches in height at the shoulder, as near as I could measure, and as he lay on the ground the thickness of his body measured four feet. The color was a light, slate gray and he looked quite clean, but his belly was covered with enormous ticks. Many of the rhinos which we saw looked reddish, no doubt owing to the mud and the color of the water in which they had been accustomed to bathe. I had been intending to wait to get a larger set of horns, but these were reasonably satisfactory, so I decided to take him, and was afterward glad that I did so, for he was the last one I had a shot at on my trip, rhinos becoming quite scarce from this point. He had nine shot-holes in his head and twelve in his body. The last four or five were perhaps unnecessary, as he would have died from any of the first ones, but I kept shooting at him until he was perfectly quiet, not desiring to have the experience which Mr. Eastebrook had.

He, it seems, was out shooting somewhere near Lake Baringo, when he came upon several rhinos. He shot one at a short distance and dropped it in its tracks. Thinking that it was dead, he proceeded with his morning's hunt, and, after a considerable time, returned to the rhino, with which he had left one of his boys to skin the head. He found the animal on his feet and apparently uninjured. The gun-bearer was so fright-



RHINO SHOT AT PESI SWAMP



FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

ened that he decamped, evidently attracting the beast's attention by his flight. Mr. Eastbrook fired and the rhino fell heavily, and soon lay quiet. He then approached, and while he was looking the huge beast over it suddenly got up on its feet. The first shot failed to stop it, and in an instant the brute was heading at a full charge straight at Mr. Eastbrook, who endeavored to get out of the way by dodging quickly, but slipped and fell. The rhino immediately knelt on him and then tossed him over his head, the horn puncturing his leg. Eastbrook went so high in the air that he saw the rhino under him as he went hurtling through space. He was thrown a second time, and a third, and possibly more.

He must have fainted after the first toss, and when he recovered his consciousness he found that he had a dreadful wound in the leg, was bruised all over the body, and his right arm and four ribs were broken. He also had a compound fracture of the wrist, the bones sticking out through the flesh, and generally, he was a crippled wreck. He lay a long time in the sun before help came, during which, in intervals of consciousness, he wondered whether it would be the vultures or the hyenas which would finish him off. After some two or three hours his gun-bearer and porters found him, bleeding from his various wounds. They made a tourniquet for his leg, then rigged up a litter and started for camp, a five hours' march.

The nearest doctor was some seventy-five or a hun-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

dred miles away, but he at once sent a runner for him, and during the night was carried to the fort at Baringo, a twelve hours' journey, during which he must have suffered untold agony. It was forty hours after he was hurt before he reached European assistance, when his wounds were washed and dressed for the first time. It was eight days after he was hurt before the doctor finally appeared, and by then gangrene had set in, and the arm had to be amputated. It was many a long day before he recovered from the dreadful mauling he had received.

Mr. Eastebrook's marvelous recovery was paralleled by the case of Mr. Richard Berridge, who shot a buffalo in German East Africa, and, thinking it was dead, followed it into the long grass. Following the custom of his kind, the wounded beast had turned on his back tracks and waited for the hunter to get opposite him. He charged the hunter from the rear like a whirlwind and caught the man, bringing him to the ground, severely lacerating him with his horns and then tossing him over his head. Berridge landed in a heap well to the rear, and the buffalo turned instantly, caught the prostrate man in the ribs with his horns, and again flung him high into the air. By this time the poor fellow was insensible, for the point of the horn had broken two or three of his ribs and perforated one of the lungs. Not content with this, the buffalo, wounded nearly to death as he was, knelt on Berridge's chest and thirsty from his own wounds and bleeding,



RHINO AND GUN BEARERS



FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

proceeded to lick Berridge's face, probably for the salt resulting from perspiration. Every place where the animal's rough tongue (which is like a rasp) touched the skin, the cuticle was lifted as if taken off by a file. The kneeling on the chest did still more serious damage by forcing the lung out of the hole in the side. Mercifully, all things came to an end, and the buffalo dropped over dead alongside his victim.

In a short time Berridge was found by his men and carried out from the swampy ground where he was lying to a nearby tree. Undoubtedly the soft ground on which he had fallen prevented the breaking of every bone in his body, from the great weight of the buffalo kneeling on him. Berridge's companion was immediately notified by a runner, and brought to the camp as rapidly as possible to where the wounded man lay. They had been hunting for some time and their supply of medical stores was extremely limited, there being no antiseptic left in their medicine chest but listerine. With this the wounds were washed and such dressing given to the wounds as amateur skill made possible. A runner was immediately sent for a doctor, several days' journey away, but it was ten days before he finally reached Berridge, who well recognized what danger he was in. His wonderful constitution conquered the blood poisoning, and some weeks later he was transported to the coast in a litter and sent home.

There are a great many tragedies occasioned by rhinos, and some few comedies. What came near being

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

a tragedy equal to the foregoing was the experience of Mr. Bayard Dominick, of New York, who, on his very first day in camp, started out to hunt and saw a rhino approaching him. He was instantly seen by the beast, which started full-tilt for him. Having been thoroughly posted as to the etiquette and the customary proceedings on such occasions, Mr. Dominick awaited the on-coming rhino and shot him through the chest with his .450. The rhino, however, did not play the game according to rules, but kept coming on, so Dominick fired again. By this time the rhino was almost on top of the hunter, who had been advised that the proper thing to do was to turn at right angles to the rhino's charge, dodging like a toreador does. The rhino, however, again ignored all rules, and turned just as quickly. Again and again the beast chased Dominick, at times so close that the hunter could see the horns over his shoulder as he dodged, twisted and turned in the hope of throwing the rhino off. This continued for several minutes, and Dominick was almost exhausted when, fortunately, a gun-bearer came up and distracted the attention of the rhino by shooting. Between them they dropped the beast, and Dominick's life was saved.

There are many such instances to be recorded in regard to their charges. An amusing one occurred in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson, who accompanied us on the *Burgomeister*, and then took a preliminary hunt with Colonel Patterson, of man-eating lion fame. Mr. and Mrs. Saunderson were mounted on mules, and

FEROCITY OF RHINOS AND BUFFALOES

were travelling along quietly when a pugnacious rhino hove in sight, and made a bee-line charge for the safari, directly at the point where the Saundersons were. Mr. Saunderson's mule threw him, and Mrs. Saunderson's bolted and unseated her. Both were sitting on the ground facing the on-coming rhino, with death staring them in the face, when Mrs. Saunderson, with no weapon except an umbrella, suddenly opened the latter in the face of the rhino, deflecting his charge so that he passed between her and her husband and left them unscathed from the encounter. The picture of the rhino being turned from his charge by a green and white umbrella, his two intended victims sitting on the ground in front of him, is probably more amusing at a distance than it was at the moment.

CHAPTER XVII

ELEPHANTS NEAR US

WILLIAMS circled around the territory back of the camp, and on the ridges away from the swamp, and returned with two fine Grant's gazelle, a couple of hares, and a fine bunch of birds, which latter he had secured with his shotgun, so our larder was well provided with delicacies. As our camp here was quite high and apparently healthy, we decided to remain in order to dry and prepare the skins which we had secured recently, and which needed a great deal of attention.

In the morning I took a very easy hunt, returning with a couple of Tommies, which were all the game I saw except zebra. In the direction of my dead rhino, Williams secured the largest impalla which we had so far bagged, measuring twenty-six and one-quarter inches in length, and he also added two Tommies to the general store.

In front of our camp the stream which came from the swamp divided and formed an island of about twenty-five acres in extent. This was apparently used at night by a great many animals, who had been little disturbed by hunting. At the upper end the island opened out into a plain leading to a drinking-place which the game had apparently established. Williams stationed himself over there late in the afternoon and

ELEPHANTS NEAR US

remained until it was dark. While watching the trees surrounding the open meadow, something moving attracted his attention. He remained motionless for a while, when out stepped a serval cat, which cautiously examined everything in sight before it left the cover of the foliage. It was dusk at the time and almost impossible to distinguish the rifle sights, but Williams managed to bag him. On three successive nights he repeated the performance, each time getting one of these cats, which stand about eighteen inches high and have rather a short tail. The body is almost the same color as a cheetah, and has similar dark, solid spots over it. They are pugnacious little brutes, and one that Williams wounded but did not kill outright promptly jumped at him. The brute was so far gone, however, that it did no damage. Had it not been so badly injured, its claws and teeth might have given considerable trouble. He also secured a couple of Grant's, and I had similar luck.

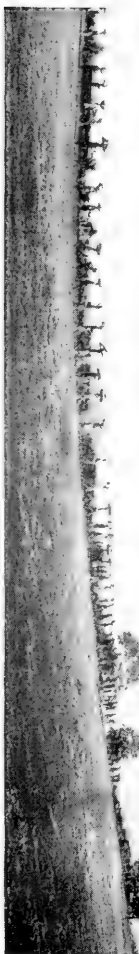
While we were at luncheon that day we were somewhat surprised at the approach of an Englishman, followed by gun-bearers, who came into our camp and introduced himself as Mr. Ashton Blythe, and who advised us that he and his wife were accompanying Colonel J. H. Patterson on a hunting and exploring trip to Lake Rudolph. Shortly after, the two others of his party arrived and lunched with us. We had met Colonel Patterson before in Nairobi, but it was a great pleasure to see him again with his companions and hear

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from him at first hand some of the stories of his wonderful experiences with the "Man-eating lions of Tsavo," which book has made him famous throughout the world. It is hardly probable that any man has had a more nerve-racking time with lions than he had in his dreadful experiences during the construction of the Uganda Railroad, when the whole operation was held up by the depredations of a couple of these man-eating beasts. We dined together and met frequently in the succeeding few days.

The tragic end of Mr. Blythe, news of which reached us at Djibouti on our way home, was most deplorable. The story, as I understand it, is that Colonel Patterson had invited his friends to accompany him on a trip to Lake Rudolph, where he was going to make arrangements for dividing the present large game reserve there into two portions, it being at that time too large to be thoroughly protected and guarded. Apparently a fever contracted in South Africa during the Boer war had broken out in a violent form again on the present journey and put Mr. Blythe out of his head, for in delirium one morning he fatally shot himself with his rifle.

As Chief Game Warden of the Province, Colonel Patterson, while at camp very kindly wrote an official letter to Mr. Lane, the Commissioner at Fort Hall, asking permission for me to retain the cow buffalo shot by mistake, as a trophy and memento of the encounter in which our Somali gun-bearer had been tossed and badly wounded.



SAFARI ON THE MARCH



THE HIGH ROLLING COUNTRY OF LAIKIPIA



ELEPHANTS NEAR US

During the afternoon of our first day in camp I hunted over the ridges about a mile away from the edges of the swamp, looking for Chanler's reedbuck and antelope of various kinds, but without seeing anything except the customary game, which I did not desire.

The following morning I went through the forest on the edge of the swamp, and towards the southern end of it, about three miles from camp, found signs of a herd of about ten elephants that had evidently been through the forest the preceding day, while I was hunting on the ridge. Their tracks were all through the forest, and so many branches of the trees were torn off that it looked as if a cyclone had swept through there. The herd consisted of one big bull, a number of cows, and some half-grown calves. They had gone through the forest up to within about two miles of our camp, and then the tracks led into the vast papyrus swamp, which is about ten miles long and two or three wide. We hunted in every direction for the herd, but they had evidently passed through on their way between the Aberdare range of mountains and Mt. Kenia, and were merely migrating.

In the afternoon I took Mrs. Madeira down to see the elephant tracks and the destruction the huge beasts had wrought among the trees, and, incidentally, to look for lions. I was on foot, and she followed me on her mule at an interval of about twenty-five yards. The undergrowth all through the forest here was very thick

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bush, with occasional open places. I was travelling very carefully, inspecting every bush in front and on either side of me, when I heard Mrs. Madeira snap her fingers. I turned quickly, whereupon she indicated a point at which she was looking intently. I crept back just in time to see the hindquarters and tail of a lion disappearing through the bushes. My passage had apparently disturbed the brute, which had been lying down under a bush and behind some others which had hidden him from my view, but over which Mrs. Madeira, from the back of her mule, had been able to see. She had stopped suddenly, and she and the lion—a full black maned one—had gazed at each other at a distance which I afterwards ascertained by pacing to be twenty-four yards. It must have taken me half a minute to creep back, during which the two stood staring at each other at this close range—somewhat of a nerve-racking experience for a woman. Either he heard me returning or his curiosity was satisfied, for he decided to get out, which he did in a great hurry, preventing me from getting a shot. Upon searching the ground, we found tracks of two of them, evidently a lion and a lioness, but although we beat the bushes in every direction, we could not locate them again, they having evidently gone into the swamp or cleared out entirely from that section. This was the finest lion that any of us saw during the trip.

In the morning we had hopes that we might encounter him, as the night was quite cold, and we thought

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that he might come out and get in the sun to warm up; so at daybreak we took with us about twenty porters and again thoroughly beat the bush and all the section in the neighborhood of where we had seen him. The hunt was continued until midday, but, although we saw many signs of lions through the bush, we disturbed nothing but zebra, eland, and Tommies.

While sitting in camp that afternoon two or three bands of Tommies and Grant's, grazing not far from the tent, attracted my attention. One of the Tommies seemed to have a very large set of horns, so, going back of the tent about fifty yards, I stalked him, and secured a fine head without the slightest difficulty.

At this place the animals were quite tame, feeding within two or three hundred yards of our camp and being visible almost all the time. Apparently they had no fear whatever of the camp or its noises.

In the afternoon and again on the following morning we continued our search for lions and elephants. There were no fresh indications of elephant, but there were plenty of signs of lions. However, hunting for them in this bush country was like looking for the proverbial needle in the haystack.

As our supplies were now getting low we broke camp on Friday, the 7th, and moved into Rumeruti, about two hours' journey away. We here secured the necessary supplies, and packed up the accumulation of skins and horns for shipment to Nairobi, sending them by porters which we obtained at this point to Gil Gil,

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the nearest railway station, some four or five days' journey away. We also sent out letters and received the mail that had been waiting for us for some time.

We again met Colonel Patterson and his party, and upon telling him of our disappointment about lions, he advised us to go back to where he had been the night before we first met him, as he had at that point found a lion kill on the Sugari River. He carefully described its location, and told us he had built a zareba near the dead eland, and that Mr. and Mrs. Blythe and he had sat up all night watching it. Two lions had approached, but although they had fired a number of times and found marks of blood in the morning, they had failed to secure either of them. He also advised us that the territory between the Engobit and Sugari Rivers was the best lion country that he knew of in the neighborhood.

These animals were the principal ones which we were now hunting. In fact, we were commencing to get what we termed "lionitis," and nothing else was in our thoughts. The strain and tension occasioned by hunting for these beasts morning after morning and night after night commenced to tell on our nerves. There is a good deal of luck in getting a lion, as we learned afterwards, for when one is not looking for them they are likely to be found, whereas one is rarely successful when one hunts for them.

Our alum, for the curing of skins, had given out, and there was none to be had at Rumeruti. We there-



CHEETAH



HYENA



ELEPHANTS NEAR US

fore had instructed our porters to wait at Gil Gil for a supply of this to be sent from Nairobi, we having telegraphed to Newland, Tarleton & Company to forward it on the next train. A protracted stay at the forts, while it may be very pleasant to the sportsmen, is utterly demoralizing to the safari, so we did not remain any longer than was necessary to fix up what business we had. In spite of protests on the part of our safari, we left the next morning at ten o'clock.

We followed north on the right-hand side of the Guaso Narok for a couple of hours, and then branched off to the East, across country, and landed again on the Pesi River, about five miles below the swamp on which we had camped a few days before. This was excellent game country, and zebras being especially plentiful and not very wild.

As apparently this section had not been hunted for a long time, we thought it would be a good place to try for lions, so we each killed a zebra, one as food for the men and the other as bait. The latter was left in a position where it could be easily stalked the following morning, but no lion appeared. The men, however, got all the meat, so it was not wasted. I saw a very fine band of impalla here, but could not get the buck, although I followed them along the stream for several hours.

CHAPTER XVIII

LION HUNTING BY NIGHT AND DAY

ON February 9th we packed up and moved across the country to our first camp at the Pesi Swamp, a march of only an hour and three-quarters. On the way we encountered innumerable Grant's, Tommies, and zebra, and guinea-hens by the hundreds. Just before reaching camp I shot a Tommie for our own table.

As our method of hunting lions up to the present time had been a failure, we decided to build a zareba at the north end of the swamp, and about twenty-five men were put to work on this job. Branches of thorn trees were cut off and laid on the ground in a circle and then other branches were added until it made a thin and straggly hedge about six or seven feet high. It is painful work to handle these thorn-trees, for the wood is tough and the branches are difficult to cut, all the wood being covered with these dreadful spikes, and the men dislike the job extremely. After the circle is completed a small passageway is left, and a branch is placed so it can be drawn up and fill this entrance. The whole affair is the flimsiest and most rickety looking protection against a great beast like a lion, which could without difficulty pull the whole thing apart or jump into the middle of it, when the hunter would be absolutely defenseless and escape impossible.

LION HUNTING BY NIGHT AND DAY

We did not wish to disturb any lion that might be in the neighborhood by firing a number of shots, so, with a limit of one shot, I started out in the afternoon to secure a zebra. I located a herd of them and some thirty or forty eland about a quarter of a mile from the zareba, but found it difficult to get close enough to drop the zebra at the first shot, as the eland were very wild and helped to alarm the other animals every time I got near them. In the end I got a good shot, putting it a little back of the shoulder of the zebra, and knocking him over. Expecting him to die every minute, I waited about seventy-five yards away. The actions of the rest of the troop were interesting. At the shot, they immediately dashed away for a short distance, stood, and watched me. Then two of them returned to the wounded one, smelling him, and every now and then making short rushes in my direction, barking at and apparently threatening me. This kept up for a minute or two, when the wounded zebra struggled to his feet, and the other two closed in on either side of him, as if to give him their support or encouragement, and I could not help wondering whether their idea really was to take care of the animal and help him off. It seems entirely too logical for their reasoning powers, but when one has seen wounded buffalo guarded by a sentry it does not seem improbable that the zebra exercises the same care of his mate. It is possible that, as I was lying on the ground, the zebra took me for a hyena, and they would no doubt be able to protect an injured

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mate from the attacks of such a beast. The whole incident occupied but a few minutes, and their efforts were unavailing, as the wounded one could proceed only a few steps before he fell dead. I wondered at the time whether a troop of zebra would attack a man. If they did, they would be no mean antagonists, if they attacked in a body, as their biting and kicking would give them a very formidable attack or defense.

I have already called attention to the fact that the zebra in this section were larger and handsomer than those we met in the Kenia Province, near the Tana. The black and white were brilliant to an extreme, and their coats were in fine condition. When standing in the shadow of a tree, a zebra is almost invisible. In other lights, when the sun is striking him, he is white, silver, or black, dependent upon the angle of the sunlight, and while one would imagine that with his bizarre stripings of black and white he could be readily distinguished, such is not always the case. This subject, however, verges on "protective coloring," which is too scientific and deep for me to discuss, and it has already been so thoroughly exploited by the well known pen of Mr. Selous in his book of "African Notes," that I shall not enter into it.

The zebra was dragged to the zareba, which was finished just before dark, and Williams and I, with two gun-bearers, proceeded to ensconce ourselves for the night watch. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and quite comfortable so far as the temperature was



ALI MIRRA, BACCARI AND PORTERS ON PLAINS OF LAIKIPIA



LION HUNTING BY NIGHT AND DAY

concerned, but not as regards mosquitoes. It is the most dreadfully sleepy work, however, and I found it difficult to stay awake. It is of course essential to remain perfectly still, and in a cramped position this is not easy. The zebra, which was tied with ropes to a stake driven far into the ground, was not more than ten feet from where we lay, yet at times it was almost impossible to distinguish the outline. I realized then how easy it would be for a lion to approach unseen, even in the brilliant moonlight which we had that night. But nothing happened; we had no visitors, not even a hyena. At daybreak several porters arrived from the camp to let us out of the zareba, and we returned rather done-up from want of sleep and the discomforts of the all-night watch.

We left Mrs. Madeira alone in the camp, she having not the slightest fear, although surrounded by this big safari of wild, black savages. Familiarity with them, and the realization of their respect and deference for white people, were imbued very early in our trip. I left her in the care of the Somalis, Ali and Dheria. One of them slept in front of her tent, and the other at the rear. During the nights that I was away in the zareba, they looked upon her as their particular charge, and I do not believe that they would have allowed man or beast to approach or disturb her. I am sure they would have given their lives to protect her, and she had the same confidence in them.

On the following day I travelled far from

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the camp, to the west of the swamp, and finally approached some foothills which I presume commence to rise here towards the Aberdare Mountains. Nothing but the usual game was encountered, until finally, in an open spot, I saw what looked to be a leopard and three cubs sitting up and watching us intently. They had evidently seen us from a long distance, and as soon as I got the glasses on them they dashed away up the hill and disappeared. It seemed a useless proceeding to hunt all that hill in the hope of encountering them, but we did it. After worming our way all around the top and sides for three or four hours, something underneath a tree attracted our attention, and the animal immediately sat up with all her family around her. My first shot broke her front legs, and she turned a somersault forward from the little elevation on which she was sitting, and, with a growl, whirled around as well as she could in her crippled condition. My second shot laid her out, but did not kill her. At the first shot, the cubs dashed off into the bush, and I picked up a small rifle in an effort to get one but missed. I then approached the wounded animal, and found her full of fight, even though mortally wounded. A shot in the head finished her, when we discovered that instead of being a leopard, it was a fine female cheetah, measuring seventy-seven and one-half inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, and in good fur. I was delighted to get this specimen which was the only one I saw. I understand that in some districts they are quite plentiful,

LION HUNTING BY NIGHT AND DAY

though rarely seen. They certainly were not numerous where we were.

On the way back to camp, we met a Masai, who was tending a large herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, and was apparently a long way from his village. He had robbed an ostrich nest and gave my porters three of the eggs. It is against the law to disturb the nests of these birds, so, as I could not return the eggs, I confiscated them. We tried to make an omelet out of one of them, but did not find it very attractive, and the men in our camp had no use whatever for the contents of the eggs, declaring that they did not like them.

Williams constructed another zareba at the opposite end of the swamp from where we had been the preceding night, and near where Mrs. Madeira and I had seen lion and elephant tracks. There was here a little water-hole to which the animals came down from the neighboring plains and hills. The preceding day zebra had been there in hundreds, so we felt sure there would be no difficulty in getting bait. The uncertainty of these animals was evidenced here, however, for though Williams hunted all the afternoon for them, and saw quantities, they were so wild that it was impossible to get within shooting distance. The result was that he had no bait, but he finally decided to stay in the zareba and watch to see if any animals would come down to water. He hoped that a lion would be among them, but his night was entirely uneventful, nothing appearing. He returned to camp very much done up from the two nights' hard watching in the zarebas.

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My Somali gun-bearer, Ali Mirra, was ill the following day, so I left alone with Baccari for a long trip eastward towards Kenia and the Engobit River, in country which so far we had not touched. On our way we saw great numbers of ostriches, which, I have so far neglected to mention, we frequently encountered in our hunts. We also passed various herds of zebra, Grant's, Tommies, and eland. At the point on the Engobit River which we reached, we found the stream dried up with the exception of a few stagnant pools, around which lion tracks were innumerable, some of them being the largest foot-prints of this animal that we saw on the entire trip. We followed the spoor for hours along the bank of the river, but the brute was apparently travelling far and we failed to run across him or any of the others whose tracks we crossed every little while.

On our way home, coming out of a thick clump of thorn-trees, and before crossing an open plain, about a half mile wide, and with grass a foot high, we noticed some zebra, but no other game. We came out in the open and proceeded to cross, but were astonished to find the zebra, who could not have smelled us and apparently did not see us, dash across our front in a solid line, like a troop of cavalry. They were three or four hundred yards away. Upon putting the glasses on them, I discovered that they were chasing, or apparently so, a lioness, which was bounding along some fifty to seventy-five yards in advance. They were galloping as hard as they could, and so was she. The lioness was



OUR COOK, WARFU YUSUF, AND HIS HELPER



NEAR THE SUGARI RIVER



LION HUNTING BY NIGHT AND DAY

making for some broken bush country, and we immediately struck across the angle after her. We caught sight of her later, after she had reached the timber and escaped from the zebra, but we could not get within shooting distance. I do not pretend to decide whether the zebra were chasing the lioness, or whether it was merely by accident that their charge had roused her from the long grass where she might have been asleep, but the fact remains that they followed her at the short distance stated for two or three hundred yards, either unconscious of her presence until it was too late to stop, or deliberately chasing her in a solid body. It hardly seems as if the latter would be possible, although she was in plain sight and so close to them that they could not have failed to see her. This incident would give an excellent foundation for an interpretation, which I do not attempt.

Having been up all night, Williams rested during the forenoon, and late in the afternoon went out to his serval preserves, and brought in the third of these animals that he had succeeded in capturing. He also saw a leopard, and found the pool of a hippopotamus at the upper edge of the swamp. Innumerable zebras were around our camp at this time.

Early the following morning I rode into Rumeruti and called upon Mr. A. J. Collier, the District Commissioner, procuring from him a Masai guide, or rather two of them, as they always go in couples. It is rarely that one native guide will go alone. He generally has

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to have a companion, whether as protection or for what reason, I do not know, but it is a custom.

This companionship which the natives require when they are out acting as guides shows many curious traits. One pictures them as wild and barbarous, and apparently devoid of affection for their fathers, mothers, brothers, or children, so it seems incongruous to find them holding each other's hands, like a couple of school-girls, when walking together. Sometimes one will throw his arm affectionately over the shoulder of the other, and in many ways evidence a companionship and a feeling of affection that cannot be credited. I was struck by it on many different occasions. The women sit and hold hands, and, in fact you sometimes see men doing the same thing, but you realize that either would unhesitatingly abandon the other if he were injured or incapable of keeping up with the march. I never could understand this peculiarity.

As meat was getting scarce, I shot a Tommie on my way back to camp. I found Williams in his tent, quite ill with a touch of the sun and a high fever, possibly occasioned by his exposure to the mosquitoes which infested the swamp near which he had spent the preceding night in the zareba.



A FINE IMPALLA



CHAPTER XIX

MORE OF LIONS

FEBRUARY 13th we left the Pesi Swamp, and, going eastward, followed the road to Nyeri for a number of miles, then turned to the north and found the dry bed of the Engobit River where Baccari and I had been the day before. We again turned eastward for about two hours' march, then camped on the Sugari River at a point where zebra were innumerable. Herds of ten to twenty were in sight in every direction, and we felt confident that lions must be plentiful where their favorite food was so easy to secure as it must be at this spot. And indeed, lion tracks were everywhere, all big ones, and crossing in every direction. From our camp that night we heard lions on three different sides. I was always under the impression that lions would be heard roaring, but, as a matter of fact, I heard only one roar all the time I was in Africa, and the sound of it is wonderful when heard out in the open. The usual sound a lion makes is a peculiar sighing grunt, or cough, and it is these sounds to which I allude as being audible so constantly.

The fever still affected Williams, so he made only a short trip that afternoon, but he secured a fine impalla within fifteen minutes of the camp. He also saw leopards and a serval. I went rather farther away, up on

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

the hills and out to the plains about a mile or two eastward of the camp, and there left a kill in an exposed position so that if any lions were around I should have a chance to locate them while they were feeding the following morning. This I found, to my sorrow, was a great mistake, for at dawn the next day I could not approach closer than about seven hundred yards without coming out of the cover of the trees. Upon scanning the kill with my glasses, I found that a lion and a lioness were busily engaged in feeding on it. A short distance off were a hyena and a jackal. These two beasts would make short dashes in the direction of the lions, and when they got too noisy and too familiar, one of the latter would make a rush in the direction of the disturbers, then return to the zebra and proceed with the gorging. The lion did not have a mane, but was easily distinguishable from the lioness. Very few lions apparently do have manes, except in menageries. I was always under the impression that the mane was distinctive of the male, but here I found such was not the case. He may have a little more hair around the head, but it rarely attains the full growth of the magnificent mane which so often distinguishes the male lion in captivity. Black-maned lions are a rarity, and are considered the greatest prize obtainable. There is no permanent specific difference between the yellow-maned and the black-maned, as they will develop in cubs born in the same litter, the black being merely an accidental coloring, which, however, is handsomer and more desirable.

MORE OF LIONS

I attempted to crawl near these lions on the plain, but they sighted me when I was still five or six hundred yards away, and promptly decamped. We ran after them as fast as we could, but although they would stop every few hundred yards for breath and stand and look at us, we could not catch up to them. They looked like great skulking St. Bernard puppies, when distinctly seen through the glasses, their stomachs distended and hanging almost to the ground. Thinking that they would probably lie down in the first convenient place, we beat through the bushes in every direction, followed up all the dry nullas, which were here plentiful, and did not cease our search for them until one o'clock, when we were nearly exhausted from the heat. After stopping for an hour or two for lunch under the shade of a tree, as was customary, we resumed our hunt, and later in the afternoon encountered some very large Grant's gazelle and a band of Jackson's hartebeest. I missed the biggest buck in the former, and could not get a shot at the latter, though I pursued them for three or four miles. Returning to camp, following the river, I left a zebra as bait, and this time corrected my mistake of the preceding day by locating it in a convenient place for stalking from every direction. I had been on my feet nearly twelve hours, and had been steadily walking, running or crawling the whole time, so I was thoroughly tired out.

Rising by candle-light at four o'clock the next morning, I secured a position commanding the zebra

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

which I had left the preceding night, and which to our bitter disappointment, was untouched. Williams had left two kills the preceding day in another direction, and likewise found his undisturbed by lions, though one of them had been entirely eaten by hyenas. When he had located these the preceding afternoon, a curious native superstition was shown by Esau, one of the gun-bearers, who took a handful of dirt, and, with some incantations of his own and perfectly unintelligible to every one else, deposited a few grains of dirt in each of the ears of the zebra that had *not* been skinned. He then proceeded to make some magic signs, and announced with a firm conviction that this performance would prevent the carcass from being touched by hyenas. As I have said, this zebra had not been skinned, while the other one had. The two carcasses had been left not more than two hundred yards apart, and in the morning it was found that the hyenas had eaten the one which had been skinned, and, curiously enough, had not touched the other, upon which the incantations had been performed. This thoroughly confirmed Esau's belief in the magic, which he said was infallible. We began to believe that somebody had put magic of this kind on the lions, and were somewhat discouraged at our past failures, and at the prospect that seemed to be ahead of us.

It is difficult to appreciate the uncertainty of lion-hunting. There was one European sportsman who arrived at Mombasa about a month after we did, and



ONE OF OUR CAMPS ON THE SUGAR



MORE OF LIONS

who upon applying to the District Commissioner for advice as to where to shoot, had the official entirely nonplussed, as he explained to me later. The commissioner realized that there were so many parties all through the desirable country, such as we were in, that it would hardly do to send the newcomer following after their trail, so in despair advised him to go to a point on the railroad midway to Nairobi and spend a week there, the idea being that it would give him—the Commissioner—time to think out a district to allot. The sportsman followed the advice, and at the end of the week wired back that he had gotten everything he wanted in that section of the country, including several varieties of most desirable game, among them being rhinos, giraffes, and *seven* lions!

We returned on the same ship with this gentleman and he told me his story, which was somewhat as follows. The second day he was out his men noticed some birds hovering around in the air, which is the usual signal for something dead being in sight below them. Approaching the indicated spot very carefully, he found three lions engaged eating a waterbuck. Good shooting dropped two of them without the slightest difficulty. Two days later, when making camp near a small river, our friend was sitting in his tent, waiting for his lunch. The cook went down to the stream to draw water, and instantly returned, shouting, "Bwana! Simba, Simba!" Taking both his rifles, our lucky friend proceeded to the river bank about one hundred

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yards away and on the other side, on a sandy beach, he saw three drowsy lions lying in the sun not more than fifty yards off. He bagged all three of them.

His good luck still did not forsake him, for a couple of days later he found another lion kill, built a zareba, spent one night in it, and secured two more lions, making his total seven for less than one week. After this I believe he saw no lions, but his good fortune, and with all due credit it must be said, his straight shooting, had given him a fine bag, with little trouble. He had hunted for them very little, yet we who had now been out some three months, had worked incessantly, and without success.

Another American sportsman, who was in very much the same country as we were, but shortly before us (and this we found out afterwards), had taken with him about four or five ponies, and hunted for lions only. He bagged fourteen altogether, and had great sport. He hunted on horseback, so of course covered a wide range of territory. Whenever a lion was flushed, it was immediately chased out into the open plains by mounted men, and there driven around and around until he stood at bay. The hunter then dismounted, approached within reasonable gunshot, and despatched him.

At Rumeruti this same hunter was camped right at the fort, from which, indeed, he did a great deal of his hunting. One morning, while the men were at breakfast, news was brought by natives that elephant were in the "boma," or compound belonging to the

MORE OF LIONS

fort. Hastily arming themselves, the two sportsmen that were there rushed out, and without the slightest difficulty bagged five of the number in this most convenient and easy place. Elephants had not been seen around there as long as could be remembered, yet the time and the place just happened to fit in to make two very happy safaris.

During the day I encountered some oryx and a fine herd of Grant's gazelle. In shooting the buck of the latter, the bullet passed clean through him and hit a doe, breaking her leg, and making it necessary for me to kill her to put her out of misery. Williams also got two Grant's, but failed to secure any zebra for the zareba which he had intended to construct, and therefore he had to abandon this part of the plan for the night's amusement.

About three miles from camp, the following day, I saw a lioness, but she was too far away to shoot, and was apparently so alarmed by my presence that there was no chance of getting near her. We followed the tracks and searched all the country, finding many indications of the presence of lions. There were deep nullas, with sandy bottoms overhung with bush, and other attractive places for lions to lie up in.

I met a fine herd of Jackson's, but they were very wild, and would not let me approach them, although I crawled and stalked for a long distance. After making attempts to do this for an hour or two, I decided to try to walk them down, and followed steadily after

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

them. Whenever I approached within two or three hundred yards, they would start off and run some distance. After a couple hours of this, they began to get more accustomed to seeing me, and seemed to imagine that there was no danger from my proximity. This enabled me to get closer each time, and later in the afternoon I got near enough to make a stalk, and was rewarded by getting both bulls of the herd. I had walked them around in a circle, and when I got them we were only three or four miles from camp. I sent a runner in for the porters to come out and get the meat, while I returned to camp along the edge of the swamp. I had not been in this neighborhood very long when my attention was attracted to some black spots protruding above the high rushes of the swamp, and waited until they developed into the horns of a band of waterbuck on their way out to feed on the hills. There were seven or eight fine defassas, and I managed to get the best of the bunch, the horns of which measured about twenty-six inches.

Numerous signs of leopards having been discovered by our men about a quarter of a mile from camp, we took some of our meat and tried to rig up a spring-gun-trap for these animals. They are very cautious about doing anything with a trap, however, and studiously avoided my well planned deception.

About four miles away, in some of our wanderings, we had met some Masai with large flocks of sheep and goats. We thought it would be well to try a sheep

MORE OF LIONS

for lion bait, and gave instructions to our headman to secure a couple of them, and to have a zareba built at the foot of the swamp. Although these instructions were most explicit, Ali failed to do as directed, claiming that he had not understood. The result was we had the zareba, but no bait.

We concluded that the game in our immediate vicinity had been thoroughly alarmed so on February 17th we moved up-stream about an hour's march, just above the Nyeri-Rumeruti road. We camped where Colonel Patterson had been when he had built his zareba near the dead eland. Apparently much of the game had really moved from the neighborhood where we had been for we found it quite plentiful again in the direction we were going.

The sheep that had been sent for the preceding day arrived during the morning, and was given into the charge of the Somalis. A steinbuck for our table was shot but otherwise strict quiet was kept. Our men were instructed to repair the zareba which Colonel Patterson had constructed when he was there. But though it was full moon, the only result was a sleepless, uncomfortable night, spent with every faculty alert, not even a hyena appearing to reward our watch.

In the following forenoon we all rested, pretty well done up by the irksome night. In the afternoon I went up-stream and located a reedbuck, far up on the bluffs above me. I wounded him, but not badly, and then commenced a long up and down hill search in an en-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

deavor to get the horns, which were quite desirable. I was anxious to secure this specimen, for I had not had any success in hunting this variety, which is the common reedbuck. But neither of us on our entire trip obtained one.

The country here was ideal for lions, and no doubt there were many of them about, but they did not show up in daylight. Williams had another zareba constructed some distance away from the first one, and sat up all night with his gun-bearer, I having declined the invitation to accompany him. In the morning he related that one leopard and six servals had approached his sheep and that hyenas had appeared no less than thirty-eight times. Whether there were thirty-eight different hyenas or one hyena thirty-eight times, he could not tell, but he was engaged all night in throwing stones at them to keep them away from the sheep. He had also hurled similar missiles at the leopard, for as he was hunting lions, he did not care to have his sheep killed by anything else. He said that it had been a most exciting night, so far as interest was concerned, for it was difficult to distinguish a hyena from a lion until he got pretty close.

I went up-stream as soon as Williams returned, at dawn, flushing steinbuck and impalla, although my main object was to search for the reedbuck which I had wounded the day before. We hoped to locate it by the birds, which are the great indicators of wounded or dead game throughout the country, but in this instance they failed me and I returned to camp empty-handed.

MORE OF LIONS

As soon as an animal is killed, or severely injured, it is interesting to watch the rapidity with which the birds will appear. The sky above may be absolutely without a speck, but within five minutes you notice in the sky a little spot, like a fly, so far away and indistinct is it. Gradually it circles round and grows larger, then others appear, and within possibly ten minutes after the animal's fall the sky is filled with circling birds coming from all four quarters of the compass. If you are out of sight, or far away, the circles come closer and closer, and finally, with a great swoop, a flapping of wings, and noisy clatter, the whole flock settles down and commences to fight for the spoils. The congregation is of all varieties. Great marabou storks that stand between four and five feet high, and are ridiculous with their dignity and strut, stay on the outside circle awaiting the commencement of operations. Buzzards of various kinds and colors, hawks, brown, brown and white, and mottled, all mix together in a great mass of plumage, fighting and struggling for the choice morsels.

The head of an animal is first immediately attacked, the eyes picked out, then the nose and tongue. They then proceed at the belly, and, if left alone, in an incredibly short time they complete the clean-up, and nothing remains but the bare bones, picked as white as if they had been scraped. Gorged to surfeit and so heavy that they can hardly fly, the birds sit around on the ground or on low branches of nearby trees, and it is some time before they recover sufficiently to fly away. This pecu-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

liar faculty of the birds is of great assistance in hunting, for many a lion, as well as other game, has been located by watching the birds foregather in the sky.

A wounded animal is thus readily traced and often recovered by the natives, who will tell you that they can secure the animal's head the next day, for they roam wide and far, looking for the feathered tell-tales which, with remarkable frequency, enable them to make good their promise. In marching along the country caution should always be observed if birds are gathering or collecting on tree tops, for there is pretty sure to be a dead animal nearby, on which is feeding a lion, a leopard, or a hyena. Many a shot at one of these can be obtained by a cautious stalk when the birds' signal is seen.

After a long and difficult hunt, Williams had the good luck to secure the second oryx allowed by his license. He saw a leopard and her cub, but was unable to get a shot. The oryx had apparently the same elusive nature with him that the wart-hog had with me for so long, for while I had had numerous opportunities to kill oryx, he had had very few. After he had secured the first one, he had had to cover an incredible number of miles in his effort to get his second. He shot his first one on January 28th, and it was three weeks later before the other fell a victim to his marksmanship.



MRS. MADEIRA AND MR. WILLIAMS WITH LIONESS SHOT ON SUGARI RIVER



CHAPTER XX

A LIONESS IS KILLED

By this time we were, as the reader no doubt is, getting tired of lion hunting and its disappointments.

The men whom we had sent to Rumeruti for the mail and for porters' food now returned, bringing with them the alum and the supplies for which we had sent to Gil Gil. On February 21st we broke camp and moved farther down the Sugari, passing our old camping ground. At the head of the swamp I again secured a defassa waterbuck, this one with even better horns than the other, measuring about twenty-seven inches.

Williams took the high ground up to the right of the caravan, after Jackson's hartebeest. He wounded one badly but it led him a long chase and kept well ahead of him, although he was mounted on quite a fair mule. After an hour or two he suddenly came in sight of a lion, and, spurring and whipping his mule, he gave chase. He was gaining on the beast, regardless of whether he killed the mule in so doing, and was almost within gunshot, when he ran plumb on to a big rhino, which rose up in his path, and threw the mule on his haunches. He could not pass the huge brute without danger, as the latter was threatening to charge, so he was forced to dismount and shoot him, during which the lion got away. The rhino was the biggest secured by

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

either of us on the trip, the front horn measuring twenty-seven inches, with a good second one, both having tremendously big circumference. Good lion luck did not seem to be with us.

Washington's Birthday saw us on the move down the Sugari River, through country which we could not believe had been much hunted, as game was plentiful and not very wild. The river ran through a deep gorge, the bottom of which spread out at intervals into wide meadows and was sometimes heavily covered with bush and trees. Fine timber on a rising hillside bordered it on the other side. Almost any kind of game might have been found nearby. We saw one magnificent herd of impalla, about sixty-three in number, with several fine bucks. This herd, however, was very wild, and it was impossible to get near them. We saw them all day long at different points, for they seemed to keep ahead of us, but no matter how carefully or cautiously we stalked them, they would not permit us to get closer than three or four hundred yards.

The river was very much dried up and water was scarce, so we were much concerned about where we should camp, for we feared perhaps there was no water ahead of us. We therefore scouted well in advance of the safari, accompanied only by our gun-bearers and Masai guides.

In coming around a bend in the woods which here fringed the river, Mrs. Madeira thought she saw something moving through the grass far

A LIONESS IS KILLED

ahead, and Williams, who happened at that time to be riding at the head of the safari, dismounted and went forward to investigate. He soon discovered it to be only a jackal, which, however, led him to within sight of a lioness that was sauntering along undisturbed and in no hurry. Occasionally she would sit down, like a cat, to clean her paws or scratch, affording a beautiful opportunity for a stalk, especially as the country was favorable. He began to creep up on her most carefully, while we retired behind the trees out of sight.

The Masai guides became so worked up at the thought of lions, which they were sure Williams was stalking from our excitement and silence, that they became uncontrollable, and broke away in spite of my threats that I would shoot them if they did not keep quiet, and the entreaties of my gun-bearers, who aided me in every way to restrain them. Finally, brandishing their spears and running like mad, they broke from the cover. The flash of the spears in the sunlight evidently caught the eye of the lioness, for just as Williams was getting ready to shoot she dashed away and disappeared in the underbrush, much to our disgust. We proceeded to read the riot act to the Masai guides. We threatened to give them a beating or to shoot them outright, if they ever did such a thing again, and we hoped that the earnestness with which we made these threats would be sufficient to deter them in the future from any such misconduct.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Tracks of lions were here so thick that we decided to camp and hunt the country for a day or so. While waiting for the safari to come up, we all sat down and made some extremely uncomplimentary remarks about lions and the Masai. Williams was disgusted, and declared that he had been endeavoring to get lions in Africa for some years, and that during our recent hunting he had taken the greatest care not to alarm them by shooting or other noises, yet all seemed unavailing, so that, lion or no lion, noise or no noise, he would now go out and shoot a guinea-hen for lunch. About one hundred and fifty yards away from where we were sitting was a good-sized tree that was literally covered with guinea-hens, which were chattering and making all sorts of noises. Picking up his shotgun, he walked to within about thirty yards of the tree and potted a hen which immediately dropped to the ground. Immediately up rose a lion and two lionesses, which had been lying under the tree, and certainly not more than thirty yards from where he stood with a shotgun, one barrel of which had been fired.

This took place within eyesight of where Mrs. Madeira and I sat, and I instantly picked up my .450 and his, and, calling for the gun-bearers, ran out to him. Two of the lions disappeared to the right, and one to the left, where it entered a small swamp of high grass. Some of the porters followed us, and when we reached the foot of the swamp we spread out into a line to beat it and drive out the



GRANT'S GAZELLE



BRINGING THE LIONESS INTO CAMP



A LIONESS IS KILLED

lioness. I took the centre of the line of beaters, and Williams took the edge of the swamp, following at a slight elevation on the hillside, so that he could cover both sides in case our quarry broke out. We advanced in solid line through the grass, which was about waist high, until we reached the centre of the swamp, at which point a rhino had been grazing and had cropped the grass short for quite a wide extent.

As I came out of the tall grass, I saw the lioness standing on the edge of the swamp among some trees, looking at me, about seventy-five yards away. There was quite a thick bush between me and her, and I was afraid it would deflect my bullet, so I cautiously took two steps to get past the bush, then I raised my rifle. Just as I got the sight on her my fool of a gun-bearer pushed my shoulder and said, "Shoot, Sahib, shoot!" Of course the push entirely destroyed my aim, and before I could recover it the lioness jumped. Williams had seen this proceeding from his side, and quickly ran around the other end of the swamp, getting a bead on the lioness as she went past, about eighty yards away. The first shot struck her in the hindquarters and knocked her over, but she immediately turned to come at him, when he gave her the other barrel, which hit her in the shoulder and knocked her down again. Upon approaching her, as she still continued to struggle, he gave her a third shot. We then closed around her, and found her apparently stone-dead. One of the porters went up to her, and taking hold of

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

her tail, started to pull her out of a little dip she had fallen into, and his alarm was almost comical when he found she was not as dead as had been thought. Williams put a final shot of the small gun into her, which stopped all evidences of life. She was a fine, big lioness, in good condition.

As soon as the shooting took place, the entire camp came out in a body, knowing that something had happened and great was the rejoicing on the part of all hands, and our congratulations were hearty and sincere. When the lioness was carried into camp the greatest commotion occurred and a regular ovation was given to Williams for his success.

Under a tree a short distance from where the three lions were lying when disturbed by the killing of the guinea-hen, the porters who had followed us out had discovered a dead zebra, which was evidently the kill upon which the lions had been feeding. Hard at work chewing on this zebra meat, and filling their little stomachs were two lion cubs, apparently six weeks old. They had evidently been deserted by their mother, which was not one of the three which we found. After some little chase, the men caught one of the cubs, and tried to catch the other, but he was too cunning and escaped into the bush.

The one cub was brought into camp and presented to Mrs. Madeira, and upon my arrival I found him there, with the porter asking for the customary backsheesh, which I gave him and squared accounts.

A LIONESS IS KILLED

We then had to devote considerable attention to the cub and the dead lioness, photographing both, and building a box cage for the cub, and our afternoon was taken up with this labor. The lioness measured seventy-two inches in a straight line from tip of nose to root of tail. The tail was twenty-seven inches long; height at shoulder, thirty-three inches; girth of forearm, fourteen and one-half inches; girth of foreleg above elbow, nineteen inches; girth of body behind shoulder, forty inches. She had one broken front tooth, and a bad hole in one in the lower jaw, which looked as if it might have caused a very bad ache.

The lioness was immediately skinned, for I understand that their skin is very delicate and hard to preserve and unless it is taken off the body as soon as the animal is killed, great difficulty is experienced in properly setting the hair. The men, of course, would not eat lion meat, but in passing through the camp later in the day, I noticed that one of the tribes had cut out the heart and intended to eat it, having a superstition that this kind of food makes them courageous themselves. As a matter of fact, I presume they did eat it. I do not know whether a lion will eat the meat of another lion, but hyenas will, and they devoured this lion the following day.

The strength of a lion must be tremendous, for when skinned the muscular development which showed was greater than anything I had ever seen. The paws were enormous, and the claws as sharp as needles. The under side of the claws has a little hollow groove

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

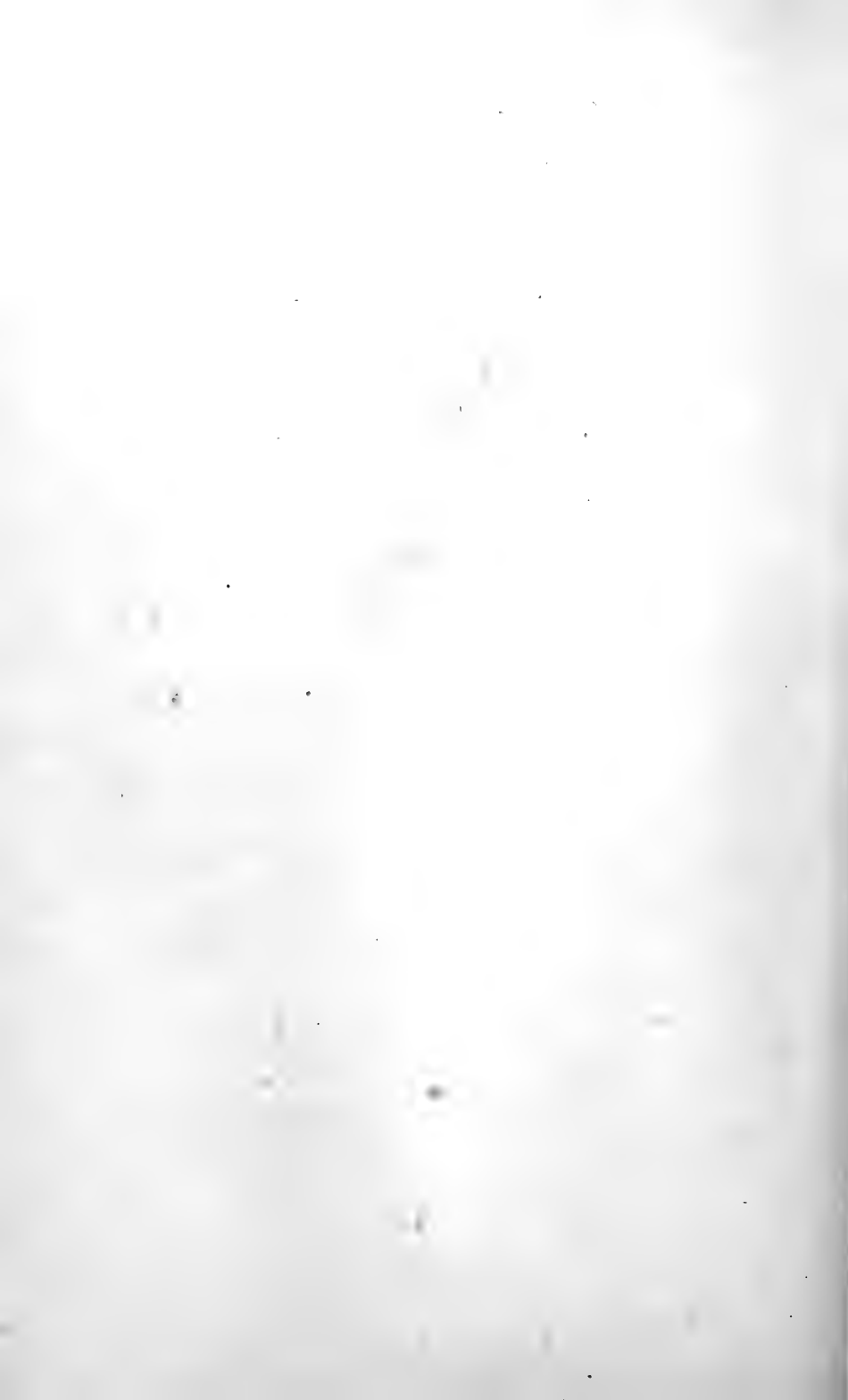
in it which is filled with all sorts of poison from bad meat and other decayed matter, and it is this that renders the scratch from a lion almost as fatal as his bite, blood-poisoning almost invariably following the touch of the poisonous nails. We had to be very careful in handling the skin, not to be infected by the claws.

The cub was a cute little beggar, but as savage as could be, growling whenever anybody came near it. Dheria had tied a strap around his neck, and fastened it to my bed, and the cub instantly sought a secluded spot behind some boxes and resented the slightest attempt to coax him out. After we had built a box for him and mixed up some condensed milk and water and a few shreds of meat, which he ate, he retired and proceeded to go to sleep. I thought that he would mew like a cat or kitten, but instead he gave vent constantly to a tiny little squeak that sounded entirely out of proportion to his size, and especially to his nature. We anticipated great trouble in teaching him to lap milk, and indeed there was; but before long hunger drove him to it, and he took his condensed milk freely and ate a small quantity of carefully shredded meat, which became his daily rations. Having but a limited supply of condensed milk, and fearing that it might not agree with him as well as fresh milk, we sent him the following day to Rumeruti, where fresh milk could be obtained, for we were anxious to save him and bring him home.

We then made careful examination of the place where the lions had been and also of the lion kill. Here



LIONESS
(*Felis leo*)



A LIONESS IS KILLED

as on almost all other occasions where a lion had struck down an animal, I noticed the remarkable skill with which he disembowels his prey. The latter generally showed that he had been bitten through the back of the neck, close up to the skull. After the victim falls, the lion proceeds to disembowel him, which he does by removing the envelope containing the stomach without puncturing it, and his work is as neat as that of a butcher. The entrails are then left in one place, and the lion drags the carcass away from it, often a long distance. This appears to be an invariable custom, and it is done with the greatest neatness. I believe the first of the meat the lion goes for is the heart, liver, lungs, and such dainties as that, and afterwards eats the hindquarters.

We continued our hunt for similar game, beating the marsh and bushes in every direction, but saw nothing except the customary zebra, Tommies, and Grants. I was here without the services of Ali Mirra, my head gun-bearer, whom we had left at Rumeruti, owing to his breaking down from wounds which he had received on former hunting trips. These, with the hard work and continual hunting that we had been having, had told on him, and he was left to recuperate, so as to join us on our way out. He was instructed to take care of our cub, and also to look after the skins and heads which we had left at the fort.

The next couple of days brought no results except a duiker, which Williams managed to secure, and which was the only one of this variety that we obtained. We

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

saw numbers of them in the long grass, but they dashed away like jack-rabbits, only about twice as fast, and escaped every shot we fired at them. This particular animal was obtained with a shotgun. It was about seventeen inches at the shoulder, and of a very dark, red brown color. The horns are placed close together on top of the skull and branch out at quite an angle. They are ringed part way up, have smooth points, and are quite short, being only two to four inches long, with a spread of about two and one-half inches. The face glands are some distance below the eye, and look as if they were gashes in the skin. Both sexes have horns, but the does are smaller and smoother. Duikers are excellent eating, as are all the small antelopes.

I managed to bag a wart-hog, which was a great satisfaction to me, and also made a great effort to secure some specimens of rock-rabbits, which I had never before seen. I located some about four or five miles from camp, on a rather high knoll of rock, and watched them running around like so many tailless rats. I bagged one with a shotgun, but was too close to him, the shot mutilating him so that he was not worth saving. They look like great muskrats without tails, and dwell among huge boulders and rocks, and are numerous in many parts of the country. In addition to his other bag, Williams secured an impalla and a steinbuck. I twice wounded an impalla, but apparently not badly enough to cripple him, for although I pursued him a long distance, he got away from me, much to my regret.

CHAPTER XXI

GIRAFFE HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYIRO

ON February 26th we moved camp from the Sugari River, which we had been following for several days, to the Guaso Nyiro, which we reached across some very rough country in a short march of two hours. We found it here to be a fine, wide running stream, half as big as the Tana. The country was entirely different from anything that we had yet seen. We continued our march for two or three hours through rather thick bush and along the river, the banks of which were fringed with thick bushes of euphorbias, cactus-like in nature, amongst which grew some trees of moderate height. Through this bush, close to the river, ran the trail. The country rose rapidly to some hills about a quarter of a mile away, terminating in rocky cliffs. From the trail to the base of the cliffs, where the land was more or less broken, were scattered bushes and a thin sprinkling of trees. Indeed, at intervals the bush would spread out into a dense, jungle-like formation, almost meeting over the trail and apparently impenetrable. The rocks were all reddish brown and the soil a similar color. Across the river the country looked much more open, and although rolling, gave nowhere such an appearance of jungle vegetation as on the south side on which we traveled.

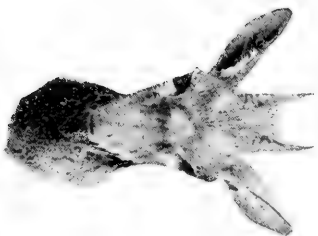
HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

The trail bore the footprints of different kinds of game and every now and then amongst them could be seen the spoor of buffalo, a herd of which are known to be located near the junction of the Guaso Nyiro and Guaso Narok, but in the densest kind of bush country, making them extremely hard to get at. Smaller antelope, leopard and serval cat tracks were frequent. The whole country here was quite bold and rocky.

On this march Williams secured our first dikdik, a species of antelope which we had not heretofore seen. He is the smallest of all the antelopes, standing only fourteen inches high at the shoulder and weighing about seven pounds. The fur on the back looks like a gray squirrel's, and the legs are brown, with very short, fine hair on them. The feet are tiny little things not much larger than one's finger-nail, and the horns, which are heavily ringed at the bottom, do not exceed three inches in length. The top of the head has a tuft of quite long hair lying between the horns and almost hiding them. The dikdik's nose is very long and looks like a tapir's, as if at some time it had been more or less of a trunk. The eyes are a very reddish brown, in fact, almost red. It is necessary to get them with a shotgun, as a bullet would blow them to pieces.

On this march I bagged the best impalla which we had secured, with twenty-seven and one-half-inch horns and fifteen one-half-inch spread. I later missed another which looked equally fine.

It was extremely hot in this country, the temperature



DIKDIK
(*Madagava kinki*)



ORIBI
(*Orbia haywardi*)



GIRAFFE HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYIRO

in our tent in the middle of the day reaching 103° , while the nights were corresponding cold. Hunting here seemed to be difficult and not very promising, so we moved camp a four hours' march down the stream. Here the vegetation entirely changed, and we lost signs of nearly everything but euphorbia, which latter were growing in every conceivable form, from a tangled mass like vines to great trees shaped like candelabra. Wait-a-bit thorns were also plentiful, and this kind of vegetation closely lined the river-bank as far back as we could see. There was a narrow game path which led along the bank through this otherwise impenetrable jungle, and which was just wide enough for marching in single file, and sufficiently narrow for the thorns to tear one's clothes and catch in every exposed portion of skin.

Before we entered this dense growth, I had managed to secure a dikdik, with two and seven-eighths-inch horns, a very good specimen, and shot another which I could not recover. It ran a short distance, then burrowed underneath the deep grass and crept and crawled along like a rabbit. We remained around there for an hour or more, trying to find it, but finally we had to give up the hunt. Its gray color, much like sun-burnt, dried-up grass, made it almost indistinguishable at the distance of a few yards. I also encountered a rhino on the way, and saw one bushbuck out of range on the north side of the river.

We camped at the junction of the Guaso Nyiro and the Guaso Narok, crossing the river to the north side,

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

over a ford which had apparently long been the watering place for cattle and game, and especially for the latter, as there was no other point within a distance of several miles where the bank sloped sufficiently to give a good watering place.

We found encamped here two English sportsmen who were finishing up a shooting trip all around the world. They had already put in two years in other parts of the globe, and they were now just commencing their African hunt. Their experiences in many countries, which they related to us as we sat around the camp-fire in the evening, were most interesting.

On the way down the river we had passed many trees decorated with Wandorobo honey pots. These are hollowed logs about four feet long and a foot in diameter, which the Wandorobo dig out and then plug up the ends, leaving a small entrance for the bees. The natives suspend these in trees, and they become private property, duly recognized by law. I was told that up to a very recent date, if indeed the law is not in force now, the first conviction for stealing honey entails a beating of fifty blows with a whip, while a second conviction was a capital offence. This would seem to be an extreme penalty, but the Wandorobo do not farm, and live entirely by the chase, honey being their only source of supply outside of meat. Therefore these honey-pots are jealously watched to prevent stealing on the part of passing safaris, for the African has a sweet tooth and will risk a great deal to obtain honey.

GIRAFFE HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYIRO

Our new-found friends were encamped on the farther edge of a broad path from the north which led down to the ford of the river at this point. The trail was covered a half-inch deep with dust, occasioned by the great number of animals coming down to drink, and was lined on either side with euphorbia of every conceivable species. I followed this path when I started out in the morning and found that the dust was thick with lion and hyena tracks. From the different size lion pugs there must have been at least a dozen of these brutes, all within from fifty to two hundred yards of the tents of the two safaris. The foot-prints of one enterprising, possibly man-eating lion showed that he had walked entirely around one of the tents occupied by our friends, and within six inches of it. I fancy that had this visit been known at the time, sleep would have been somewhat scarce in that tent. A little farther back from the river the hyena-tracks were even more numerous than the lion-tracks. There must have been a great drove of these horrid brutes following on the heels of the lions, for in every direction where bare ground could be seen, signs of them were in evidence.

I hunted far back on the hills, my object being to get a giraffe. I encountered an old rhino on top of a hill, alternately lying and standing under the shade of a tree, and taking a view of the surrounding country from a point of vantage that I should have greatly liked myself. I watched him for quite a while, hoping that he would depart, but he seemed to have no intention

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

of doing so, and spent his time changing his position and sniffing the air, possibly somewhat disturbed from having caught my scent. I did not care to kill him, as he was no better than those which I had. We proceeded a little while, when we encountered a porter who belonged to our friends' safari, and whose wild, frightened, and dishevelled appearance attracted our attention. Upon questioning him, my men found that he had been sent out the preceding day to bring in the head of an eland which had been shot, and had lost his way. He was pursued by lions, he said (they were probably hyenas), and, night coming on, had been forced to leave the eland head and seek shelter in an abandoned native hut, where he had been besieged by wild animals all night. He did not know where he had left the eland head or where camp was, and since the preceding morning he had been without food and was altogether a most disconsolate looking individual. We directed him back to his camp, which he reached in safety. I understand that when the eland head was found it had been ruined by birds and hyenas.

A few miles beyond we spied a lone giraffe a long distance off, and, dismounting from my mule, I made a *détour* to get the wind in proper direction, and then proceeded after him. We followed him for a couple of hours, and several times when he stopped for a while I endeavored to stalk him, but his vigilance was so great and his eyesight so keen that apparently every movement was noticed by him, and it was impossible to get



DIKDİK SHOT ON GUASO NYIRO



SOMALI GIRAFFE



GIRAFFE HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYIRO

closer than five or six hundred yards, before he would start off again. Eventually he joined a herd of about nine others, one of which was always on the watch. No matter how I hid, they seemed to be able to see me, and every now and then they would break off in a long swinging gait, and then stop again. After a while they disappeared over the brow of a hill, into a clump of thorn trees, and then I managed to get within four hundred yards of them. They were quite busy feeding on the tops of the mimosa trees, and occasionally their heads would stick far above the tree-tops, looking like the heads of gigantic snakes.

Whenever the heads disappeared I crawled a little closer and finally got to within about three hundred yards. I had my eye on the place where the big bull had entered the bush, and when he came out again, at least as I thought, I promptly fired. He disappeared, but immediately returned at the identical spot where he was when I fired, and thinking he was the same one, I fired again. The whole herd then rushed off with their great, rocking gait, and I after them. Soon my quarry began to lag, and, catching up, I fired again and dropped him. As soon as all the herd had appeared, I realized that I had fired at a small one, but I found it difficult to gauge proportion of size in animals of such height and bulk.

I cannot describe the impression that I had in seeing one of these gigantic beasts fall, but, frankly, it was with a great deal of regret that I witnessed it. I have

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

no desire to shoot another giraffe. It looked so helpless, and tumbled over as if a church steeple was falling. As soon as this one was down, the whole herd stopped and stood around, giving easy shots. I could readily have bagged as many as I had chosen, and when I saw the big one, which I really wanted for the Heads and Horns Collection, it was hard to be satisfied with the small one that I had got.

These were the Somali or netted giraffe, and belong to an entirely different species from those I had seen near the Tana. They are of a deep, dark liver color, with very wide white network forming squares all over them, and are very much handsomer than the spotted kind. My giraffe measured only about twelve feet in height, whereas a good one should run about eighteen.

The men apparently considered the meat very desirable eating, for they burdened themselves up with it to a degree that I had not before witnessed. We ourselves tried some as currie, and found it quite good.

The men were all very fond of fat, and this is the first tidbit that they go for on butchering an animal—if their mutilation can be called butchering. There was one rather short porter who had, by some means, obtained possession of a gray cut-away coat, of which he was very proud, and which he always wore, although it was extremely hot, and he would have been far more comfortable with his native and airy costume. This particular friend of mine had secured about half a bucket full of soft, most unattractive looking fat, which he had taken out of the stomach of the giraffe, and this



SOMALI GIRAFFE
(*Giraffa reticulata*)



GIRAFFE HUNTING ON THE GUASO NYIRO

he proceeded to tuck into the pockets of his coat. After all the fat was thus stowed away, he found a few more crannies, in which he tucked chunks of raw meat. He then filled both ends of his staff, which was about five feet long, with long strips of meat, making the load as heavy as he could stagger under. The top of his head was still unoccupied, however, so another good big piece about two feet in diameter and bleeding from every pore was placed there. He looked like a walking butcher shop and staggering under this unattractive and gory load, proceeded back to camp. The other porters took as much meat, but not being as well off in the way of coats as he was, they could not take the fat.

While the giraffe was being skinned, I secured a very good Grant. The first bullet that hit, I regret to say, paunched him, and all his entrails fell out, trailing on the ground after him. I hastened to put him out of his misery, but he ran seventy-five or a hundred yards in this incredible condition before a bullet terminated his career. On several occasions I have seen this same thing happen. How it is possible for an animal to run in such a dreadful condition is hardly credible, but so indeed they did, and many others have noticed the same wonderful vitality. This is not confined to the antelopes, but they, the hartebeest, and the oryx are particularly tenacious of life.

Shortly afterwards I saw a band of eland, another rhino, and innumerable oryx in every direction. Tracks of lions and hyenas were almost as numerous over the plain as they had been down by the camp.

CHAPTER XXII

THE UNCERTAINTIES AND CHANCES IN HUNTING

It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached camp, and I found that there had been no end of trouble with our safari. Upon arriving at camp, some of our men had found a honey tree, which they immediately proceeded to rob, by making a small fire at the foot of the tree. The blaze had spread through all the dry bushes and trees, threatening to burn our entire camp and do great damage to the country. It required the hardest kind of work on the part of our porters and those of our neighbors' to beat the flames out before they did much damage.

During the morning a Wandorobo chief, whose village was not far off, had called to complain that our porters had stolen his honey-pots while on the road yesterday. As I have said, this is a very serious offense, so, accompanied by our headman, we made immediate search of the porters' tents, to find if such were the case. In one of the tents we found some of the honey, and the culprits admitted that they had stolen it. They were each given ten lashes of the whip in the presence of the Wandorobo, who was pacified with this and some presents which we gave him. The law provides that while ten miles away from a fort or a government official, the leader of a safari may punish to the extent

UNCERTAINTIES AND CHANCES IN HUNTING

of twenty-five lashes. Nearer than that he must take the culprit to the fort for trial and punishment.

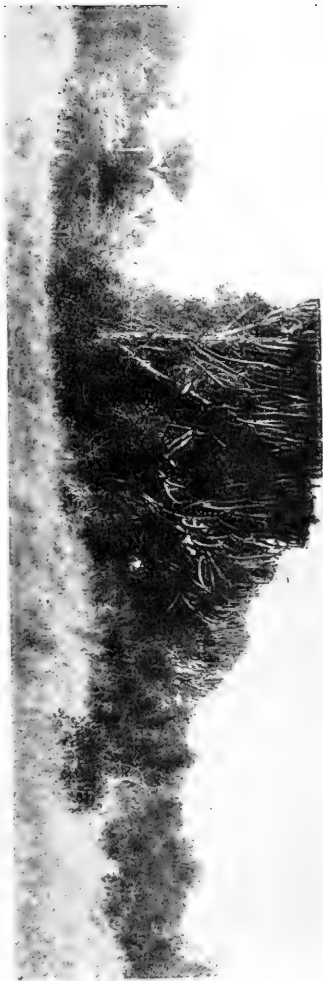
The method of giving the beating makes the scene a most unpleasant one. The victim is ordered to lie on his stomach, with his arms extended. The askari, who in our case was a huge, black negro, about six feet seven inches high, takes a limber whip composed of plaited strips of rhino skin, a quarter of an inch thick at the tip and an inch thick at the handle, and, raising it high above his head, he brings it down upon the bare skin with all the force at his command. Every time the whip strikes a huge welt is raised, and by the time ten are given one has had more than enough of the spectacle. The culprit, however, makes no complaint, and the native spectators, consisting of the entire safari, laugh and joke, looking upon it as being quite an occasion, and having not the slightest sympathy. After the man is beaten, he jumps up and walks off, apparently without the slightest resentment for the pain which he must have felt at the time, and which must continue for many days thereafter.

This excitement had hardly toned down when a riot broke out between the men of our safari and our neighbors; resulting in a free for all fight, with sticks, stones, knob-kerries, and possibly a few knives. When the headman finally got them under control there were ten or twelve wounded in our safari alone. Some had their heads badly injured, requiring in some instances as many as fourteen stitches in their scalps, which were

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split from the eye to the back of the head, putting these men out of service for some time. Immediate surgical attention had to be given to them, for in the case of two of them, the entire scalp had fallen off the side of the head, like an orange which had the peel taken off. Unfortunately, we had no surgical needles among our medical stores, so the cuts had to be sewed up with darning needles and sewing silk supplied by Mrs. Madeira, who was impressed into service as a trained nurse, and had to hold the skin of the wounds together while Williams drove the needle through the almost half-inch thick skin of the negroes' heads. I do not know how thick the normal scalp is, but in these cases it was perhaps abnormally thick owing to their using their heads for carrying loads. The greatest difficulty was experienced in driving the needle through, and the whole surgical job was most unpleasant.

After the dispensary was closed, a court of justice went into session, and punishment was meted out. The ten or twelve men who had been guilty of starting the row were given ten lashes apiece with the kiboko. This, with the previous punishment, brought the total for that day to two hundred in our safari—quite a record. As Williams was in camp when I left early in the morning, he had been in the midst of all this and had had quite a busy time. The neighboring safari also came in for its share of punishment from their headman, and that evening there were a great many sore negroes around the junction of the Guaso Nyiro and Guaso Narok. Eat-



EUPHORBIA OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES FROM VINES TO HUGE TREES, GUASO NYIRO



WANDOROBO VILLAGE NEAR GUASO NYIRO SURROUNDED WITH EUPHORBIA THICKET



UNCERTAINTIES AND CHANCES IN HUNTING

ing the evening meal while standing up was a very common and noticeable fashion.

The following morning we crossed over to the south bank of the Guaso Nyiro, which we followed to the Guaso Narok, finding a trail on the east bank of the latter, in the direction of Rumeruti. We passed a large Wandorobo encampment right at the junction and on the side of the river on which we were marching. The euphorbia jungle here was thicker than we had yet encountered, being almost impenetrable. In fact, a warthog which Williams shot in a small opening which we crossed managed to crawl about twenty feet inside of the thicket, and fell dead in plain sight, yet could not be recovered, for it would have taken a number of men an hour or two to cut through the thorn and vines.

The country lying to the east and along the left bank of the river, along which we went, was high, rocky, and rolling. After a march of an hour or so, to where the river made a bend, we made a short cut, crossing the hills and finding innumerable kraals and encampments of the Masai scattered all through the high lands. They were all deserted, probably on account of the scarcity of water, for everything was dried up, and it was doubtless necessary to remove flocks to better grazing and water.

We camped at the mouth of a wild and rocky gorge, down which ran a beautiful mountain stream of good water. For the last week or so I had been hunting for an African hare to take home to friends who were

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interested in animals of this species, but although on our march we had seen them in hundreds, when I had started out to get one they had become absolutely invisible. To-day my luck changed, and I managed to secure one. I gave it to the skinners with the most explicit instructions as to the care which should be taken in removing the pelt, and my disgust was great when I found that they had ripped the skin off in two parts, tearing it so that it was absolutely valueless. They merely smiled when my displeasure and anger was interpreted to them, and thought it was a joke, for to them the hare is of such minor value that they could not see why any one should take the trouble to skin it, or care what became of it. To them it was merely "meat," and anything that was not of sufficient size to furnish a large and ample meal was, of course, "no good."

When I could not get a hare during the next few days, I asked Williams to help me. Upon his failure to see any, I enlisted all the men in the safari, and finally offered as high as four rupees—a month's pay—for a perfect specimen. As may be imagined, this caused the greatest activity as soon as camp was reached. By this time the hare ranked second only to a lion in importance in my desire, and when we finally reached Nairobi without having secured one I asked a couple of friends who were residents if they would send me a specimen or two. They looked upon it as a joke, it seemed so easy, and stated that they would probably get it before I left the country. One did not arrive by

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that time, so I asked another man, an expert hunter and sportsman and a leader of safaris, if he would send me one. He likewise undertook the task as a trifling incident that could be arranged any day when he had a few moments to spare.

I got the hare a year afterwards!

My first friend, who undertook it on one of his hunting trips, encountered a herd of elephants. He shot two, cashed in the ivory, and returned to England, giving me failure No. 1. The second friend was Mr. Mervyn Ridley, who was with us on the ship going to Africa, and his experience on one of his hunting trips was almost a tragedy—so close to it, in fact, that he will carry a crippled arm with him through life.

It seems that at noon one August day, after we left, he and his partner were in their ranch to the east of Fort Hall, and near the junction of the Thika and the Tana Rivers, when some Kikuyu came in and asked if the "Bwana would be pleased to come out and shoot a lion that had just killed two of their cows?" They declared that they knew where the beast was lying and begged for assistance. Mr. Ridley and his partner were all agog for the sport, so off they went. The Kikuyu assured Mr. Ridley that the lion was very close at hand, "only a little way," but it turned out to be twelve miles from the ranch—an estimate of distance about as close as can be expected of a native. When they reached the indicated spot they found a clump of bushes at the foot of a slope, and on the sides, watching, were some

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Kikuyu. They had remained to see that the lion did not escape while their runner travelled twelve miles to the ranch and twelve back.

The hunters started to drive this bush, while the natives stood at a distance and hurled sticks and stones into the middle of it. This continued for some five minutes and nothing happened, when one of the Kikuyu on the bank yelled that they were at the wrong bush, and that the lion was in another about twenty yards off. They then arranged to beat this one. Ridley, who was on the left, went forward, passing quite close to the old bush they had driven. His rifle was in his right hand and at half cock. He had only gotten level with this first clump of bushes when he heard a roar, and, turning quickly, he saw a lioness, not a lion, in the middle of a charge, about four yards from him. Without waiting to get his rifle to his shoulder, he fired from the hip, but the bullets had no effect, and in an instant she had him by the shoulder and was shaking him just like a dog shakes a rat. His companion immediately rushed up, but was afraid to shoot for fear of hitting Ridley, so with guns and sticks they beat her and finally actually *kicked* her off her victim. What Ridley describes "the worst of everything" then happened. His partner fired, but only wounded her, and they never got the lioness after all.

It would hardly seem to most people that this was the worst that had happened when Ridley was so chewed and mauled, but he says he was surprised that he felt

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no pain when the mauling was going on, and he did not until a few minutes afterwards, when his sufferings became almost unbearable. The lioness had bitten him through the shoulder and the arm, but fortunately had missed his neck, which she was after. He was badly done up, and it was thirty-six hours before they finally got him to Fort Hall, where he could receive proper medical attention. He remained there two months, six weeks of the time in bed. He was in great pain the entire time, and it was many months before the wounds were healed up and he will carry a stiff arm for life.

He attributes the accident to bad luck, and to the natives not telling him that it was a lioness, which some of them knew, and that she had cubs. He would have been far more cautious had he known this, for a lioness with cubs is much more savage than a lion.

The third hunter who undertook to get a hare for me shot five of them, but four of the skins were imperfect, owing to insects or something else, while the fifth went astray in the London mails, and was not recovered by me until midwinter of 1909.

This demonstrates the uncertainty of hunting in Africa, and also a little of its bad luck. Yet there are bright spots of good luck, one of which I have not heard quite equalled. Mr. George L. Harrison, Jr., one of the foremost sportsmen of America, shot an Abyssinian buffalo while on one of his numerous trips to Africa. It required only one bullet, and it was not fired at again, for it was seen that the animal would

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soon die, and another shot might start it off on a long trip. After sending his gun-bearer back to camp for porters to carry in the buffalo, Harrison sat down on an ant-hill to watch the animal. While quietly sitting there, alone with his two rifles, scanning the bush surrounding the plain, he saw three lions emerge from the forest and stalk the dying buffalo, which was about seventy-five yards away from where he was sitting. The lions crept up through the grass, and when within striking distance one of them rushed and knocked the buffalo over. Taking on three lions in the open is somewhat of a contract, but it was also a disappointment to see the buffalo destroyed, so Harrison quickly decided to go for them. With the first shot of his .450 he crumpled up one lion, while the other barrel told on the second, which crept off about ten yards from the buffalo and lay down, mortally wounded. The third one ran away. Picking up his .350 he fired at the running animal. The first shot missed, but the second raked it from stern to head and bowled it over, giving him the remarkable record of one buffalo and three lions for five shots. As I have said, such bright spots while hunting may sometimes come, but not often, for the excellent shooting that accomplished this feat is not easy to parallel. I suppose too that not many people have had the opportunity of seeing a lion kill another animal as in this case. It must have been interesting and unique.

CHAPTER XXIII

FROM THE GUASO NYIRO TO RUMERUTI

THE narration of lion-hunting incidents has taken me a long way from the valley where we were camped on the Guaso Nyiro, and in which I secured a dikdik the afternoon we camped there and saw numbers of impalla. On my journey there I met an interesting looking old Wandorobo hunter, armed with his bow and arrows, and secured from him some fine specimens of poisoned arrows for each of which I gave him a box of matches. Near our camping ground, which was by a ford in the stream, a number of Masai brought down a great herd of cattle, sheep, and goats, and as they had a beautiful equipment of arms, I bought from one of them, for ten rupees, his entire outfit, consisting of a whole quiverful of iron-pointed arrows of most artistic make, his bow, and the big knife which they all carry. I considered this quite a bargain, for the arrows themselves are wonderful in the formation of the barbs and the variety of the designs in which they are made.

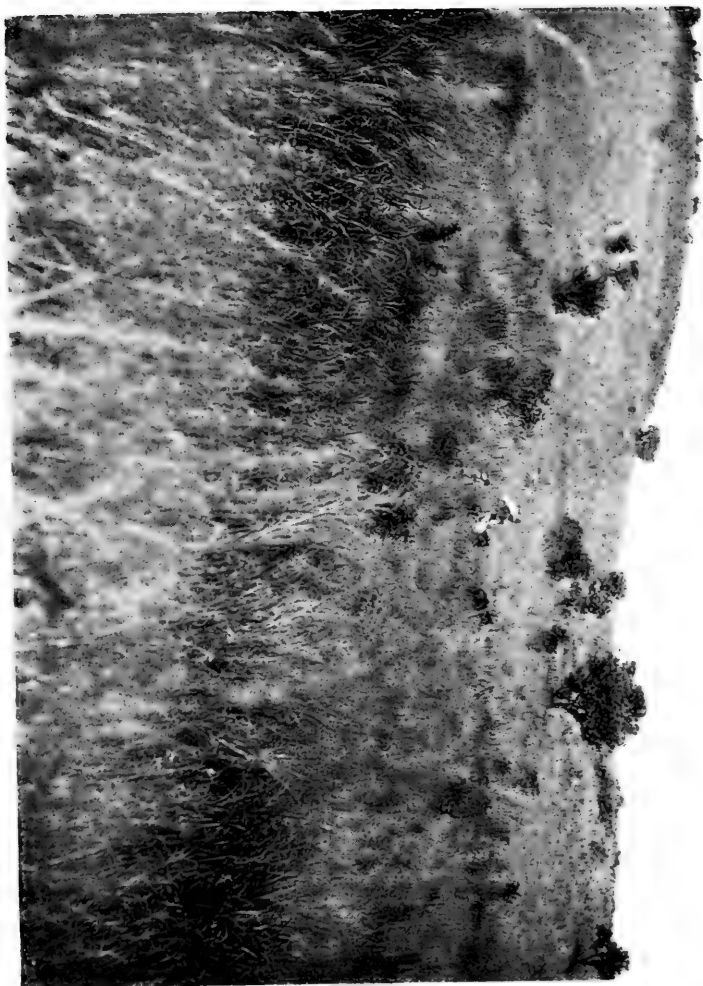
While I was out hunting in the afternoon, Mahomed Mahomet, my personal Somali tent boy, who had an extremely ugly disposition, became impertinent to Williams, who promptly made a move towards him, whereupon Mahomet picked up a stone and threatened to throw it. Williams never ceased his approach for a

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minute, but Mahomet changed his mind and ran away. The askaris were ordered to catch him, and, accompanied by a number of porters, who were delighted at the idea of engaging in a chase after a hated Somali, authorized by one of the "Sahibs," at once started in pursuit. After a long chase, they cornered him some miles away from camp, and dragged him in great glee back to camp, interested and speculating as to what the Sahib would do with the rebel. For the purpose of discipline, and because he thoroughly deserved it, Williams himself soundly flogged him, for it never would have done to have one of the negroes flog the Somali, and the personal chastisement was of intense benefit.

It is very unusual for a Somali to be flogged in East Africa, that being the punishment administered to the natives and the Somali being generally penalized by fines or imprisonment; but the act of threatening a white man could not be overlooked. The porters thoroughly enjoyed the sight of a Somali being thoroughly flogged, while the other Somalis were thunderstruck. But they knew that the boy was in the wrong, and they therefore made no resistance to the severe yet very proper punishment he received. His disposition was different from that of the natives, for after the flogging he sulked and was surly, refusing to resume work, except under threat of further flogging. I notified him that he would be discharged when we reached Rumeruti, and that until that time he would have to do his work or be flogged daily. So he did his work, but in a half-

NEAR THOMSON'S FALLS, GUANO NAIROK





FROM THE GUASO NYIRO TO RUMERUTI

hearted manner. The result of this extraordinary punishment brought a hush over the camp that night that had not existed at any previous time.

We then journeyed three hours farther up the river, where we encountered our old friends, Captain and Mrs. Pears, en route to the junction which we had just left, in a search for oryx. We had originally intended to combine our hunting forces, but circumstances had changed our plans, largely owing to my lack of ammunition and the consequent detention which I suffered. Their line of march had followed us through the Embo country as we had originally intended. They advised us that they had gone up the railroad about a hundred and fifty miles to Muhoroni, where they had secured a roan antelope, a species which I was very anxious to obtain, and which was to be had there, so we decided that we too should make the trip.

In crossing the stream to the west bank at the head of the swamp, where we finally camped, Mrs. Madeira's mule slipped on some hidden rocks and sat down, depositing her in the middle of the stream, in water about up to the armpits. Fortunately, her feet slid out of the stirrups as she went backwards off the mule, and so she was not injured by the latter's struggle to regain his feet. It all happened so quickly that no help could be given, though I was directly behind her. The picture caused great amusement as she sat there in the middle of the stream, with her open umbrella still held carefully over her head, unable to move hand or foot until help

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

came to her. I jumped to her assistance as quickly as possible, while the mule scrambled ashore, splashing and contributing still further to the ducking which she had had. The rapidity of evaporation here is shown by the fact that her clothes dried in less than a half-hour, and fortunately there were no bad results.

That night lions were heard in several directions. A thunder storm came up, the sky got black, and lightning began to play. The "shouts" of the lions became more and more effective, the stage settings making the picture complete. It was weird and awe-inspiring. One fine-voiced beast seemed to be less than a couple of hundred yards away from the back of the tent, but in reality he was probably much farther off. We all went out in the rain and dark to hear him better, and it was quite thrilling to stand there with the lightning playing over the black sky and the sound of the lion getting more and more distinct. We wondered which way the beast's path would take him, whether to the hills or along the edge of the swamp in the direction of our tents. Whether he was looking for man-food or not was left to our imagination, but I noticed that the porters gathered closer and closer around the fires, and poked the latter up to greater brilliancy. Finally the sound drew away and at last sounded far and faint, finally ceasing. Others in the distance lulled us to sleep.

We decided to stay at this camp for a short time, and the following day we hunted all the hills and hollows to the west of the swamp but saw no game. Williams

FROM THE GUASO NYIRO TO RUMERUTI

went after birds, and secured a fine bag of various kinds—spur-wing geese, plover, ducks, and snipe.

Lions having been heard again during the night, we resumed our search for them on the west side, but again without success, nothing turning up but a wart-hog, which I secured. Williams crossed to the north of the swamp and then went east, making a long journey as far as the Pesi River, and continuing south almost to Rumeruti. He secured a Grant's, and two Tommies, and saw innumerable oryx, wart-hogs, eland, and impalla. On his way back he attempted to cross the swamp, which was almost impenetrable, and in going through he saw among the thick grass a long black animal about the size of an otter, except that the tail was like that of a fox. He was uncertain as to what kind of beast it was, but when we got to Nairobi I was informed by Mr. Jackson that it was probably a large mongoose, of which there are several varieties in the country. They are rarely seen, however, and it was the only specimen we encountered. It disappeared so quickly that it could not be shot.

We had been searching for the Iam River, which was described to us as about two hours' march north of Rumeruti, and at which point lions had been seen quite recently. We had thought that our last camp was located at this point, but on our way into Rumeruti on March 4th we had discovered this river, but had had no time to stop in the very attractive looking country which bordered on it. A few days before we arrived one of

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the largest black-maned lions on record had been killed by a party of sportsmen, who stumbled on him eating a rhinoceros, which some passing safari had killed.

The country which we had passed over in the last few weeks, and which had yielded us so little in the way of the game we were after, was hunted by Williams a year later, in company with Mr. Selous. Williams was the best rifle shot that I have ever seen, and he excelled also with the shotgun. With the rifle he seemed quite infallible, and his bullets almost invariably found their mark. But the dangers that beset even a good shot were nevertheless shown in his case when he was hurt by a lion recently. Without the slightest difficulty, he first managed to bag a lioness. A few days later he saw an enormous lion stalking an eland. He was alone, except for his gun-bearer, but decided that the black-maned lion was to be his and cautiously proceeded after him through the long grass.

He had not gone very far when he discovered that the lion was stalking him, and they suddenly met in an opening in the grass, face to face and about fifteen yards apart, each gazing into the other's eyes and lying flat on the ground. With the lion in this position, Williams felt he could not get a fatal shot without damaging the head, and therefore, covering the lion, he waited for the first movement, in the hope that the lion's head would rise. The instant it did he fired, and the lion rolled over motionless, a bullet having drilled him from end to end, straight through the heart. He was one of the largest

FROM THE GUASO NYIRO TO RUMERUTI

lions, if not the largest, on record, measuring, as I understand, in the neighborhood of ten and a half feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and being a magnificent specimen, in the finest of condition. Success came thus easy only a year after we had worked so hard beating this country for this particular kind of game.

The uncertainties of African hunting are still further instanced in the deplorable accident which happened to Mr. Williams this year (June 8, 1909). He was hunting in the Sotik District with Mr. Selous and Mr. McMillan, when one day not far from camp, he saw a lion passing along the edge of the bushes some three hundred yards off. The account published in the newspapers at the time here follows, but does not half begin to tell the suffering and agony of that long week's march to the railroad and hospital. At the end it was only a question of a few hours whether blood-poisoning would finish his story, and certainly one day's further delay would have rendered it impossible to save his leg.

NAIROBI, JULY 1.—Mr Selous and I had joined Mr. McMillan, but on June 8 I was out alone, having only my two gun-bearers with me, when I saw a lion on the right, about three hundred yards away. He was prowling along, and apparently did not notice me, but I could see by the swish of his tail that he was an angry beast. I put up my hand as a signal for my head gun-bearer to come up with a spare rifle, and together we worked closer and closer to the lion. The beast seemed to have no intention of stopping, so I struck one hand on the back of the other. The lion stopped and faced me, probably revolving the question of attack, whilst I, for my part, cogitated as to whether I should shoot or endeavor to get a bit closer. The

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lion seemed to decide upon retreat, for he turned suddenly and trotted away. I fired both barrels of my .450 at him, one shot reaching him in the flank. It was only a slight flesh wound, but it paralyzed him for the moment, and he sat down on his haunches like a dog. After a few minutes he got up and went into a bit of open bush.

Not knowing what state the brute might be in, I made for a big open patch on my left front, hoping to get a better sight of him. The lion, however, had been watching me from his retreat, and at two hundred yards' distance he sprang out of the bush and came straight for me at a terrifying pace. I waited until he was within sixty yards, and then let him have both barrels. One shot missed him but the other lodged in the fleshy part of his shoulder. The only effect was to infuriate him more than ever, and I now thought myself a dead man, for there was no time to reload, and the gun-bearer was not actually in reach with the other rifle. I turned and made for a bush at my right rear, hoping the beast would rush past me and give me time to reload, but it was hopeless, and, turning sharply round, I stood my ground.

It was a terrifying sight—the brute's jaws already open to seize me by my left shoulder and breast—but with the courage born of despair I raised my rifle in both hands and struck him across the side of the head. Almost simultaneously he ducked and seized me by the right leg, shaking me from side to side as though I had been a rat. There is no need to describe what I felt at this moment. Suffice it to say that my gun-bearer—the pluckiest creature, black or white, that I have ever read of—came up whilst the lion was actually mauling me and asked me how to turn the safety catch. I had sufficient presence of mind to be able to explain in a second, and the gun-bearer fired. The lion left me and rushed into a bush five yards away, giving me time to put two cartridges in my rifle whilst still on the ground.

Raising myself to fire, I saw that the lion was in the act of springing. I fired off both barrels from my hip at his head, the "boy" firing at the same time, and the brute rolled over

FROM THE GUASO NYIRO TO RUMERUTI

dead. I fell back again, and for a few minutes half-swooned, for I had lost a lot of blood; but as soon as the second gun-bearer had come up (no gun with him), I sent him off to find camp and bring back some men to carry me in. With some dressing which I had in my cartridge bag, I tried to staunch the bleeding, but could do very little in this way. The muscles were torn open, an artery had burst, and the wounds were everywhere so deep. For an hour I lay there, and then half the camp turned up and I was carried in on a bed. I shall never forget the agony of that journey. On reaching camp Mr. Selous and Mr. McMillan dressed the wounds as well as they could, but that night my temperature was over 105.

On this afternoon of the next day—the 9th—I left with a man—Judd—in charge of me, and after three days' travel by hand portorage I got to Lindrane on the railroad, and arrived at Nairobi on the 14th. My leg seemed to be bursting all the time, and the blood was draining away. On being brought into the hospital, however, I experienced all the ease and comfort which a first-class doctor and skilful nursing were able to afford.

I am delighted to say that at last reports Mr. Williams was on the highroad to recovery and discharged from the hospital as out of danger. The Somali gun-bearer alluded to I believe was Ali Shirwa, who accompanied us, and was the one injured by a buffalo near the Tana River.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PLAINS OF LAIKIPIA

THE Commissioner at Rumeruti advised us to take the Nakuru route to the railroad, as on a recent tour of inspection he had seen a herd of elephants two days' march from the fort, and also some lions, at what was known as Ten-Mile Camp on this road.

We found our lion cub had been well cared for, and was in fine condition, growing rapidly. He was most friendly, following Ali Mirra like a dog, and he soon learned to do the same with all of us. We had a comfortable cage made for him, and anticipated no further difficulty in his bringing up.

When we arrived here many of our men were sick, and we had to discharge them. It gave us a lot of trouble to settle accounts with them, paying their wages, allowing them travelling money to reach Nairobi, and arranging for their care and maintenance until they could be forwarded under proper escort. We secured others in their places, but they were of inferior ability.

Ali Mirra here rejoined us, and while still far from strong, he thought that he could continue his work until the end of the hunt.

Rumeruti has an excellent climate, and is quite cool, the official elevation being given as 6200 feet. We had a three hours' march thence to the Ten-Mile Camp,

THE PLAINS OF LAIKIPIA

along the Nakuru Road, which still followed the Guaso Narok through rolling and broken country. The road ascended the hills quite steeply to a high plateau which lies in this section of the country and forms part of the escarpment that borders the Great Rift Valley.

Having been warned by Mr. Collier that the lions at Ten-Mile Camp are supposed to be man-eaters, at least some of them, I cautioned our men about keeping good fires at night, and not sleeping outside of their tents.

In the afternoon I went back of the camp to some thick thorn country, but saw nothing save steinbuck and zebra, which were plentiful. I shot one of the latter for bait, dropping him at a spot which I could approach and stalk from any direction.

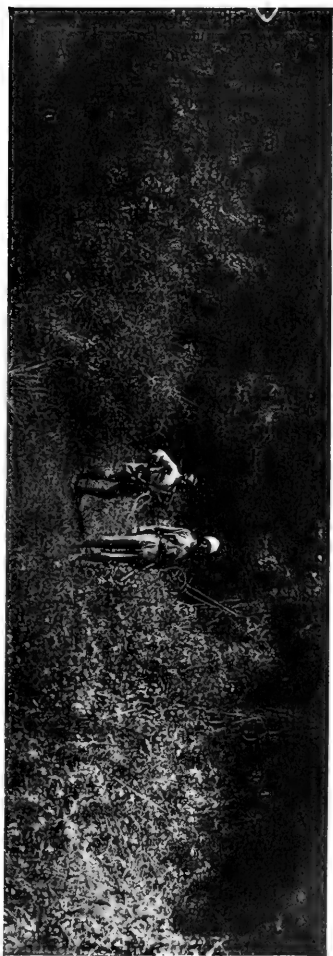
Williams crossed the river to the east bank, and on a wide détour through heavy forest came upon fresh elephant tracks which could not at the most have been more than twenty-four hours old, but saw no other game except small antelope, such as steinbuck and duiker.

We heard lions all night long, and one in the direction in which I had left my zebra bait. In the morning I rose at four, before it was daylight, and with hopes high proceeded in the direction of the bait. As I got near and the light became so that I could see, it was evident that something was at work on the zebra, though I could not tell at first what it was. On going closer and daylight increasing, it disclosed itself to be nothing but a hyena. It seemed very busy and even

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crawled entirely within the animal's stomach, when upon its reappearing I promptly shot it. It was quite different from the one which I had bagged on the Guaso Nyiro, for this was typically dirty, disgusting, and loathsome, as horrid a beast as one could well imagine. I had great trouble getting the head skinned, for the men do not like to touch them, saying, "He eat my father and my mother." And so they probably do.

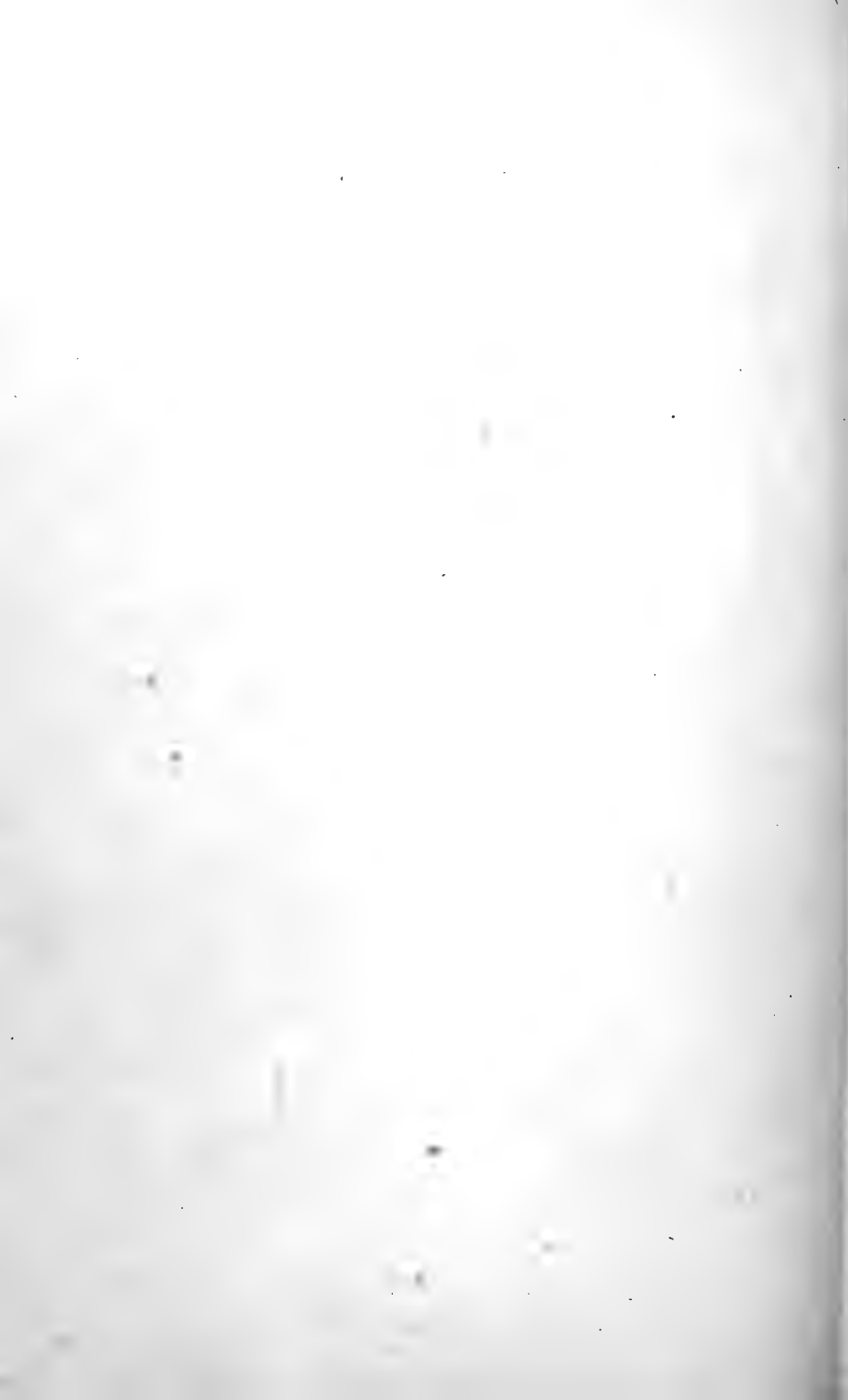
We had a slight shower of rain as we broke camp a little after six, and then marched for four hours over beautiful rolling country, the path constantly rising until we reached a spot which had been indicated to us for camp, close to the Thomson's Falls of the Guaso Narok. A couple of miles of our path had led us through an elephant forest, the first real "jungle" that we had seen, and it gave us an idea of its density and impenetrability. The trees all met overhead, creepers and vines covered and festooned them in every direction, and the ground of the forest was covered by an undergrowth of brush, thorns, and creepers through which it was impossible to make any headway or even to see through. The undergrowth was as tough and tangled as if barbed wire had been woven through it, and even the smallest of the creepers were well nigh impossible to break. To be caught in such a forest with an elephant charging would seem to me to render escape impossible. The meeting of the trees overhead made a dim light like twilight, and the sun was visible only at some spot



THE HEART OF AN ELEPHANT FOREST



OUR LAST MARCH INTO NAKURU



THE PLAINS OF LAIKIPIA

where a tree had fallen. Here were the paths of elephants, great, wide trails, with everything smashed as though a locomotive had gone through. Limbs were torn off and large trees broken down, showing the tremendous power that these great beasts possess. Some of the branches which had been torn off were as thick as my body, and these had been tossed around like twigs. It was interesting and impressive.

Just as we came out of the jungle, near the river, we saw a big defassa waterbuck, but did not shoot for fear of alarming any elephants which might be nearby. It was plain that they came to the place to drink, for they had frequently been seen there lately, so it was not wise to disturb them by making too much noise.

After lunch I took a position overlooking the falls and the pool above them, in the hope of locating the herd when they came down in the evening to drink. But this was not their day, for nothing appeared except some very beautiful parrakeets. A log had been caught in the rocks just below the falls, and projected out into the spray of the latter, and in the rainbow created by this played a large flock of these birds, making a most interesting sight. This continued for quite a while, when I saw them suddenly disappear into the thick trees. Looking up in the air for the cause, I found that a huge hawk was hovering above.

The falls were very beautiful, emptying into a canyon probably one hundred and fifty feet deep, with perpendicular sides of rock, which were somewhat cov-

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ered with brush and jungle. Through glasses, it was possible to see paths in the latter, made, apparently, by leopards or other cats, which must have been plentiful in that neighborhood. From the river bank up the high hills which rose on top of one another, the elephant forest extended as far as the eye could reach. We had merely crossed a narrow portion of it in our path, and there must have been ample territory within which a herd of these huge pachyderms could hide themselves and live in undisturbed security.

On the plains lying to the west of the falls, and extending as far as the eye could see, innumerable Jackson's hartebeest were grazing. Williams went after some of these, far away from the falls, so that his shot could not be heard, and secured one of the best of this variety that we got.

During the afternoon a shower came up, just as on the preceding day, and drenched us to the skin. It was quite cool here, the thermometer not exceeding 79° in the shade, and at night it became very cold.

In the morning Williams went up to the river beyond the falls, and crossed to the edge of the forest, in which he could hear the elephants trumpeting; but although he made an attempt to enter the brush, it was so dense that he could not make any headway. He found no path of the elephants over which he could travel, so as to get near them, so, following up the stream still farther, he proceeded to shoot birds, which were here in myriads. He brought a fine bag back to camp, and also two fine Jackson's.

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I resorted to the plains after Jackson's hartebeest, but did not get one that I wanted. I secured a steinbuck far out on the plains among the hartebeest. As described previously, he was somewhat different from those which we had hitherto seen. I saved both the head and the body skin, but, unfortunately, the latter was stolen during the night, and I was unable to preserve anything but the head. I saw a number of waterbuck, but none with an exceptional head. Again it rained in the afternoon.

The following morning, March 8th, we started from camp at 6 o'clock, and proceeded over the still ascending plateau to the next water hole. We encountered no streams after leaving camp, and had a long, hard march in our search for the particular pool, which all reports had indicated would be very low at this time, and the water, if any, not very good. We missed the first water hole, and had to continue on to the next, which was a total of five hours' march from the falls. Our camp had to be pitched upon the bare plains, over which the wind blew a gale. Everything was filled with dust and grit until the afternoon rain came, when the wind increased and threatened to blow down the tent, making our stay here quite an uncomfortable one.

We here secured a beautiful specimen of the crested crane, and on the march two Jackson's. With the exception of these and zebra, no other game was encountered.

All day long we had been marching over country

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devoid of trees and with very short grass, reminding one of the conditions on the Athi Plains. The exception to this was the broken and rolling nature of the country which was more like the prairies of our Western states in its wave-like formation. Occasionally we would come across dry nullas, which in the rainy season probably are rivers of considerable size, but at this time were nothing but great gullies without a drop of water or any vegetation to relieve them. Such few trees as were scattered at long intervals looked lonely and out of place. The altitude was so high that it was quite cool and a good breeze was blowing all the time.

We had considerable discussion that evening as to where the next water was to be found, all accounts indicating that there might be great trouble in locating a supply, as the drought was getting worse every day. The daily showers were instantly absorbed by the dry earth. We prepared for an early start, as we realized that it would be a long march, as indeed it was.

We left camp at daylight the next morning, and about eleven o'clock reached a point where water should have been found. But the stream was dry, and we had to proceed to the next water, which was expected in the valley below. We descended from the top of the escarpment, a total of from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, before we reached the next stream bed, which had been reported as having contained water recently. It also was dry, so we proceeded on to Mr. James's farm, which with our gun-bearers and personal boys we

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reached about half past one—far ahead of the poor porters, who commenced to reach camp about 2.30. Only the strongest were able to make the journey in such time, and the balance kept straggling in until five o'clock in the afternoon, thoroughly exhausted.

It was the longest march we had had. Towards evening Baringo, our head porter, reported that two *totos*, or boys who carry the equipment of the porters, had not come in, so he went back over the road for them, and it was not until nine o'clock at night when he finally brought them in. We had covered twenty-two miles from the Aberdare Mountains and had got down the escarpment, so every one was exhausted. Our camp was now made but twelve miles from Nakuru. Mr. James offered us all manner of hospitality and attention. He told me that within a few hundred yards of his farm-house was a hill on which I should be able to obtain a reedbuck, which I was most anxious to secure. I flushed two, but was unable to get a shot, although I could catch a glimpse of some of them through the bushes as they played hide and seek around the hill. Before we had left the escarpment Williams had secured two Jackson's, his specimens of this variety being wonderfully fine all through.

The level which we had now reached was at least two thousand feet below the high plateau over which we had been travelling, and the heat commenced to be felt again, as it had in the lower levels when we were in the Embo Country. We started for Nakuru, twelve

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miles away, very early in the morning of March 10th, and reached there after a four hours' march across plains covered with Jackson's and Neumann's hartebeest. There were a number of ostrich farms located in this district, and we saw many of these birds in the big fenced-in fields. They were apparently thriving.

At Nakuru we found the best hotel that we had seen in Africa. It was constructed of stone, was well finished throughout, and had a most excellent cuisine, all entirely due to the energy and public spirit of Lord Delamere, who has a large ranch and a timber reserve nearby.

That afternoon we shipped to Nairobi by train all of our safari except the personal servants and gun-bearers, whom we intended to take with us to Muhoroni, one hundred miles farther up the railroad, and about thirty miles from Victoria Nyanza. At the hotel I secured some very fine native shields and spears and a double-bladed battle axe, evidently of Persian or Arabian workmanship, that in some way had been brought down to this, almost the central, part of Africa, perhaps drifting down through the Arabs from the time of the Crusades. It appeared out of keeping with the natives, for it was quite handsome and showed traces of gold and silver inlaid work. This would not be exceptional, for I was told by officers who had been in the Egyptian campaign against the Mahdi that when the battle of Omdurman was over they found numerous shirts of chain mail, helmets, swords, battle-axes, and



ZEBRA
(*Equus burchelli chapmani*)



SPOTTED HYENA
(*Hyæna crocuta*)

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whole suits of armor that were undoubtedly relics of the days of the Crusades.

We were disappointed to find that there would be no train to take us west to Muhoroni for three days, the information which we had received at Rumeruti having been incorrect in regard to this.

Our time before sailing was now becoming so short that we were greatly disappointed at the thought of having to wait at this point. There was so much still to be done with various specimens that we had not secured that time was valuable.

During the evening one of the residents called and advised me that two lions had been seen frequently on the escarpment some six or eight miles back from Nakuru, but in the main direction from which we had come. He very kindly put himself at my disposal, and secured a couple of mules, and the following morning, with a companion, started me and my gun-bearer, Baccari, on a desperately hot trip across the plains.

We arrived at a ranch near the foot of the escarpment, where we sought further information, and, to our disappointment, found that the owner had already arranged with a friend of his to hunt these lions that afternoon, and as they were on private property, we had to abandon our intention and return to the hotel. It would appear that lions found roaming at large are sometimes looked upon as preëmpted property, for the gentleman in question, who was most civil, explained that his plans had already been arranged, and he evi-

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dently had these lions marked down for his own. I was sorry to learn later that he had failed to get them.

At this point there is an extinct volcanic crater of enormous size, and around this we hunted our way back. The only shot I had was at a Chanler's reedbuck, about two hundred and fifty yards away. I missed, though I greatly desired this specimen and worked hard for it, realizing that it was my last opportunity.

CHAPTER XXV

CONCERNING BIRDS AND INSECTS

IN reply to inquiries, the railroad officials advised us that there might be a "goods train" going west Thursday night, and if so they would put on a passenger car, so we made our preparations accordingly. That morning I went down to the point where the river and the lake met, and saw a number of waterbuck, but none that I wished to shoot. While roaming around, looking for almost anything that would turn up, I caught sight of a leopard, but he saw me at the same time and disappeared into some bush. I bagged here the finest wart-hog that I secured during the trip, it having extremely fine tusks.

This was really the first day that I had had an opportunity to see water birds. Lake Nakuru was covered with enormous flocks of pink and white flamingoes, pelicans, and other species of aquatic birds. The handsomest were the flamingoes, which drew up in solid companies, shoulder to shoulder, giving a formation like a regiment of soldiers. The pink flamingoes with their beautiful plumage formed one streak of color, and the white flamingoes all banded together formed a similar line of snowy hue. At the slightest disturbance they all rose from the water with a most beautiful effect, the delicate pink and brilliant red of the colored flamingoes

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making a rosy cloud, and contrasting beautifully with the cloud of white flamingoes and the blue sky. I longed to secure a pink one, but could not get near enough to use a shotgun, so when they were in the air I fired a rifle ball, unfortunately dropping more than I wanted. An evidence of the density of the flock is shown by the fact that five dropped to this one bullet, but they were all so badly mutilated that I was able to save only parts of each. They stand about three and a half feet high, with contrasting colors from snow white to various shades of pink and the most brilliant scarlet, while the ends of the wing have dark, blackish brown tips. The bill has the usual curious shape with which we are familiar, looking as if it had been broken in half in the middle. How they ever manage to manipulate this misshapen formation, I do not understand.

The bird life in Africa, by the way, was most interesting, but, unfortunately, I am not enough of a naturalist to distinguish the innumerable varieties that we saw. The largest was the giant bustard, which is a huge bird, weighing, I should judge, some thirty pounds. There are a number of smaller varieties of this species, of which we shot one or two. We saw a number of the giants out on the plains, but almost always at a time when we did not wish to shoot, and as they generally kept at a long distance it was difficult to get one. Ibises and flamingoes of various kinds were found near the lakes. The marabou stork was everywhere, and a picturesque,

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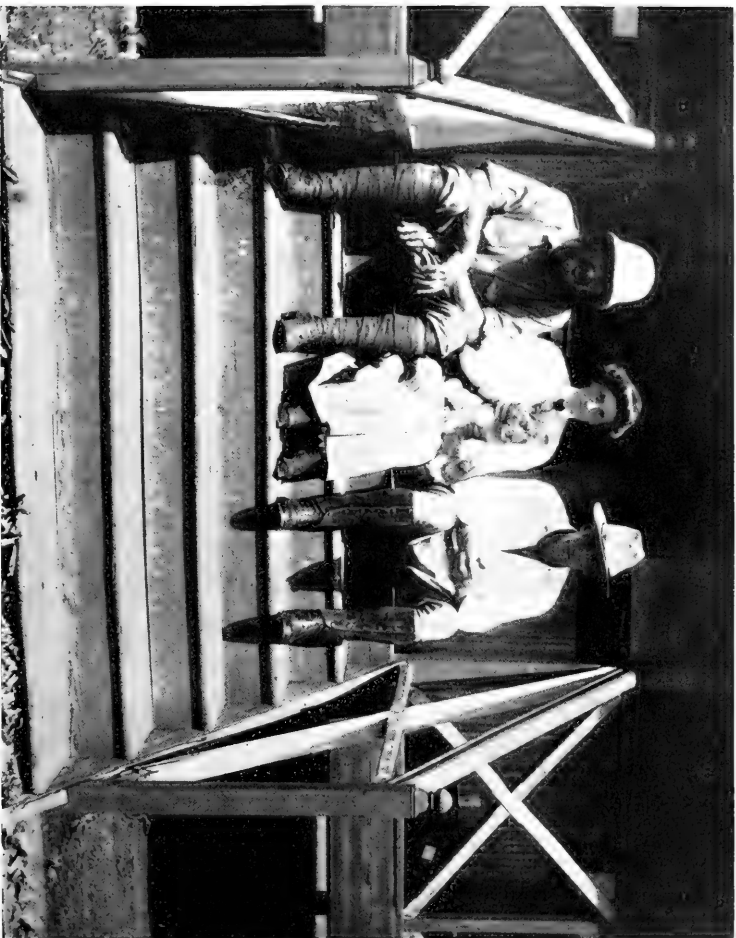
solemn, and dignified looking bird it is. Its beak is eight or ten inches long, and its coloring is a beautiful gray and white. At the root of the tail is a clump of some twelve or fourteen feathers of a fine, delicate, spray-like formation, which are much sought after for aigrettes and hair ornamentation.

The crested crane is probably the most beautiful of the larger birds there. It stands about three feet high, and has a red gland underneath the throat, a blue head, and a brilliant yellow crest of coarse, hair-like feathers. The neck is gray, the body white, and the wings a dark red-brown. There are many varieties and sizes of francolins and guinea fowls. We saw innumerable hawks, eagles, and buzzards of many species, shapes, and sizes—too many to be classified except by a naturalist. The beautiful weaver birds, which build their nest in the shape of a huge mock-orange, having the entrance at the bottom, we saw in thousands, sometimes a tree having as many as forty or fifty of these nests suspended from the slender boughs to which these wonderful birds attached them. The common bird which would take the place of our sparrow is something like a small starling—of a brilliant indigo blue. Then there were parrakeets, parrots, doves, and, in fact, scores of different species, the names of which I did not know or in any way recognize. There were geese, both spur-winged and Egyptian; ducks of several varieties, some looking exactly like our own American wild ducks, such as the mallard and the various teal

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that we have; grouse, quail, plover of many species, some of them with red legs and spurs on the wing, and others without spurs. All that we tried were delicious eating. Mr. Abel Chapman's book "On Safari" gives a naturalist's description of the birds in this same country, and for a list of those which we met I would refer to his most interesting volume.

Two of the birds that we encountered are great "tell-tales." One of them is the honey bird, which, it is declared, leads almost invariably to bee-hives. When this bird sees a man it flies a little in advance, fluttering and uttering its calls, and when followed proceeds with these short flights until it leads to the tree in which the honey is located. The natives have a superstition that unless the bird is fairly treated and gets its share of the honey, it becomes angry and will lead the bee-hunter up to some dangerous beast. Of course this is nonsense, but I am assured that it will lead to honey. The other tell-tale, and a most objectionable one, is the rhino bird. His living is apparently secured from the insects which infest his huge friend and companion. He is usually seen sitting on top of the rhino's shoulders or hopping all over him, and when alarmed utters a series of shrill calls, which indicate to both the rhino and the hunter that there is danger around. If one of these birds is on a rhino, or nearby, it is difficult to get near without exciting it, and the rhino at the same time takes warning, as well as alarm, and immediately endeavors to locate the approaching hunter. These two



ON THE STEPS OF THE DAK BUNGALOW AT MUHOHONI

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birds are found almost everywhere and are quite numerous.

We saw comparatively few snakes. The first was a puff adder which lay in the middle of the path, and which raised its huge head with an angry hiss that was immediately stopped by a gun-shot which blew off the creature's head. It was about three feet long and quite thick, and of a deadly poisonous variety. There are, of course, huge pythons, which we did not see alive, but I heard of them as long as from sixteen to eighteen feet. In fact, I saw some dried skins that length. We encountered a few smaller snakes which, I presume, were mambas, about two or three feet long, and these our Somalis said were extremely poisonous. They would usually scuttle away through the grass whenever seen, but on one occasion (the day I shot a giraffe) I was lying fast asleep under the shade of a tree, using my saddle blanket and saddle as a bed. Upon rising and picking up the blanket, I was horrified to find that one of these deadly snakes had crawled underneath it. I jumped back, and it escaped before I could kill it.

On another occasion, while stalking through some quite long grass, I was annoyed by a commotion on the part of my gun-bearers back of me, and, turning, to see what was the matter, found them engaged in killing a snake, which, they said, had been chasing me and was just prepared to strike at my leg when Ali Mirra brought the butt of a gun down on it. It was quite a harmless-looking affair, about two feet long, but Ali

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said that if it had bitten me I should have been dead in three minutes. I don't know whether this is true or not. I should say we did not encounter more than a dozen or two all through our trip. The natives are very much afraid of them, and with good cause, for with their bare feet they naturally made no noise when walking, and a snake would not be disturbed by their approach. A European with boots undoubtedly makes a sound or vibration on the hard ground which would be communicated to an animal lying on the surface, and would no doubt disturb him, therefore, a snake is more rarely seen by the booted hunter than by the poor native, whose silent approach gives the snake no warning, and who in consequence is likely to be bitten before he is aware of the reptile's presence.

Insect life was most plentiful, variegated and wonderful. Our first trouble was with ticks. They vary in size from the tiniest imaginable to great big fellows as large as a Marrowfat pea. The large ones are usually found in the arm-pits of game, particularly rhinoceros, zebras, and other large animals, and must cause intense suffering. They were not at all bothersome to us after we left the Athi Plain.

I think I was more impressed by one curious insect that inhabits the tall brown grass than anything else. It was built like a blade of thick grass, or straw, and its legs, feelers, and every part of its anatomy were the color of a stalk of grass. So far has nature carried this imitation that at a distance of a very few feet it was

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almost impossible to detect it from the broken and bent blades of grass which formed its covering.

Flies swarm in the middle of the day, and were a pest on our marches, when the sun warmed them up into activity. We had to carry switches or fly brushes of zebra tails to keep them off our faces, for they travelled along with us and were insufferable. Mosquitoes we encountered mostly in the Embo district, but also sometimes at night when our hunting or camping took us close to swamps or rivers. We therefore always pitched our tents a couple of hundred yards away from the water, and so had little difficulty with them throughout the majority of our trip.

We were fortunate to escape one little pest called the jigger—a minute insect like the flea—that gets underneath the toe-nail, lays its eggs, and sets up an irritating sore. The natives are very expert in extracting these with the aid of a sharp stick, and can do it better than any one else. These pests are mostly found around caravan stopping-places, or where there is a fort, and it is dangerous to place the bare foot on the ground in such localities. These jiggers, I understand, were brought from South America to the western coast, and travelled clear across the Continent to the Indian Ocean. But, as I say, we never encountered them personally or heard of them among our safari.

Ant-hills extend all over the country, although we saw very few of the insects that construct them. Evidently the work is all underground, and the ant works

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under cover. He makes a hollow tube up and down which he travels, protected from attack of other insects or birds, and always building his tube ahead of him. In this way enormous pyramids are constructed, some of them ten to fifteen feet high and twenty to thirty feet in diameter at the base. They consist of a fine clay which, with some moisture which the ants exude, is mixed into a substance like weak cement. The toil and exertion that these insects undergo cannot be fully realized until one sees the great areas covered with these pyramids, on which large animals are sometimes seen standing. The tops of these ant-hills are great points of vantage for hartebeest to post themselves on, as from them they can see all over the surrounding country. Little if any dead wood is found in the woods of Africa, for ants eat it all, as indeed they sometimes do standing trees. When they attack the latter their little channels or tubes run up the tree, and from these they apparently burrow inside the wood at intervals until the latter is entirely consumed and nothing remains but the shell of thin tunnels, which often remains long after the entire tree has been eaten up.

The great enemy of the ants is the aard-vark, which is rarely seen. This hideous, misshapen-looking animal bores far into the ant-hills and with its long tongue feeds upon the ants, getting at the main nest and centre from which all the work radiates. This, I understand, contains the queen, an enormous insect whose sole mission in life is the reproduction of myriads of in-

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dividuals, which, infinitely smaller than she is, are the organized workmen. There is one variety of ant that it is well to be wary of, and when a thin line of them is seen marching across one's path, it is desirable to avoid stepping on them or in any way interfering with them. If disturbed, they immediately attack the disturber and swarm all over him, biting with their nippers and making the most painful wounds. Their processions look like thin black ribbons, an inch or two wide and of endless length, and are often encountered marching along like an army, and a very unpleasant army they are to interfere with.

Bees were plentiful, and the numerous honey-pots that we saw throughout the country gave a valuable contribution to the food supply of the natives. They are handled by the latter with the greatest courage and impunity. On one occasion, while out hunting, I detected smoke, and curiosity and the sense of the danger of a fire in the country drew me at once towards it. I found that our Masai guide had found honey in a dead tree about twenty feet high. A small fire of green wood had been built at the bottom of the tree, and then this stark naked individual had shinned up the tree some ten feet or so. Around the foot were gathered a half-dozen of my porters (whose business it should have been to follow me), and circling around their heads and around the naked Masai on the tree were thousands of angry bees. From time to time the Masai would thrust his hand into a hole in the tree and

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

bring out a comb of honey and an additional swarm of insect inhabitants, but apparently none of them stung him. The swarm approached me, but as I felt that I was not concerned in this burglary and desired to pay no penalty for it, I beat a hasty retreat, and then watched the proceedings through my glasses. For five minutes or more this robbery continued, and the Masai would slowly wave one arm around his head, dislodging the bees which were swarming there, as well as all over his naked body. The whole bunch of these men escaped without a sting, and why I could never understand. They ate as much of the honey as they could on the spot, and took the rest of it back to camp, where there was a wild scramble to secure some of their loot by all the rest of the safari.

In the Tana region we were in the district of the tsetse fly, which is one of the pests of the country, as its bite to domestic animals is almost invariably fatal. It is generally found in the thick trees bordering on a stream or a hollow, and rarely ventures far from these. It is not so very much larger than the ordinary fly, but its wings are crossed over its back like the blades of scissors, and I think it is of a brownish color.

The species we encountered is different from that which causes sleeping sickness and which is found around the shores of Victoria Nyanza. While that tsetse fly apparently is not necessarily fatal to man, the fly which creates the sleeping sickness is a curse that the government is making every effort to stamp out. Sleeping-



LEOPARD SHOT AT MTHORONI



ROAN ANTELOPE SHOT AT MTHORONI



CONCERNING BIRDS AND INSECTS

sickness commissions, medical experimental stations, and hospitals for the cure of the sufferers are all working earnestly to combat this plague which has been a source of so much misery in Africa. The courage with which these scientific and medical men are experimenting and exploring arouses admiration, for the poison is insidious, and one never knows when one is bitten, for the results of the infection may not be noticed for months. The sleeping sickness is now mostly confined to Uganda and there close to the lake, but isolated cases have been discovered at various spots in East and Central Africa, and the greatest care will be necessary to prevent the spread of the scourge. The tsetse fly that bites an infected person may also be able to convey the poison. The native, being naked, of course has more surface exposed to the danger of the flies than the European, besides which the native is not careful about flies anyhow. They do not seem to be annoyed by them as is the European, with the result that the native is often the victim of their bites. Up to the present time no certain cure has apparently been found for the disease, and the menace and horror of its spread is a matter of the gravest importance. Some scientists claim that the poison has its origin in crocodiles, and that the flies carried it from them. It was suggested that all the crocodiles should be exterminated—a pretty large contract, but there is no undertaking too stupendous to ignore if the cause of this disease can be eliminated.

Whether the rinderpest was occasioned by a fly of

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peculiar character and virulence, I do not know, but some ten or twelve years ago this scourge swept all through the central part of Africa, being particularly fatal to the buffalo and the eland, which were almost wiped off the earth. But recovery by nature, aided by man's protection, has been most satisfactory, and both of these species that were threatened with extermination have now recovered and bid fair to have secured a permanency. The buffalo in Uganda are to-day so numerous, and their attacks on natives have caused so many fatalities, that the Government no longer imposes restrictions about shooting them.

CHAPTER XXVI

ROAN ANTELOPE AND LEOPARD

THE lion cub here gave us quite a lot of trouble. While out walking with Mrs. Madeira, whom he followed like a dog, he saw some chickens beneath the floor of one of the buildings, which were constructed on piles, leaving about a foot or a foot and a half between the flooring and the ground. The cub promptly dashed underneath and refused to be coaxed out. All efforts to poke him out with a pole were unavailing, and finally his temper got roused and he was as mad as a hornet. Small boys were hired to go in and get him, but it was an hour or two before a youngster was able to push him out with a long stick. The cub as cross as he could be, snapped and growled at everybody, and had to be handled with a great deal of care, for by this time his teeth and claws were as sharp as needles, and he did not hesitate to use both whenever his very irascible temper got the better of him. We had begun to fear that we should have to give up our trip until hunger should drive him from his hiding place. We had grown very fond of him, and had taken great pains with him, the results of which latter were shown in the rapid growth and development. By this time he stood about fourteen inches high, and was as powerful and strong as a dog of a very much larger size.

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

The goods train finally came along, and we left for Muhoroni, which lay to the westward, towards Victoria Nyanza. The Labor Commissioner had his private car attached to the train, and we dined with him and played bridge during the evening. The country over which we travelled that night was most broken, hilly, and picturesque. We crossed over the high lands, down into the Rift Valley, and finally reached the Nandi foot hills, where the station was located, on Friday, March 13th, at 4.30 A.M. We were thoroughly tired out, for we had had to get up about three o'clock in the morning to be ready for our arrival, and the train was an hour and a half late. The Dak Bungalow station restaurant is run by the railroad at this point, and there are two or three rooms for belated travelers. The Indian "baboo" who has charge of the house gave us every attention, and shortly after we got there breakfast was ready and we were settled with very comfortable accommodations.

About eleven o'clock I started up the railroad, which I followed for a couple of miles and then struck north through the broken country, which formation of foothills exists between here and Kibigori.

Innumerable quantities of Jackson's hartebeest were in all directions, and some few topi, but I saw no signs of roan antelope, and could not get near the topi. I circled far around the country, and on my way back to Muhoroni, after a seventeen-mile walk I was thoroughly exhausted. The heat here was terrific, as we had descended to a low elevation.

ROAN ANTELOPE AND LEOPARD

The country was covered with grass as high as the shoulder, with plenty of water and good trees, almost entirely mimosa or thorn. There appeared to be several varieties of this, or else it may be that the bark is affected by the different seasons. Whole sections covered with these trees were found where the bark was a deep, almost brick red, at others the bark was a brilliant pea green, and at still others the trees had a gray bark. The flowers, which are profuse on these trees, are about the size of clover, and not unlike it in appearance. Some of the trees bear yellow and some white flowers, and the perfume thrown off by them is delightful.

Coming back along the railroad track, after my long walk, I was passed by a train from the lake, and, looking up as it went by, I saw an intimate friend who had been one of our fellow-travellers on the *Burgo-meister*. He happened to be looking out of the window at the time, so we were able to recognize each other. Muhoroni being one of the stations where meals are provided for travellers, I found him at the Dak Bungalow when I arrived, and we had a delightful time, talking over our different experiences. He had been quite lucky in the brief space of time, securing his quota of elephants, a lion, and a fair bag of miscellaneous game, and this with relatively easy hunting and in less than six weeks on safari.

Williams went eastward on the railroad and made a détour through the country, but saw nothing but Jack-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

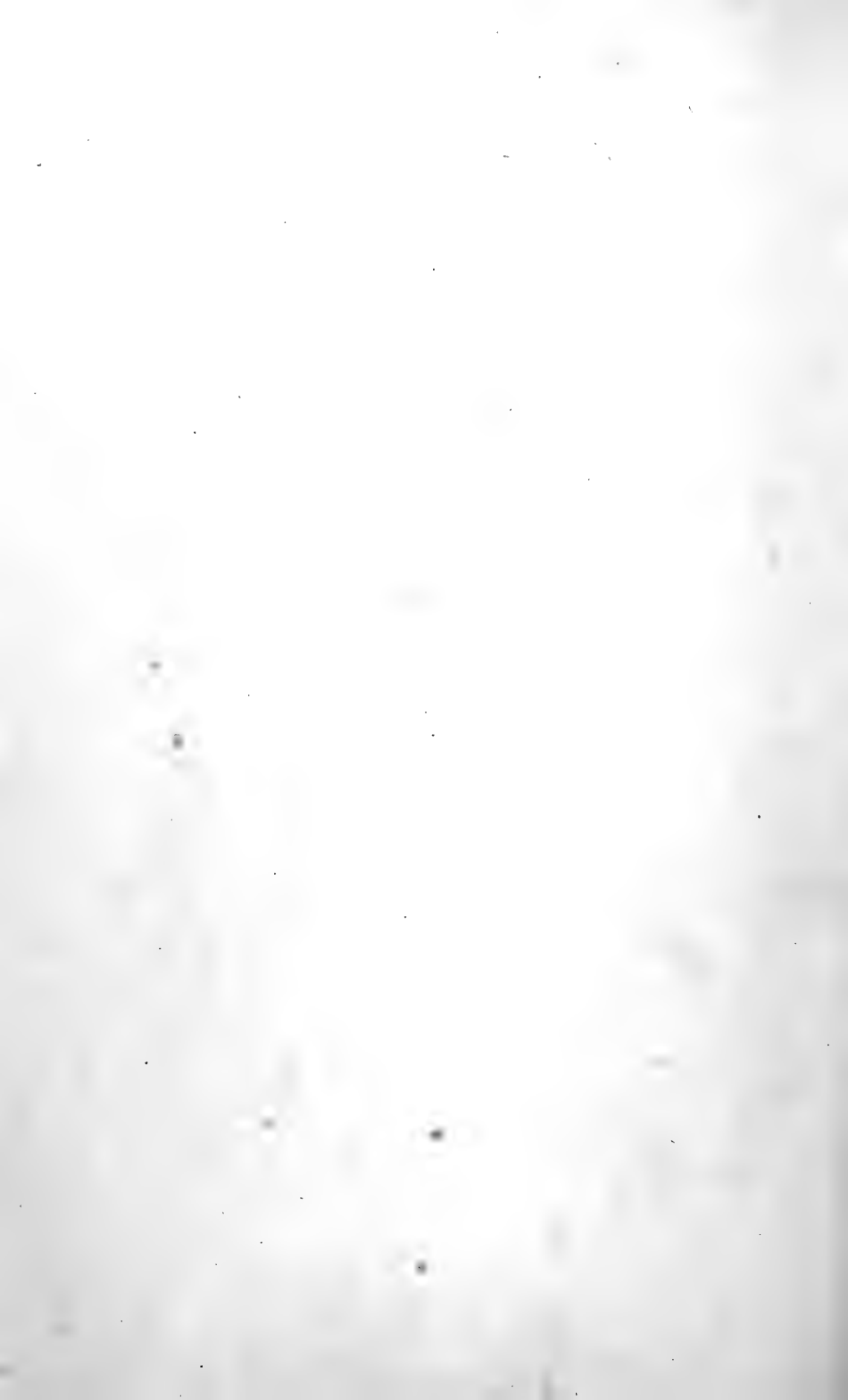
son's and reedbuck. The latter are quite plentiful at this point, but of a different species than the common reedbuck, which is not found here at all.

Dawn saw me afield the next morning, again going west on the railroad about three miles, and thence turning to the south over some fine looking country. About half past six I located a herd of roan antelope, which was the game I was after. I got close enough to distinguish the bull, but he kept mostly under cover, lying down behind some bushes. Occasionally he would rise, and so would some of the cows accompanying him, and they would wander a short distance and then lie down again. I waited patiently for quite a long time until he rose from his bed and stood out of the bush, giving me the chance I was after. I hit him but a little too far back of the shoulder. The whole herd broke off at a gallop, and we ran after them as fast as we could. We were able to follow them for quite a long time, but then they went among the trees, and we lost them, the grass, as I have said, being quite high here, and the sides of the hills covered with thick growth of thorn trees.

My disappointment was intense, for he was a magnificent looking animal, and we kept up our search in all directions, hopelessly, but diligently. About eleven o'clock, while still searching among trees and long grass, I saw something coming towards me with rapid bounds. Standing immovable in the shade of a tree, I watched it for a while, first thinking it was a lion, then discovering that it was a leopard. It evidently did not see



LEOPARD
(*Felis pardus*)



ROAN ANTELOPE AND LEOPARD

me, for it did not deflect from its straight course towards me. I waited until it came within about forty yards, when I fired. As the first bullet hit him, he turned to come at me, snarling and growling, but a second bullet knocked him over. He was not quite dead, however, and, not wishing to take any chances, I gave a finishing shot with the small gun. He was a splendid specimen, measuring from the tip of nose to root of tail fifty-four and one-half inches in a straight line, and not taken over the top of the head. The tail was thirty-seven inches long, making a total of seven feet seven and one-half inches, without stretching. His height at the shoulders was thirty inches, and his girth of chest behind the front leg was thirty-one and one-half inches. The forearm of the right front leg measured twelve inches and the upper arm seventeen inches. He was a beautiful color and one of the largest which the men said they had ever seen. His dressed hide, as I now have it at home, measures over ten feet from tip to tip, and when alive he was almost as big as an average lioness. I could not imagine what had started him in his wild flight until I saw Baringo, our head porter, approaching from the same direction as the leopard. No doubt it was he who had startled the latter from its lair.

Baringo told us that some two miles away he had seen a roan antelope bull standing under a tree and looking as if he were sick. I left one of the porters and Baringo to skin the leopard and keep off birds and hyenas, and with Baccari went after the roan. After a

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

long search I sighted him standing as described under a tree, but he instantly saw me and dashed away. Another stalk and again his vigilance detected us and he decamped, this time going up over a hill and disappearing. He was apparently uninjured, and Baccari remarked, "Run far; no use."

I had come all this distance to get a roan and, knowing that my hunting days were growing scarce and chances few, decided to keep after him in spite of Baccari's lack of interest. Crawling up over the top of the hill, I at first could not find him, but after a long search I located him standing back of a bush, watching in the direction from which he had expected us to come, but which was not the line I had followed, as I had made a *détour* and came up with the wind right and where he did not expect us. By this means I was enabled to get a shot and drop him. Upon going up, I found he was the one I had wounded some six hours before, it being by this time one o'clock in the afternoon. He was a splendid bull, with fine horns measuring twenty-seven and one-half inches in length and very heavy in circumference.

The roan is one of the largest antelopes existent, standing about four feet eight or nine inches at the shoulder, with a grayish roan coat. His ears are extremely large and apparently out of proportion. His face has some very distinct white and black colorations on it, and brown cheeks. The dark nose streak stops short of the muzzle, which is white. The animal weighs



ROAN ANTELOPE
(*Hippotragus equinus*)



ROAN ANTELOPE AND LEOPARD

about six hundred and twenty-five pounds. In South Africa the horns of a roan are much longer than they are in East Africa, running in the former from thirty-five to thirty-nine inches in some instances, while those in the latter rarely exceed twenty-eight inches. Mine therefore was an extremely good specimen. We took his head, which was no light burden for Baccari to carry, while I lugged both the guns. Returning to the leopard, we sent both its skin and the roan head—a pretty satisfactory morning's bag—into Muhoroni, and then proceeded after topi. We located some, but they were extremely wild, being mixed in with hartebeest, and I could not get near them.

Immediately after our return to camp, a heavy thunder storm broke, and we experienced this rain daily while at Muhoroni, it usually setting in about four o'clock in the afternoon. The regularity with which this appeared was noticeable. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, there would not be a cloud in the sky, but shortly afterward small ones would appear, gradually increasing in number and size until by four the sky would be pitch-black, with lightning playing as I had never seen it play before, terrific thundering, and a flood of rain that would continue for about an hour. Then the skies would clear, the sun appear, and the evening would close with a brilliant starlight sky. In the morning the grass of course would be soaking wet, and within five minutes of the time I entered it my clothes would be as drenched as if I had been in swim-

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

ming. This would last for an hour or two, when the dry air and the heat of the sun would evaporate it all, and by eight or nine o'clock I would be perfectly dry.

Williams had taken still another direction that morning, going to the southeast, and had secured a fine Jackson's hartebeest, the horns measuring twenty-three and one-quarter inches in length, twelve inches in circumference, and eight and one-half inches from tip to tip, the best one he got and far ahead of mine. He had seen neither topi nor roan.

On the way back the preceding day I had seen four roan bulls near the spot where I first shot mine, and these we were careful not to disturb, thinking that Williams might get one of them the following day. But he failed to locate them, or the topi either, which I had seen in considerable numbers in this same country.

The following morning the Division Superintendent of the railroad very kindly took me on his railroad garry for seven miles out towards Kibigori, so I was enabled to reach this somewhat distant point without fatigue and much more quickly than if I had walked. Instead of a hand-car such as we are accustomed to see on our railroads, this garry is propelled by two negroes pushing it, and I wondered what the soles of their feet must be like. They run on the iron rails, which with the blazing sun on them must be at a terrific temperature. How these creatures can touch this dreadfully hot metal with their bare feet is a mystery, as is also the speed with which they propel these cars, for they run on the level and coast down hill at a rate which carries them

ROAN ANTELOPE AND LEOPARD

far up the next hill by momentum, then the motors run and push again. They go quite as fast as a hand car. The heat was intense, and owing to this and my trying hunt through thick and difficult country, I was entirely done up by one o'clock and returned to the bungalow. The high grass, from the preceding day's rain, was turned into a steaming furnace, like a Turkish bath, and was more trying than any work which I had so far experienced. I saw innumerable herds of Jackson's, a few topi and some roan but could not get near any of them. Williams secured a bohor reedbuck the only thing he saw during the afternoon. He got a thorough drenching from the terrific thunder storm which caught him before he returned.

On Monday, March 16th, I went east on the railroad, circling around to the north but saw only one small reedbuck which I shot and hit, but it could not be recovered on account of the long grass in which it had hidden, and returned to camp about 10.30. Williams went out in the afternoon and shot another reedbuck but was unable to find it in the thick grass. Esau, his gun bearer, asserted that he could recover it the following morning, which we did not believe; but the tell-tale birds located it for him, and an hour or two after he departed, he returned with the buck on his shoulders.

Oribi were numerous here but were most difficult to shoot as the grass was higher than they were and there was just one glimpse of them when roused from cover, possibly kicked up close to your feet, then they disappeared. I saw nothing in the afternoon and it was such

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

a terrific day that we took the temperature. We found it to be 95° in the shade and in the sun we had to remove our thermometer after it reached 150° , as we were afraid of breaking it. The humidity made the temperature of 95° seem many degrees hotter than it really was and the whole effect was so enervating that I do not believe the climate at this point is very healthy.

My next hunt was at right angles to the railroad, directly south of the camp, and into some country that I had not penetrated before. There I soon sighted five or six wart-hogs and amongst them the best tusks that I had yet seen. My efforts to get near were unavailing, as they would disappear in the long grass every time I tried. They are the ugliest and yet most absurd looking animals as they proceed in single file, travelling with a steady, easy and yet quite rapid trot, their little tails held straight up in the air like flag-poles. They look like a very easy mark and I risked a shot at long range, which told, but did not stop the boar. We followed him for a long time, but the long grass swallowed him up. Later I saw more wart-hogs, some reedbuck, oribi and three roans, a bull and two cows. The cows permitted me to come quite near them, making an easy shot had I wanted one; but the bull kept far away and well out of range. I would not have shot had I been able, as I was only allowed by my license one of this species, but I was anxious to study them. Williams saw nothing in the morning but Jackson's hartebeest, of which he got fine specimens. The storm prevented our going out in the afternoon.



RETURN WITH BACCARI FROM THE LAST DAY'S HUNT



CHAPTER XXVII

MUHORONI AND ITS GAME

THE 18th found me in the same country that I was in the first day, to the right and north of the railroad, about four miles from camp. I made a long *détour*, during which I shot a fine Jackson, but as the first bullet only wounded him, I had a long, hard chase before he finally dropped. The amount of lead that these animals carry is incredible. I hit him four times before he finally stopped, and it took two more shots to finish him. This of course sounds like, and no doubt is, bad shooting, but it is very easy to miss even as large an animal as a hartebeest, or if you hit him, to place the shot a few inches off a vital spot. Unless they are hit vitally they will go for a great distance. The rapid beating and thumping of one's heart after a long run makes it extremely difficult to hold the rifle steady and to put the bullet in the right spot, and the slightest variation from this particular point, which may be the head, neck, front shoulder or heart, will be followed by a long, hard chase, as African animals, unless vitally hit, seem to be insensible to pain, and have far more vitality than any animal which I have ever seen in America.

After sending the head and meat back to Muhoroni by some Nandi porters that we had engaged at the

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

station, I proceeded on my hunt after topi. A few miles away on the top of a hill I located one, but he winded or saw me and disappeared, leading me to a band that was apparently undisturbed, and which consisted of twenty or thirty cows and bulls. It is most difficult to distinguish the sex without the greatest care, and even with that, one is often mistaken in these animals and also in the hartebeest, as in both species the females carry horns. In making a quick decision it is almost impossible to differentiate them. This particular band was among rather thick thorn trees underneath which the grass was about three feet high. As it was now noon they had ceased feeding and were resting in the shade, every now and then changing their position, some standing up and some lying down, and as usual, always on the alert.

I succeeded in getting across some open country to a bush about four hundred yards from them, but between us again lay an open stretch of quite short grass rendering it impossible for me to get closer owing to the animals' watchfulness. I sat behind this bush for over an hour, hoping some change would come in their movements, and was getting discouraged and preparing to take the chance of a long range shot at one of them, when something disturbed them or attracted their attention on the hill to the back of me. Then, as if he had been called, a bull trotted straight toward me without the slightest hesitation, looking over my bush and not stopping until he came with fifty yards, giving a



TOPI
(*Damaliscus corrigum jimela*)



MUHORONI AND ITS GAME

straight-end-on shot. My bullet hit him in the chest and went clear through him, cutting the heart. As usual with animals shot through the heart, he immediately dashed at full speed for about twenty-five yards, turned a somersault and dropped dead.

The topi is the most difficult animal to distinguish in certain lights from the hartebeest. Head on with the sun behind him, he resembles them extremely, although smaller than the bulls of that species; but when his flank is exposed or the sunlight flashes on him, he becomes a curious purple color, the result of the dark red, roan body and black markings on his legs. He can never be mistaken after once this purple effect is seen, for it is distinct and individual.

My topi's head had just been secured when we were surrounded by a number of natives that appeared from nowheres apparently, but had been following me all morning. They were a dejected, half-starved looking lot, and begged some meat. There were so many of them that I knew the meat would be a God-send, so gave them the entire carcass. They built some fires immediately and proceeded then and there to enjoy themselves.

I went on and saw great numbers of hartebeest and one more band of topi. A long shot at one of the bulls in this latter band failed to reach him, and I did not again meet them. In the afternoon I crossed to the south side of the railroad, where I had secured my roan and where the first day I had seen topi. They were

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

encountered again, but accompanied by such a large number of hartebeest that these prevented near approach. I also saw fourteen waterbuck, one of the latter having but a single horn. As we had a full quota of these, they were not of particular interest to me.

On the following day, I went east on the railroad, circling around to the north. About a quarter of a mile after leaving the station and while travelling along the railroad embankment, I saw a fine reedbuck making its way through the long grass some little distance off and giving me a beautiful shot. I dropped him, and as the grass was so thick, remained on the bank to point out to Baccari the spot where he lay. I was dismayed, when Baccari got to where I was sure my buck was lying, to find the animal had disappeared, for Baccari immediately pressed on farther, and although I called to him that he had gone past the game, he paid no attention. About a hundred yards further on he shouted for me. I ran down and discovered him with his face bleeding and a huge cut on it running from his eye down to the jaw bone. It seems that the reedbuck had crept off after I dropped him, and Baccari, in trailing him through the long grass, came upon him, as he thought, dead. He approached him incautiously with the result of a terrific kick in the face from his sharp hoof which laid the flesh open to the bone making a most nasty wound.

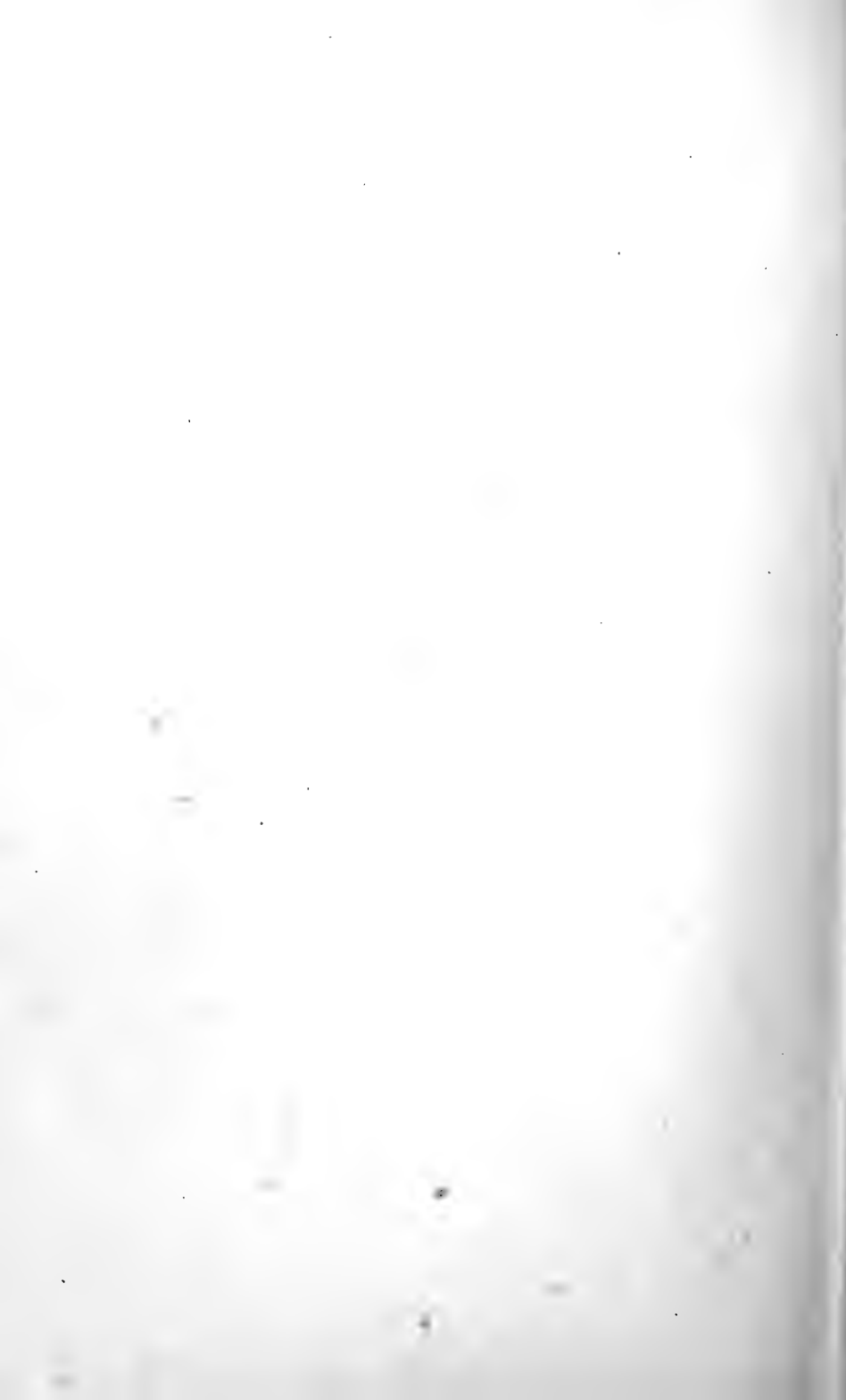
The reedbuck here, known as the Ward's bohor, stands about twenty-eight inches at the shoulder, and is



BOHOR REDBUCK
(*Cervicapra redunca wardi*)



CHANLER'S REDBUCK
(*Cervicapra fulvovirgata chanleri*)



MUHORONI AND ITS GAME

of a grayish fawn color and rather stockily built. The horns are ringed towards the base, and point forward with a very distinct curve at the tips. They are very local and are found near streams and swamps, appearing usually either alone or in pairs.

March 20th, was the last day of our hunt, so I started at dawn with the hopes of getting an oribi, the last of the species of game to be secured in this district, and having been successful by great luck in securing the other varieties that I had come for, I was in hopes my good fortune would still stay with me. A half hour after starting I flushed from at my feet in the long grass, two oribi, one of which dashed to the right and the other to the left, bounding through the long grass and only visible as their jumps brought them above it, giving glimpses of their white rumps. It was of course impossible to tell which was the buck, so I took a chance at the one to the left, holding the rifle on the line of his flight and watching for him to appear on his next leap. With the greatest of good luck, I managed to drop him at 150 yards, a shot that I could not make once in a thousand times. He was a very good specimen, the horns measuring four and five-eighths inches.

The oribi stands about twenty-five inches at the shoulder and the little horns are very stout and heavily ringed for more than half of the length. They have large face glands underneath the eyes, and a little bare spot back of or below the ears. The tail is short. The flesh is very good and the variety found in this part of the country is known as Haggard's oribi.

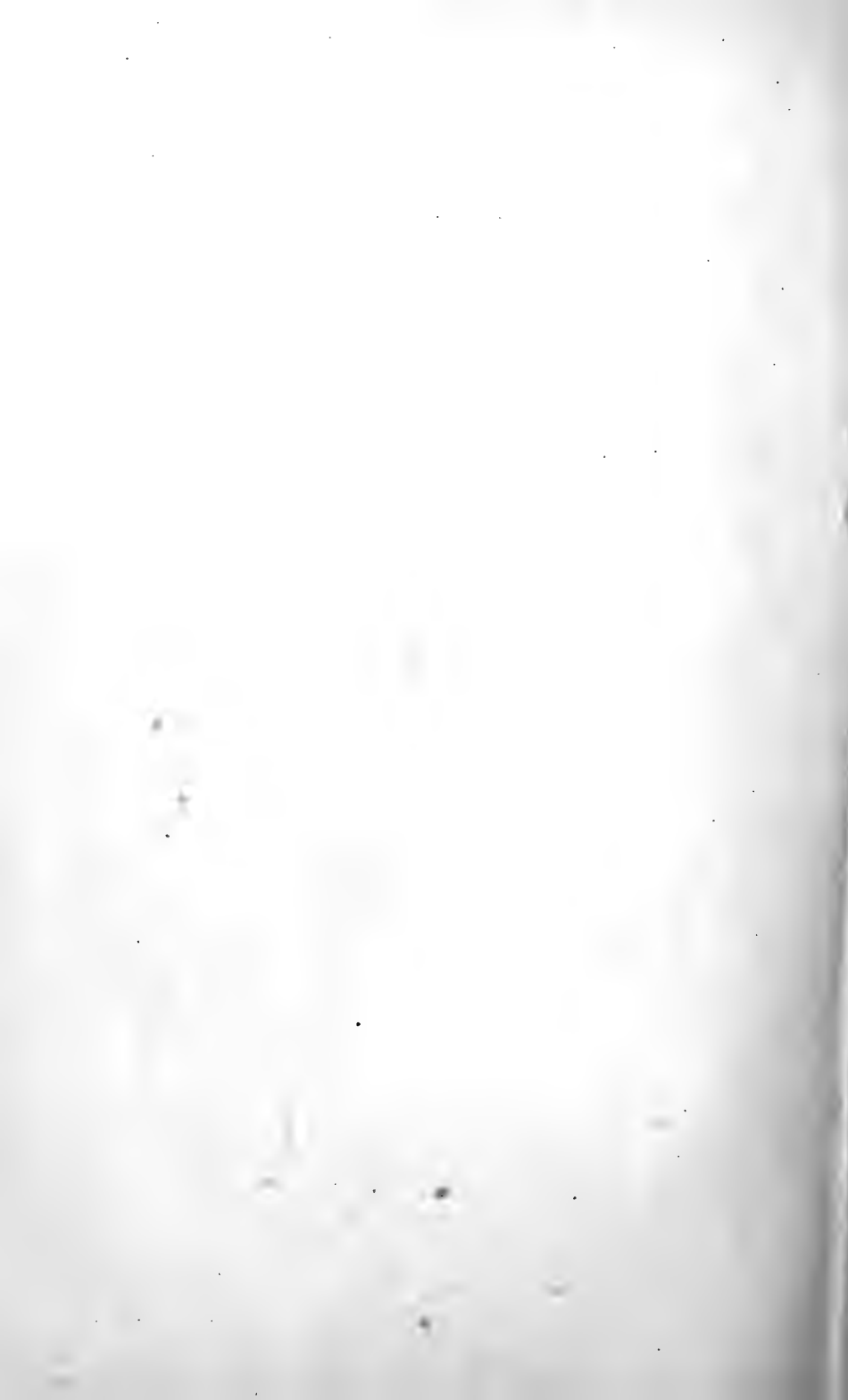
HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

This completed my bag, and the whole week was one of the luckiest that I could wish for, as I managed to get five different species and all were good specimens.

Continuing on farther I again saw some roan where I had first located them and managed to get within fifty yards, securing an interesting sight of them. Making a wide *détour* along the hill tops, I encountered two large bands of waterbuck and literally hundreds of hartebeest, but nothing else that I cared to shoot. On my way back, I again passed the old spot where the roans had been in the morning and there were fifteen or twenty of them there at this time, but no bulls; evidently I had secured the only one in this particular band. They dashed away over the hills, and I lost track of them after they got to some short grass country which entirely hid their trail. Numerous oribi were flushed on the way back, and I reached the bungalow by noon.



MRS. MADEIRA AND LION CUB AT NAIROBI



CHAPTER XXVIII

THE END OF THE TRIP

WE photographed the trophies, packed up and at 6.30 P.M. took the train for Nairobi, where we arrived on Saturday, March 21st, at noon, having been exactly one hundred days on our trip.

I found there was a great deal to be done here in settling up for the safari and arranging for the shipment of the skins and horns. The latter, which we had been sending in to Newland, Tarleton & Company from time to time, had been treated by them with certain chemicals and preparations to prevent the depredations of the beetle bug which requires most constant watching while trophies are on safari and in shipment. These skins and heads, after treatment, were dried and then packed in tin-lined, hermetically sealed wooden cases, the skins in one lot of boxes and the horns and skulls in their separate boxes, all consigned to Messrs. Rowland Ward & Company, London, for mounting.

Our specimens included, besides birds such as the marabou stork, crested crane, ibis, etc., the following:

Coke's hartebeest	Bushbuck
Burchall's zebra	Wildebeest
Thompson's gazelle	Hyena
Grant's gazelle	Giraffe

HUNTING IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

Steinbuck	Roan antelope
Impalla	Leopard
Rhino	Topi
Ellypsiprimnus	Hippo
Defassa	Chanler's reedbuck
Eland	Lioness
Wart-hog	Serval cats
Jackson's hartebeest	Duiker
Buffalo	Neumann's hartebeest
Oryx	Grant's zebra
Cheetah	Silver jackal
Dikdik	Blue monkey
Ward's reedbuck	Baboon
Oribi	

It is quite expensive to have these boxes made, as neither wood nor tin is cheap in Africa. They were forwarded on the same ship that we sailed on and made a formidable looking lot of freight. They reached London about three weeks after us.

In settling with the safari, every man had to get "backsheesh" in proportion to his monthly pay. It is expected and is part of the wages. This oriental custom of agreeing upon a definite wage with a bonus for good behaviour, is not altogether unreasonable for it is thus possible to reward more liberally servants who are deserving.

We naturally had a renewal of acquaintances made three months before, and went to a number of dinners



NAIROBI RAILROAD STATION. LEAVING FOR HOME



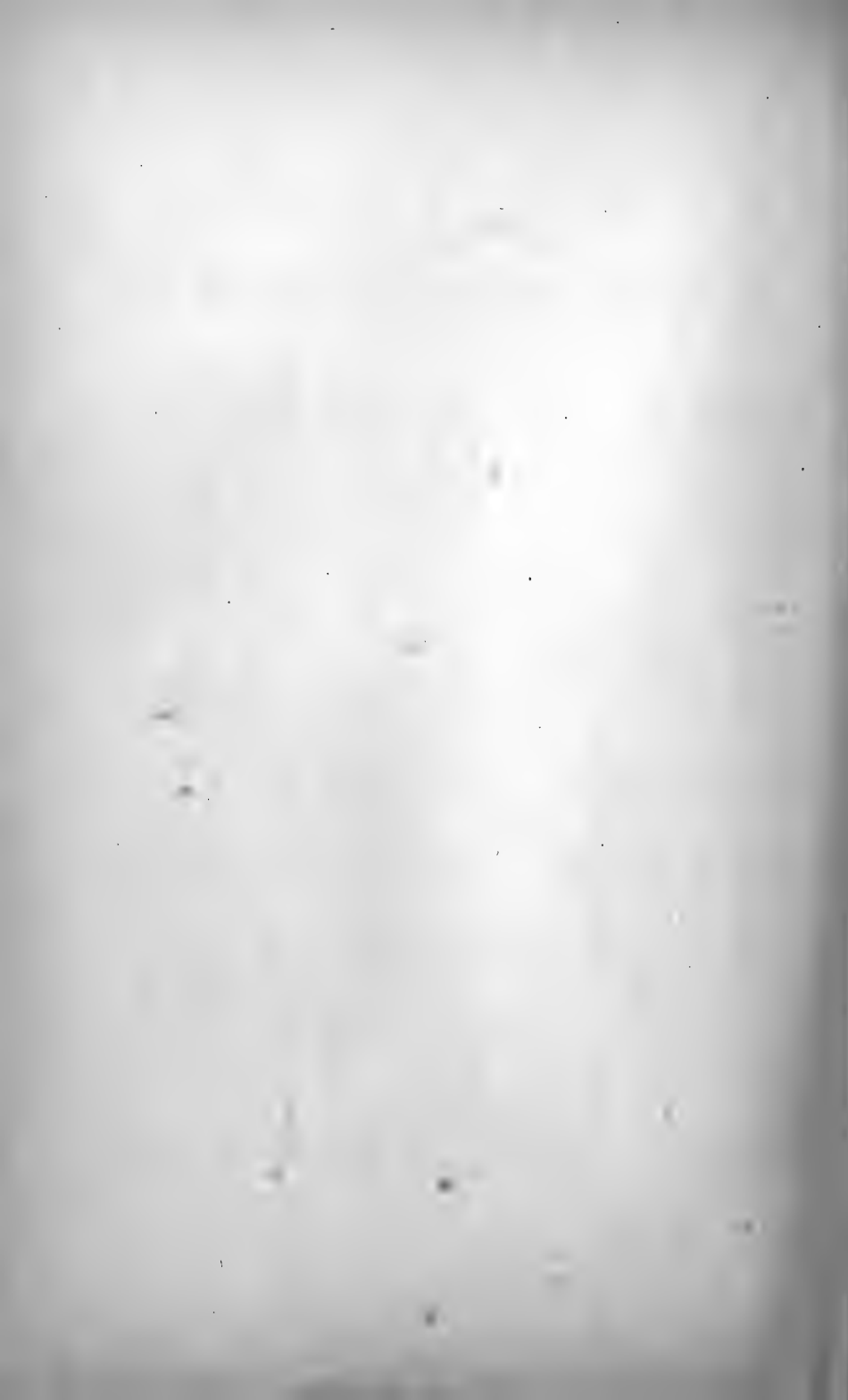
THE END OF THE TRIP

and social amusements. We paid the customary calls upon the Governor and other officials and said goodby to our many friends.

Our trip from Nairobi to Mombasa was passed during daylight on the cow catcher of the engine, particularly in going over the Athi Plains where we again saw the herds of game that have made this trip so famous. We sailed from Mombasa on March 28th on the steamship *Adour*, making our first landing place Djibouti, French Somaliland. This is the beginning of the railroad that runs up to King Menelik's Abyssinian domain, and is one of the main Somali rendezvous, they having here a town of their own which is quite interesting.

We reached Port Said late at night April 9th and immediately went ashore, spending practically the entire night investigating the curious life and conditions of this wide-open town, which apparently never closes.

The only incident on our return voyage, was a very severe attack of fever which Mrs. Madeira and I both suffered from and which lasted for several days. Our temperature ran up as high as 104° , and I lost eleven pounds in sixty hours. Marseilles was, however, safely reached in due time and thus a most interesting trip completed.



APPENDIX

The various marches made by the safari after leaving Mr. McMillan's farm, follow.

Date	Marching time	From	To
December 21, 1907...	6 hours...	Juja.....	Thika Bridge.
December 22, 1907...	3 hours...	Thika Bridge.....	Kiboka.
December 23, 1907...	5½ hours...	Kiboka.....	Punda Millia.
December 26, 1907...	4¼ hours...	Punda Millia.....	Fort Hall.
December 27, 1907...	5½ hours...	Fort Hall.....	Githai Big Tree.
December 28, 1907...	4 hours...	Githai Big Tree.....	Thiba River.
December 29, 1907...	4 hours...	Thiba River.....	Fort Embo.
December 30, 1907...	2 hours...	Fort Embo.....	Buffalo Swamp.
January 1, 1908...	4 hours...	Buffalo Swamp.....	Riping Waler.
January 5, 1908...	3 hours...	Riping Waler.....	Thiba.
January 8, 1908...	6 hours...	Thiba.....	Tana River.
January 13, 1908...	3 hours...	Tana River.....	Hippo Pool.
January 14, 1908...	2 hours...	Hippo Pool.....	Buffalo Camp.
January 17, 1908...	5½ hours...	Buffalo Camp.....	1st camp Tana (on return).
January 18, 1908...	6 hours...	Tana River.....	Maharagua River.
January 21, 1908...	3½ hours...	Maharagua River...	Fort Hall.
January 22, 1908...	5 hours...	Fort Hall.....	Wambaiga Rest House.
January 23, 1908...	6½ hours...	Rest House.....	Fort Nyeri.
January 24, 1908...	4½ hours...	Fort Nyeri.....	Sungari Hill.
January 26, 1908...	3½ hours...	Sungari Hill.....	Ngari Rangee River.
January 28, 1908...	3 hours...	Ngari Rangee R....	Buyout River.
January 31, 1908...	2½ hours...	Buyout River.....	Guaso Nyiro.
February 1, 1908...	3½ hours...	Guaso Nyiro.....	2d camp, same river.
February 2, 1908...	4½ hours...	2d camp on G. N....	Engobit River.
February 3, 1908...	4 hours...	Engobit River.....	Pesi Swamp.
February 8, 1908...	2 hours...	Pesi Swamp.....	Rumeruti.
February 9, 1908...	2 hours...	Rumeruti.....	2d camp Pesi Swamp
February 12, 1908...	4 hours...	Pesi Swamp.....	Sugari River.
February 17, 1908...	1 hour...	Sugari River.....	2d camp Sugari R.
February 21, 1908...	2½ hours...	2d camp Sugari R. ...	3d camp Sugari R.
February 22, 1908...	3 hours...	3d camp Sugari R. ...	4th camp Sugari R.

APPENDIX

	Date	Marching time	From	To
February	25, 1908....	3 hours....	4th camp Sugari R....	5th camp Sugari R.
February	26, 1908....	5 hours....	5th camp Sugari R....	Guaso Nyiro.
February	27, 1908....	4 hours....	Guaso Nyiro.....	2d camp Guaso Nyiro.
February	28, 1908....	2 hours....	Guaso Nyiro.....	Junction Guaso Nyiro and Guaso Narok.
March	1, 1908....	4 hours....	Junction.....	1st camp G. Narok.
March	2, 1908....	3 hours....	1st camp.....	2d camp G. Narok.
March	3, 1908....	3 hours....	2d camp.....	3d camp G. Narok.
March	4, 1908....	3 hours....	3d camp.....	Rumeruti.
March	5, 1908....	4 hours....	Rumeruti.....	10-mile Camp.
March	6, 1908....	4 hours....	10-mile Camp.....	Thomson's Falls.
March	8, 1908....	5 hours....	Thomson's Falls....	Crested Crane Camp.
March	9, 1908....	7 hours....	Crested Crane Camp.	James's Farm.
March	10, 1908....	3 hours....	James's Farm.....	Nakuru.

MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM DAY AND NIGHT TEMPERATURE

IN THE SHADE, IN TENT

	Day	Night
December 21, 1907.....	89	63
December 22, 1907.....	87	60
December 23, 1907.....	87	55
December 24, 1907.....	88	60
December 25, 1907.....	88	60
December 26, 1907.....	87	60
December 27, 1907.....	97	70
December 28, 1907.....	90	57
December 29, 1907.....	90	74
December 30, 1907.....	91	70
December 31, 1907.....	90	70
January 1, 1908.....	89	70
January 2, 1908.....	88	65
January 3, 1908.....	89	70
January 4, 1908.....	85	65
January 5, 1908.....	90	70
January 6, 1908.....	90	66
January 7, 1908.....	85	65
January 8, 1908.....	90	70
January 9, 1908.....	95	80

APPENDIX

IN THE SHADE, IN TENT

		Day	Night
January	10, 1908.....	101	80
January	11, 1908.....	95	80
January	12, 1908.....	92	78
January	13, 1908.....	94	82
January	14, 1908.....	91	74
January	15, 1908.....	90	74
January	20, 1908.....	85	65
January	22, 1908.....	85	60
January	23, 1908.....	80	55
January	24, 1908.....	80	50
January	25, 1908.....	81	53
January	26, 1908.....	80	45
January	27, 1908.....	80	50
January	28, 1908.....	80	45
January	29, 1908.....	80	43
January	30, 1908.....	80	45
January	31, 1908.....	80	42

LIST OF EQUIPMENT FROM ENGLAND FOR TWO PERSONS FOR ONE HUNDRED DAYS SAFARI

Country of origin	Description	Net weight lbs. oz.	
No. 1-11—11 cases, 20x12x12 ea. 2-4 ea. containing			
Ceylon.....	1 6-oz. tin Tea.....	..	6
Arabia.....	1 1-lb. tin Ground Mocha Coffee.....	1	..
British.....	1 5-lb. tin Granulated sugar.....	5	..
U. S. America..	1 tin Quaker Oats.....	1	..
Switzerland....	3 ½-tins Ideal Milk unsweetened sterilized.....	1	2
British.....	2 ½-tins Oxford sausages.....	1	..
Denmark.....	3 ½-tins butter.....	1	8
British.....	1 1-lb. lard.....	1	..
British.....	1 No. 1 tin camp biscuits.....	1	..
British.....	1 No. 1 Wheatmeal biscuits.....	1	4
British.....	2 1-lb. tins jam varied.....	2	..
British.....	1 1-lb. orange marmalade.....	1	..
British.....	1 bot. hot Worcester sauce.....	..	6
British.....	2 tins C & B meats varied.....	2	..
Holland.....	2 tins Vezet cheese.....	1	8
British.....	1 tin Chocolate.....	1	..
British.....	1 2 tin salt.....	..	8
France.....	2 1-lb. tins French plums.....	2	..
U. S. America..	1 tin Evaporated pears (in odd no. cases).....
U. S. America..	1 tin peaches (in even nos.).....	1	..

APPENDIX

Country of origin	Description	Net weight	
		lbs.	oz.
France.....	1 tin French strawberries (in odd no. cases).....	1	..
France.....	1 tin peaches in syrup (in even nos.).....
U. S. America..	1 1-lb. tin evaporated Apricots.....	1	..
France.....	4 tins sardines.....	1	8
Holland.....	1 1-lb. tin butter beans.....	1	..
India.....	1 1-lb. tin rice.....	1	..
U. S. America..	1 tin Royal Baking powder.....	..	4
U. S. America..	3 doz. sparklets.....
British.....	$\frac{3}{4}$ bar Sunlight soap.....	..	6
British.....	$\frac{3}{4}$ bar Prickly heat toilet soap.....	..	6
British.....	1 tin Symington's pea soup.....	..	8
China.....	1 bot. chow chow.....	1	8
China.....	$\frac{3}{4}$ pkt. bromo paper.....
British.....	6 Hazenby's soup squares.....	..	12
Italy.....	1 lever tin Macaroni.....	..	12
U. S. America..	1 tin Heinz Baked Beans in odd no. cases.....
India.....	1 bot. chutney (in even nos.).....	1	..
	(1 Padlock, Key & bolt).....

No. 12—Case, 22x13x13. -2-17.

	2 bots. Brandy, No. 3.....
Switzerland...	4 tins Maggis Consomme.....	..	8
British.....	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ -tins Cocoa.....	1	4
India.....	5 $\frac{1}{4}$ -tins Curry Powder.....	1	4
British.....	2 tin openers.....	1	..
	1 Sparklet Siphon.....
	1 box Sparklet fittings.....
	6 doz. Sparklets.....
British.....	5 2-oz. tins Mustard.....	..	10
Penang.....	3 2-oz. white pepper.....	..	6
British.....	1 bot. Vinegar.....	1	..
British.....	5 1-lb. tins Chocolate.....	5	..
British.....	12 tabs. Pear's soap.....	2	4
British.....	6 tins Potted meats.....	1	2
India.....	1 tin Nepaul Pepper.....	..	2
British.....	6 tins Cheese (varied).....	3	..
U. S. America..	3 tins Oswego corn flour.....	3	..
St. Vincent....	3 tins Arrowroot.....	1	8
British.....	12 beef essence.....	2	4
British.....	6 boxes candles (12).....	6	..
British.....	3 1-lb. tins evaporated onions.....	3	..
British.....	2 bots. Scrubb's ammonia.....
	$\frac{3}{4}$ pkt. Bromo paper.....
	(1 padlock, key and bolt).....

APPENDIX

Country of origin	Description	Net weight lbs. oz.
No. 13—Case, 20x13x8. 2-4.		
British.....	4 pieces bacon, 29½ lbs.....	29 4
British.....	25 lbs. salt for packing canvas..... (1 padlock, key and bolt).....	25
No. 14—Case, 20x12x12. 2-4.		
British.....	1 doz. bots. lime juice cordial..... (1 padlock, key and bolt).....	18
No. 15—Bale, 37x17x11. 0-2-4.		
Part of 1-11x9 No. 3 D. R. Ridge tent, green, rot proof, canvas comp. in 3 valises. See No. 17 Bale for remainder.		
No. 16—Bale, 62x12x7. 0-2-4.		
Poles of tent, see No. 15 Bale for value. 1 Ground sheet for tent.		
No. 17—Bale, 36x16x10. 0-2-4.		
Part of tent, for value see No. 15 Bale.		
No. 18—Bale, 45x11x9. 0-2-0.		
1 bathroom for tent. 1 bedstead and bag 7'x3'. 2 sun umbrellas.		
No. 19—Bale, 38-15-14. 0-2-4.		
1 Compactum camp bed and bag. 1 Cork mattress. 1 hair pillow (green canvas). 2 plain Jaeger blankets. 1 green S. L. bag. 1 X bath and washstand.		
No. 20—Bale, 35-18-15. 0-2-4.		
2 Mosq. curtains to fit tent. 1 Cork mattress 7x3. 1 Hair pillow (green canvas). 3 plain Jaeger blankets. 1 green S. L. bag. 1 X table, large. 1 X table, small.		

APPENDIX

Description

No. 21—Bale, 29x17x13. 0-2-4

- 1 Basket Canteen for 2
- 1 No. 1 Mincer
- 2 Table Cloths
- 12 Napkins
- 1 Tin Ragoon oil
- 1 Taxidermist's tool roll
- 1 Hunter's axe
- 6 doz. Pegging out nails

No. 22—Case, 32x15x13. 0-2-4

- 1 Plain Jaeger blanket
- 6 pr. Cotton sheets
- 3 1-lb Tins Alum Powder
- 3 1-lb Tins Saltpetre
- 1 Lord's Lantern Comp.
- 4 Cotton Pillow Cases

No. 23—Case, 28x18x16. 0-2-4

- 1 F Tale Lantern
- 1 Berkefeld Filter with stirrup
- 3 Extra Candles
- 3 ea. Extra washers
- 2 Canvas buckets
- 2 Sq. Alum bottles
- 1 6-pt. A T Kettle
- 1 Sec. T P Strap
- 1 Sec. T. P. Strap with lantern holder
- 1 Bread Oven
- 2 Galv. Pails
- 1 Sq. F Mirror
- 1 Housewife fitted
- 2 Silk & Wool Cholera belts med.
- 1 A & N Medicine chest leather lined
- 1 Scissors

No. 24—Case, 37x22x12. 0-2-6

- 2 Croquet chairs
- 2 Sun umbrellas
- Packing, cablegram & shipping
- Under Bond*

No. 100—1 Case.

- 2 doz. Scotch Whiskey No. 4

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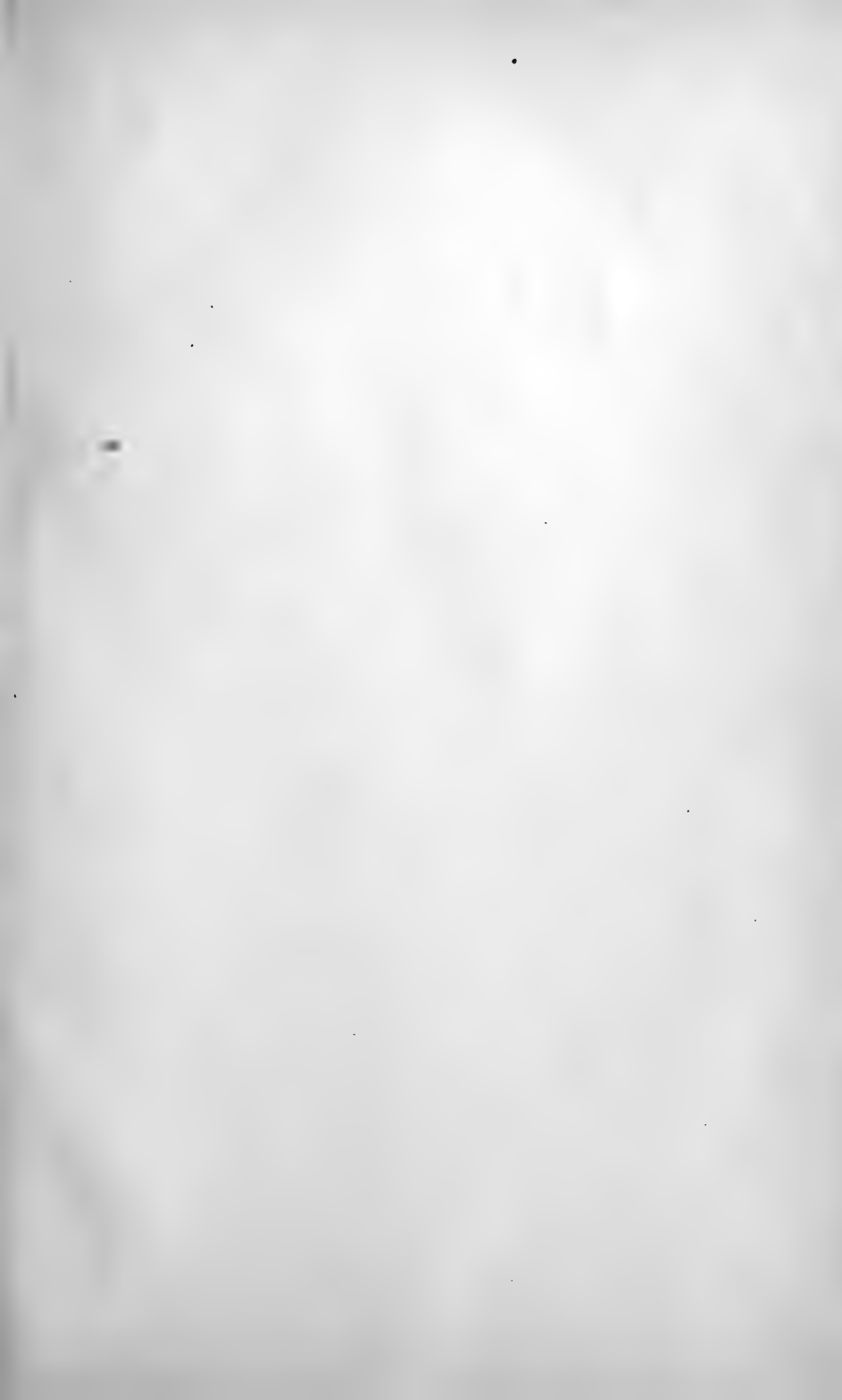
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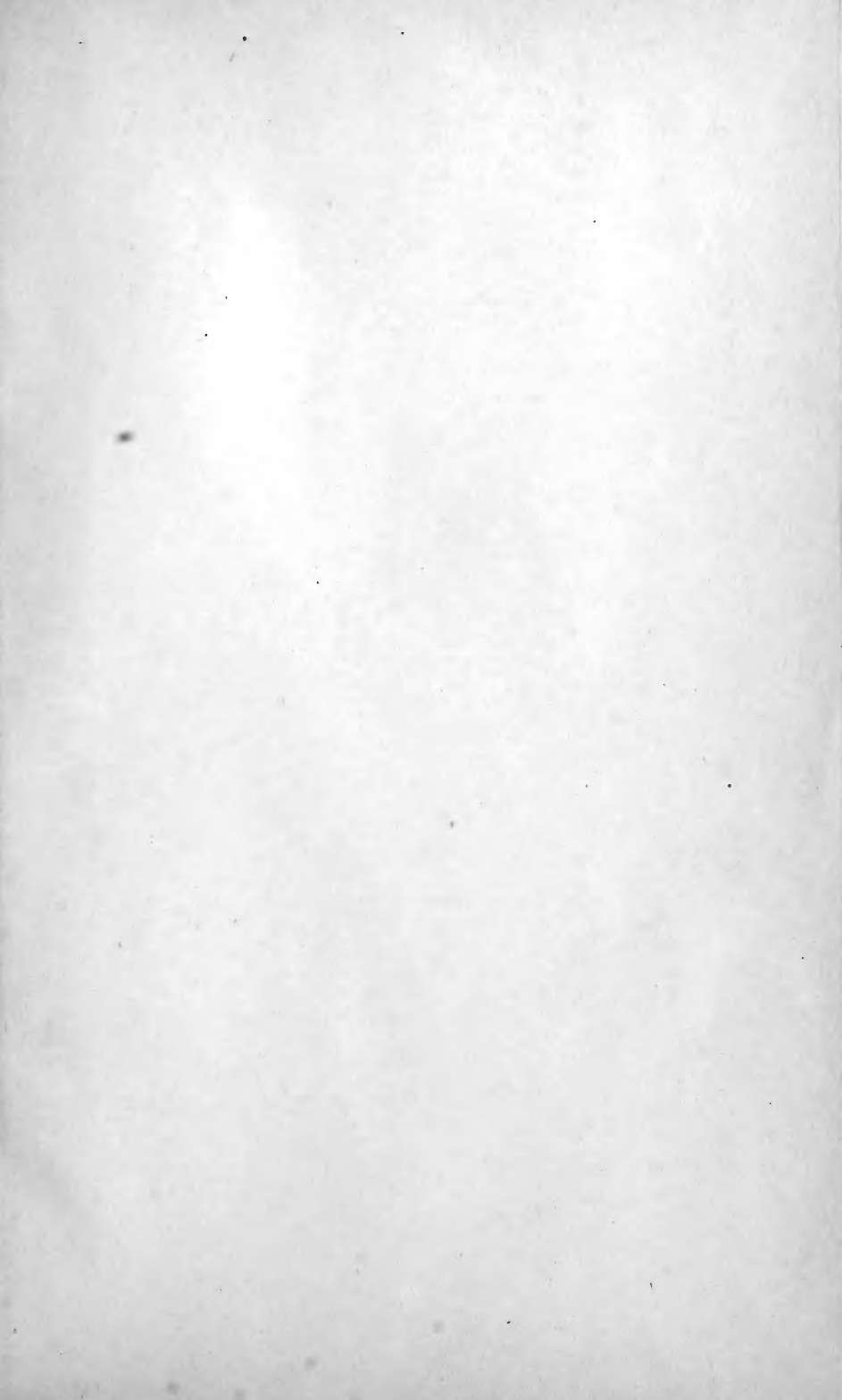
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